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MARCH 6, 1943

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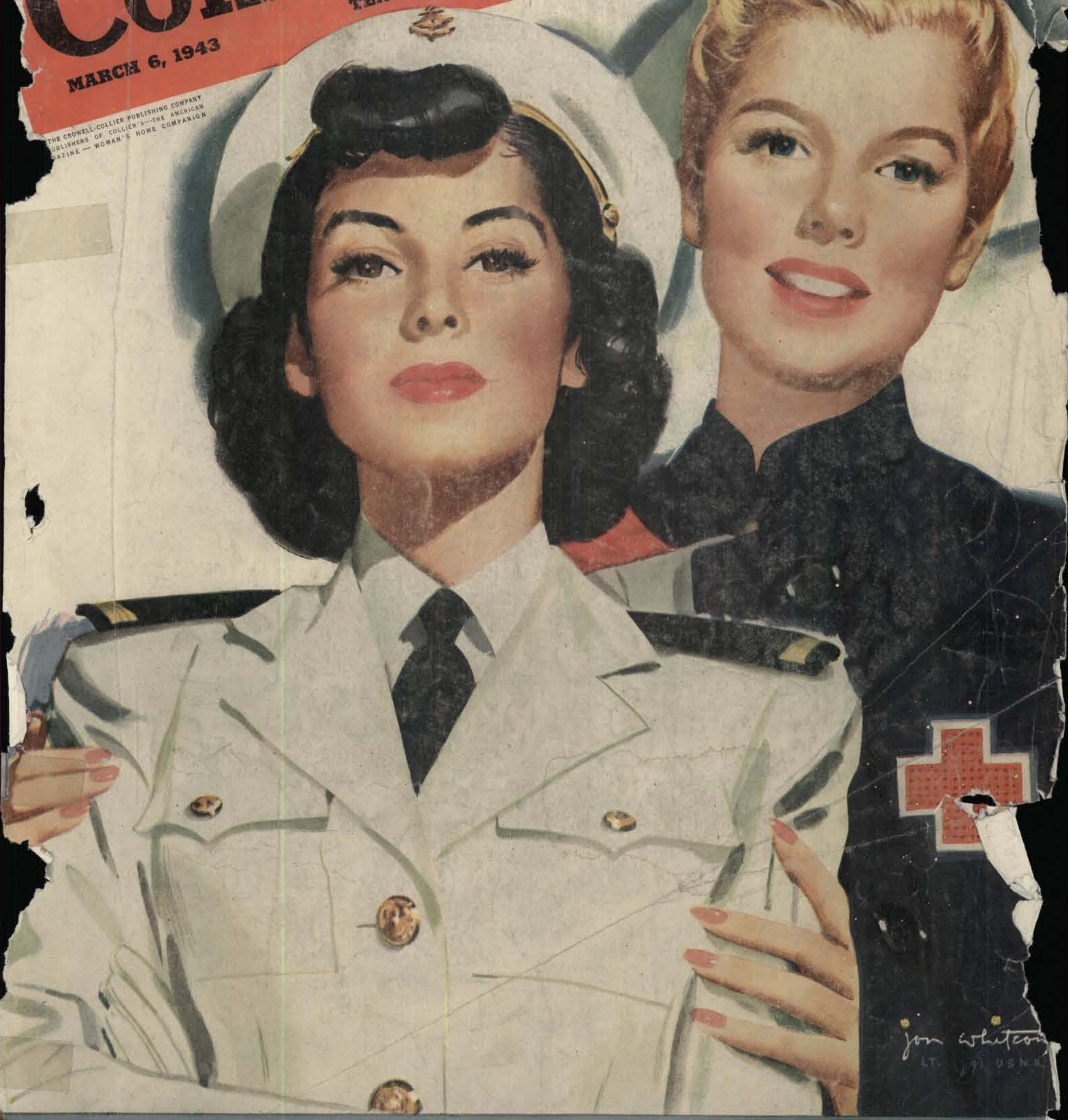

Meet Hitler's Mind Reader in an Absorbing Novel of Nazi Germany

DOUBLE, DOUBLE,
TOIL AND TROUBLE

By Lion Feu

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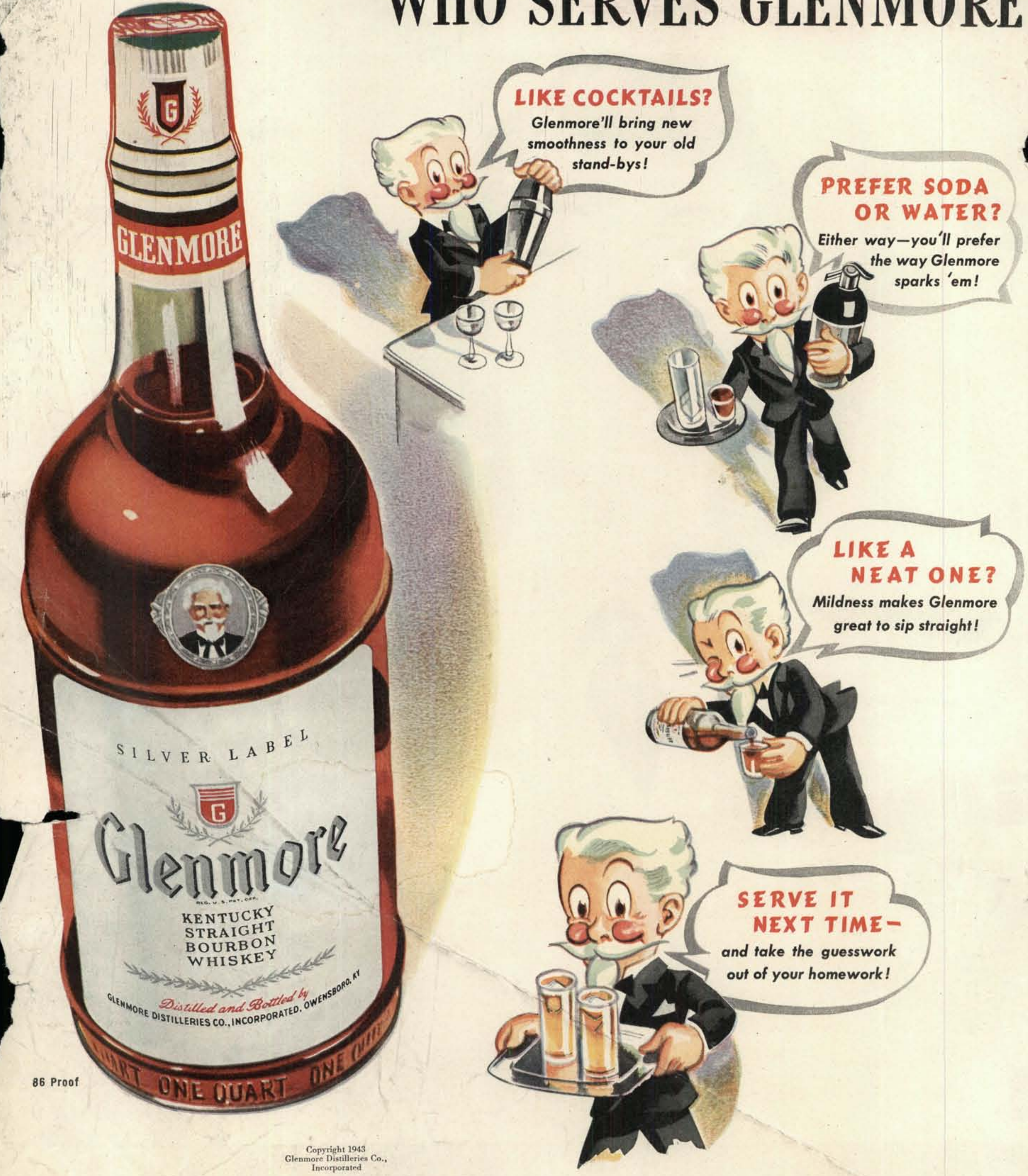
He serves best WHO SERVES GLENMORE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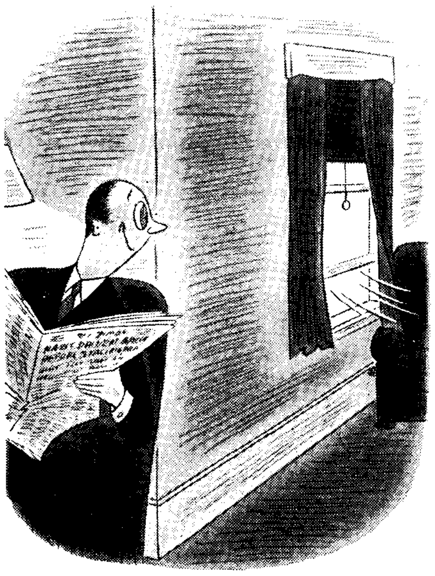
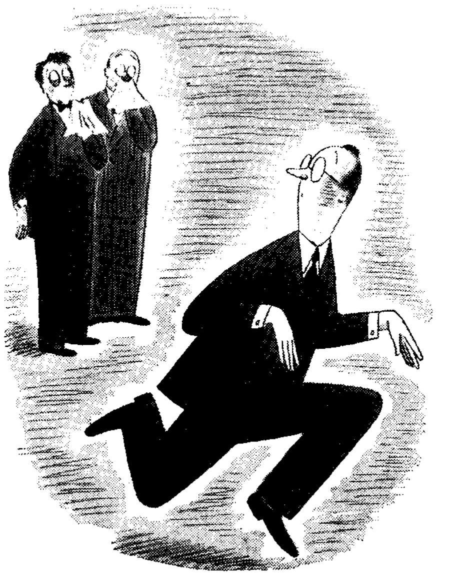
POUR GLENMORE . . YOU GET MORE

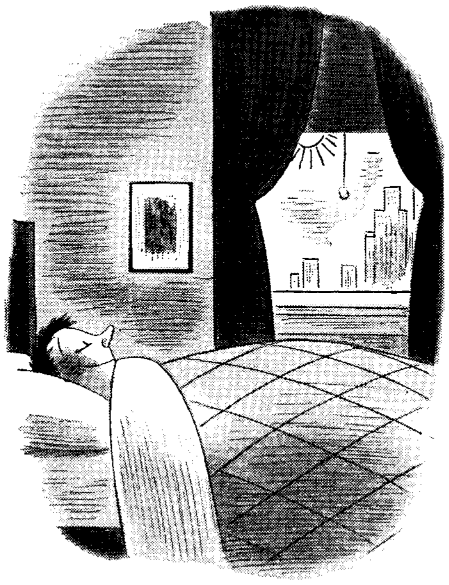
These easy rules help keep colds away



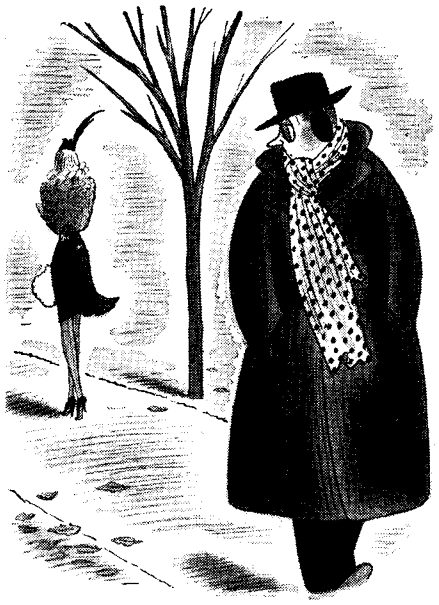
1. Stay out of drafts



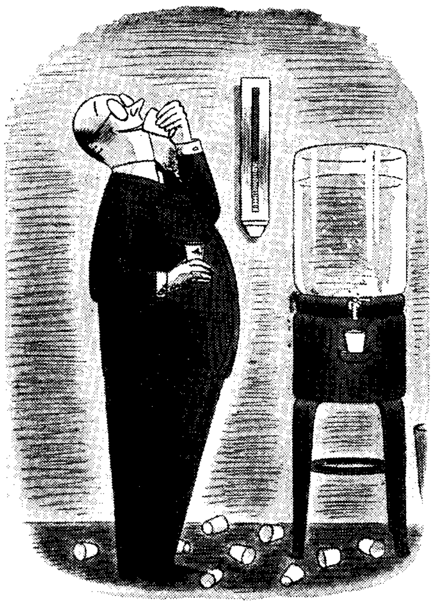
2. Avoid people with colds



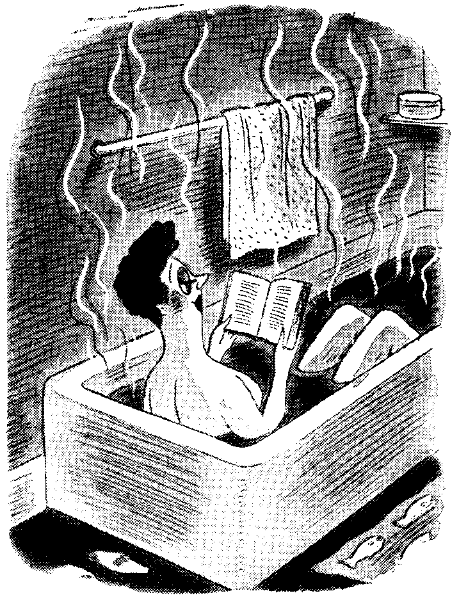
3. Get plenty of rest



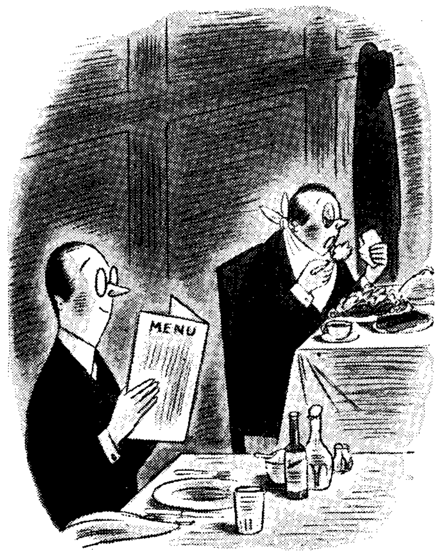
4. Dress warmly



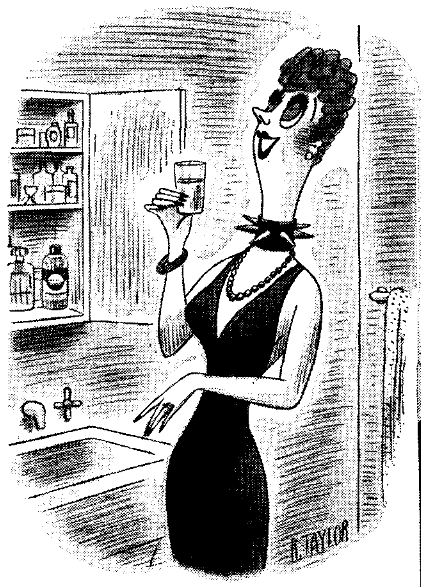
5. Drink liquids often



6. Take a warm bath after chilling exposure—then cover up



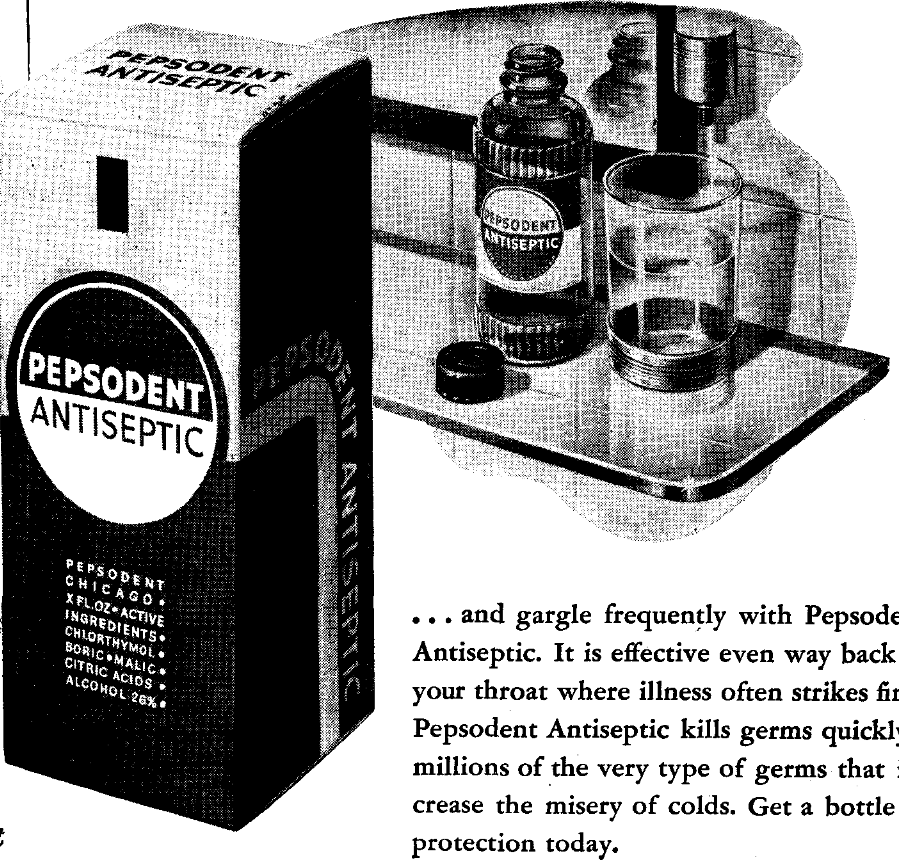
7. Eat right — keep regular



8. Guard your throat

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

An effective antiseptic for general use — for mouth and throat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. . . and gargle frequently with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It is effective even way back in your throat where illness often strikes first. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs quickly—millions of the very type of germs that increase the misery of colds. Get a bottle of protection today.

Code in Your Doze?

Ugh! SCRATCHY HANKIES ALWAYS PLAYED HAVOC WITH MY NOSE. BUT NOW I USE SOFT, SOOTHING *KLEENEX TISSUES*. BOY—WHAT A RELIEF! (from a letter by E. F., San Francisco, Cal.)

Sheer Today... Gone Tomorrow!

AFTER LAUNDERING I WRAP MY DELICATE SILK STOCKINGS IN *KLEENEX*. IT HELPS PREVENT RUNS AND SNAGS! (from a letter by H. F. W., Pontiac, Ill.)

Sweeping Beauty!

WHENEVER I BREAK A GLASS I USE A DAMPENED *KLEENEX TISSUE* TO PICK UP THE SMALL SLIVERS! (from a letter by I. G., Fresno, Calif.)

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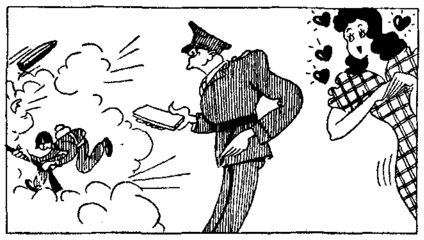
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Coll

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Ed

ANY WEEK

THE good gray gremlin known as Walter Davenport is in uniform again. In the last war, he started as a private and ended as a major, temporary grade. How he did this has always been a mystery, because anyone less belligerent than Mr. Davenport would be hard to find. He started this war as the finest reporter on national affairs in all America and has graduated (or been demoted) to war correspondent, also temporary grade. War correspondents wear uniforms and cause flutters in womanly hearts and learn to hate censors. In due course, you will again be reading the Davenport whimsy in this place; meantime, you can be reading his swell piece in this issue.



WE ARE worrying because bird dogs aren't appreciated. W. C. Parrish of Reno, Nevada, resented our article on the training of dogs for Army service. "It developed, according to this bemused blather," he writes, "that any and all breeds of dogs are acceptable, other than hunting dogs; bird dogs being politely requested to stay home as being temperamentally unfit, or because of moral turpitude or something. I'll stack my pointer up against any dog in the Army, Hollywood, or any place else. He can go into a park in Reno, look at thirteen assorted individuals and unerringly spot the twenty-four carat socialites out here for divorce and even give them a little wholesome kidding if needful." Mr. Parrish and his dog, Flash Wenatchee, have plans. "The research department of a Middle Western university," he continues, "is advising that crow meat, if approached in the proper frame of mind, constitutes an acceptable human diet even to vitamin B_1 contents. We will bag a few crows, dehydrate same at a near-by garlic-drying plant and forward to the handsome staff of your magazine. From that you will learn the wartime value of bird dogs." We will have Mr. Parrish know that we eat crow in this office only when we have blundered, which is almost never.

FOR some undefinable reason, this reminds us of the article in the New York Daily News about the capture of Roger "Terrible" Touhy and Basil "The Owl" Banghart. "Under questioning," said this report, "Touhy and Banghart proved as reticent and cagey as ever. But their faces fell when they found they would have to go back to prison." When such cruelty can be practiced on escaped convicts, we tremble for the safety of the republic and are not relieved by propositions such as the one that has been presented to us by William W. Elliott of Beaufort, N. C., who urges that the oil now being used in spraying the haunts of the malaria mosquito of the South be turned over instead to freezing families of the Northeast. Although Mr. Elliott seeks to take the curse off his subversive views by saying, "I do not know which would be worse, to die of malaria or to die of influenza," we have turned his communication over to the authorities in New Jersey, and he will soon be visited by a committee.

THE fact that both the London Telegraph and the London Express have reprinted our article, Hollywood Gets Its Teeth Kicked In, proves anew what people in the movie industry have always known, to wit: Foreign audiences are far more insane about Hollywood than Americans are. James Cagney was down seeing Boris Karloff off for England several years ago. "Now don't be amazed, Boris," said Jimmy, "if I pop in on you some morning in London and surprise you." Karloff was telling about it later. "If he had ever popped in, he'd have popped in naked. Even actors in Z pictures get mobbed over there. Ten feet off the boat and Cagney would have been stripped for souvenirs."

ON PAGE 10 appears a message for every alert young woman in this country. It is published by the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps and shows you one vital way in which you can help win the war. We urge you to read it—every word.

BUT if Hollywood is the Happy Land for illusioned natives of many climes, it is often a sad place for its inhabitants. In addition to the wage ceiling, the scarcity of help, and gas rationing, there has entered the serious matter of lack of food. In the order named, Hollywood likes the following: (a) money, (b) fan mail, (c) Kansas City steaks. Steaks are hard to come by and there is suffering. Jim Denton of Hollywood has written us about the tragic case of a celebrated man: "Things are so bad out here that Mike Romanoff is thinking of closing his restaurant and going back to loafing for a living." . . . K. C.

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MARCH 6, 1943

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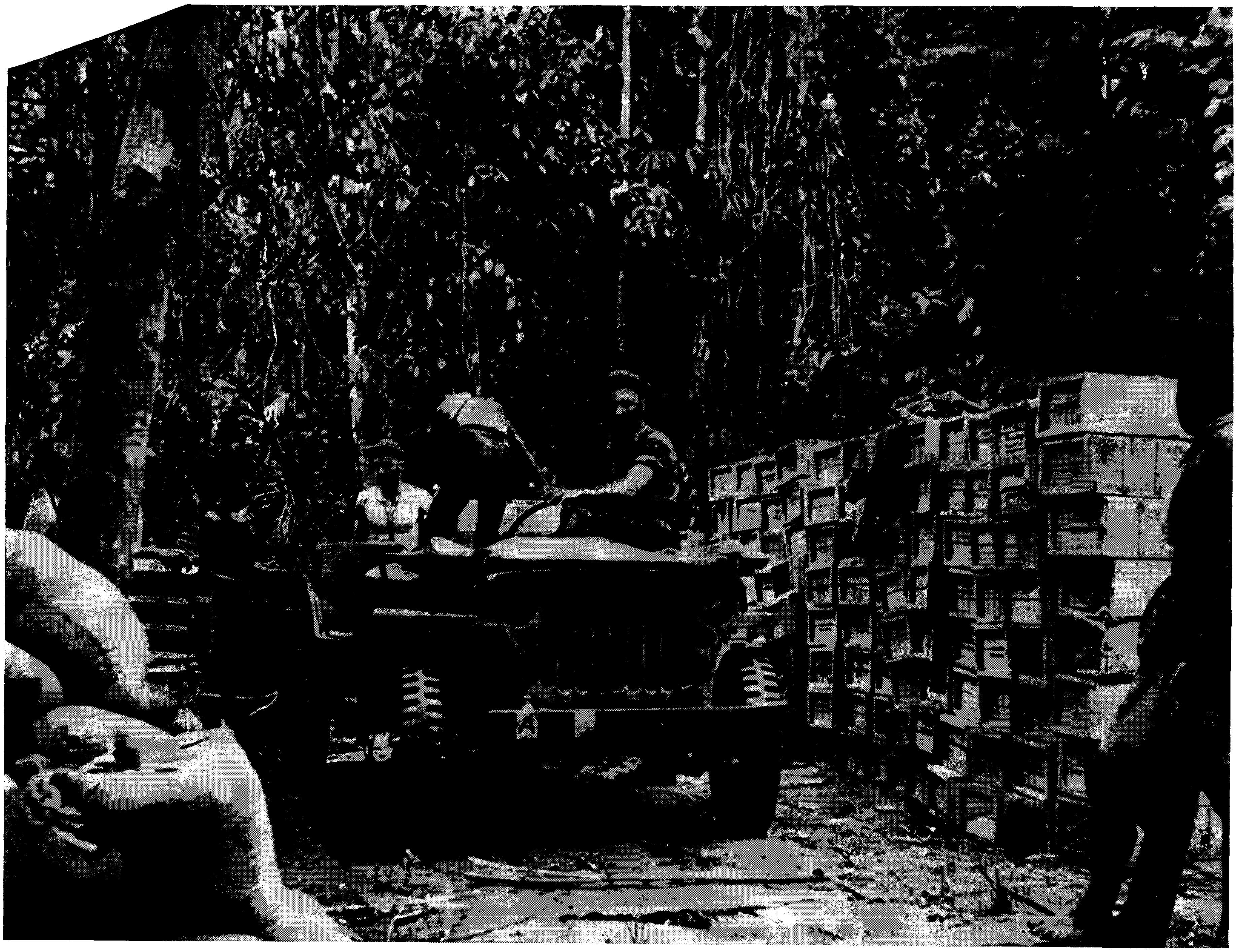

How They Pass the Ammunition in New Guinea

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in truck tires

In jungle-matted New Guinea most of the fighting is an inch-by-inch, tree-by-tree affair. It's primitive country where mechanized equipment counts heavily—but where it's mighty tough to use it.

Here American-built Army trucks have an unromantic but important job of hauling ammunition and supplies to the front.

As well as tires for this purpose, B. F. Goodrich builds a special combat tire, designed to keep on rolling when hit with rifle and machine gun bullets. Other tires in Army service have super-traction treads that carry heavy trucks through mud and gumbo, across rivers and ravines, over swamps and deserts. Still others are special tires made with B. F. Goodrich synthetic rubber—Ameripol.

B. F. Goodrich has gone "all out" for war production, but that means taking care of essential civilian requirements, too—with tires designed to give the greatest possible mileage for every pound of rubber used.

And many of the truck tires we are offering owners with ration certificates today are exactly the same as those used by the U. S. Army!

When you must buy, get good tires. B. F. Goodrich Speedliner Silvertowns for trucks and buses have an amazing record for long mileage in all types of service. They are all built with a broad, flattened tread construction which gives many more miles per pound of rubber.

And some day they may be made with Ameripol synthetic rubber. When they are, remember that eighteen months before Pearl Harbor B. F. Goodrich was first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber.

In war or peace
B.F.Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER
ARMY E NAVY

WHY GET THE BRUSH-OFF BECAUSE OF DRY SCALP?

WHEN 5 DROPS A DAY CAN CHECK IT . . . . .

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

KEEP YOUR HAIR NEAT, GOOD-LOOKING . . .

DIG DOWN DEEP
FOR WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS!

ALL YOU DO ➧ Tomorrow when you comb your hair, simply put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb, or rub it on your scalp with your fingers. Nothing to it—yet it keeps your hair well-groomed all day long. In addition, it checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Then as an extra aid, massage your scalp vigorously with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before every shampoo and rub on a little afterwards. You'll have good-looking, natural-appearing hair and a comfortable scalp to boot! Yes! . . . for double care, both scalp and hair, try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. And don't forget: it's different because it contains no drying ingredients.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40¢ and 70¢

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Every sixth soldier among the American troops that went to Africa carried a bag of trinkets for distribution to the natives as gifts or payments for small favors. The idea behind these bags, which contained cigarettes, candies, beads, scissors, perfumes, sugar, tea and coffee, was to show that our men were not looters but generous friends.

Ordinary glass is now made so that it will break in any desired manner. For instance, pitchers, jars and other containers for the home are manufactured so that they will break in large pieces, lessening the danger of glass fragments getting into food; while some glass ceilings, like those in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, are constructed to shatter in powder form to eliminate the danger of injury from falling pieces.

Turkey is the only country in the world in which all men and women connected with religious orders are forbidden to wear clerical garb on the street.—*By Anna Worona, Paterson, New Jersey.*

All American naval aircraft now carry rubber lifeboats with sufficient capacity to take care of everyone in the plane in case of emergency. The boats are built in four sizes, for one, two, four and seven men, and some automatically inflate themselves immediately after striking the water.—*By F. Ryan, Brooklyn, New York.*

In the proposed World Calendar, each quarter year and half year have an equal number of days, and each date falls on the same weekday each year. The extra day follows December 30th and is known as December W, and the extra day in leap year follows June 30th and is known as June W, both W's standing for World Holiday. In 1945, the World Calendar will coincide with the day and date of the present calendar.

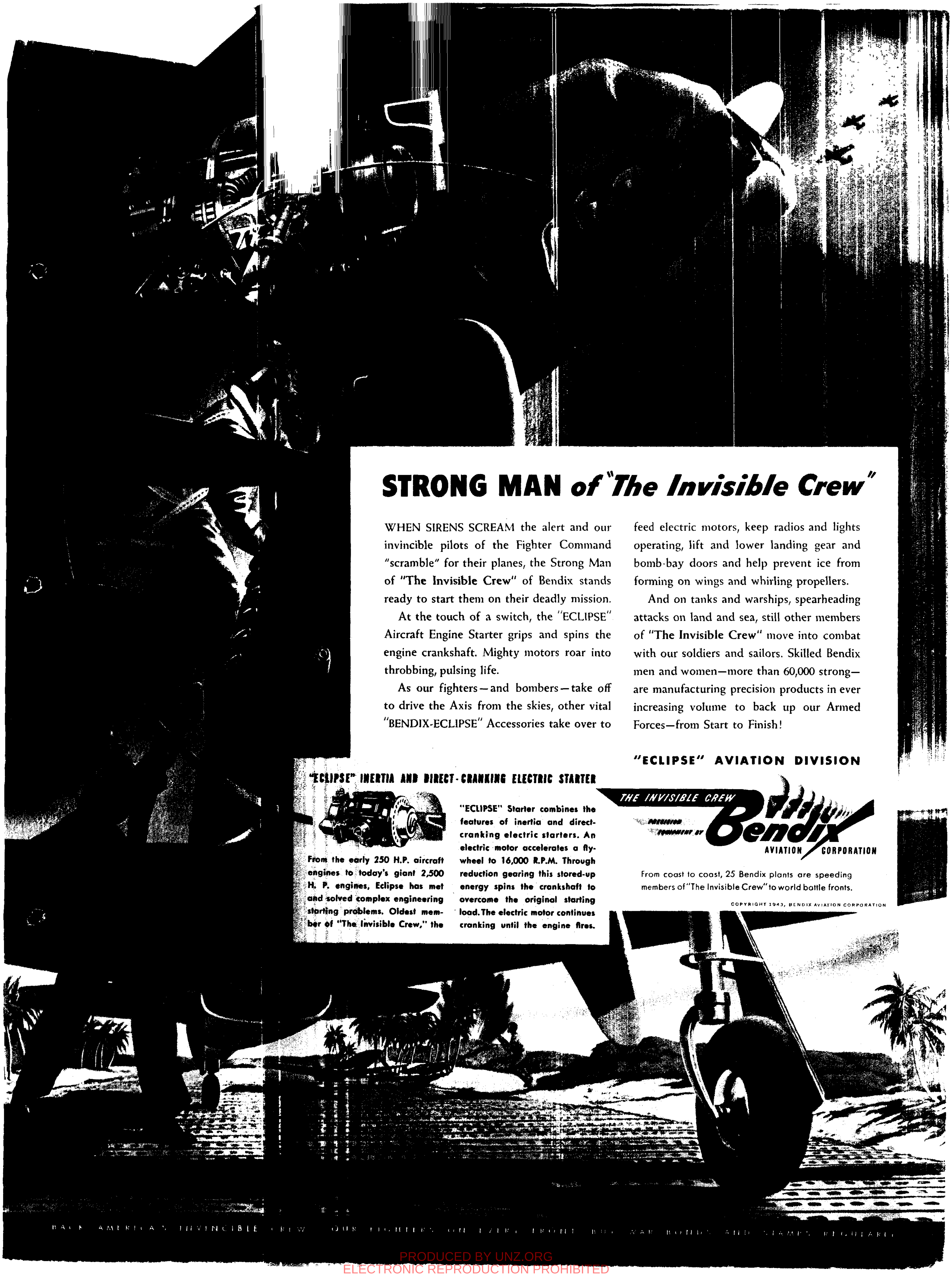
The most complex pair of spectacle lenses ever made were ground recently to remedy six different eye defects, three times the usual number. The prescription corrected astigmatism, farsightedness, presbyopia, eye-muscle imbalance, extreme sensitivity to light and glare, and aniseikonia. They are also shatterproof.—*By Ray Gentzler, Southbridge, Massachusetts.*

During the twelve months following Pearl Harbor, the United States Navy launched 159 fighting ships, or four times as many as the corresponding types sunk by enemy action. Among these new vessels were three battleships, six aircraft carriers, ten cruisers, 107 destroyers and 33 submarines, having a total estimated tonnage of 558,000. In addition, American shipyards produced more than 7,000,000 tons of merchant shipping.

Switzerland's heavily mined Simplon, Lötschberg and Saint Gotthard tunnels are the life lines of Italy. Eighty per cent of all the coal, oil, ore, food and other vital war supplies which Germany sends to Italy are shipped through these three tunnels in the Alps. The Swiss are prepared to blow up the tunnels in the event of a German invasion.

Among the American companies that keep in touch with their employees who have gone to war is a Chicago packing corporation, which encourages its 10,000 men in the Armed Forces to correspond on any subject of interest with "Jane Hathaway." Jane is a department of seven girls, who reply to these notes with friendly, newsy, individual letters, averaging one to a man every six weeks.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher


BACK AMERICA'S INVINCIBLE CREW — OUR FIGHTERS ON EVERY FRONT — BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS REGULARLY

STRONG MAN *of "The Invisible Crew"*

WHEN SIRENS SCREAM the alert and our invincible pilots of the Fighter Command "scramble" for their planes, the Strong Man of **"The Invisible Crew"** of Bendix stands ready to start them on their deadly mission.

At the touch of a switch, the "ECLIPSE" Aircraft Engine Starter grips and spins the engine crankshaft. Mighty motors roar into throbbing, pulsing life.

As our fighters—and bombers—take off to drive the Axis from the skies, other vital "BENDIX-ECLIPSE" Accessories take over to feed electric motors, keep radios and lights operating, lift and lower landing gear and bomb-bay doors and help prevent ice from forming on wings and whirling propellers.

And on tanks and warships, spearheading attacks on land and sea, still other members of **"The Invisible Crew"** move into combat with our soldiers and sailors. Skilled Bendix men and women—more than 60,000 strong—are manufacturing precision products in ever increasing volume to back up our Armed Forces—from Start to Finish!

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THE INVISIBLE CREW
PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY
Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

From coast to coast, 25 Bendix plants are speeding members of "The Invisible Crew" to world battle fronts.

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Rings of Iron
against
Nazi and Jap!

BEHIND the man behind the gun is engine power. Engines on land, on sea and in the air must function faithfully behind the man behind the gun. For these engines Sealed Power is making piston rings, pistons, cylinder sleeves—making them 24 hours a day—trying to make them worthy of the hard fighting soldiers, sailors and pilots who will depend on them for power. Wherever the United Nations fight you're almost sure to find Sealed Power engine parts in tanks, army trucks and jeeps, in pursuits, interceptors and bombers, in torpedo boats, destroyers and submarines.

Every gun, tank and ship is half scrap. Send your scrap to war.

For Civilian Engines, too!

Civilian cars, trucks, buses and tractors are essential to the war effort, too. Consequently while the major part of all we produce is for the Armed forces, it is a part of our war effort to continue the production of piston rings for civilian use.

Sealed Power piston rings are available in packaged sets, individually engineered for each particular make and type of engine. These Sealed Power sets insure the engine conservation and the gas and oil economy the government expects of you today. Ask for them by name! They cost no more than ordinary rings. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ont.

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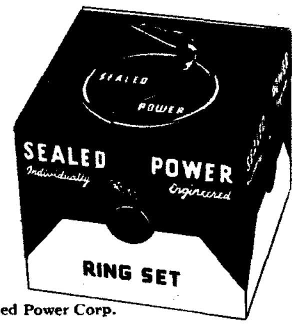
Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves



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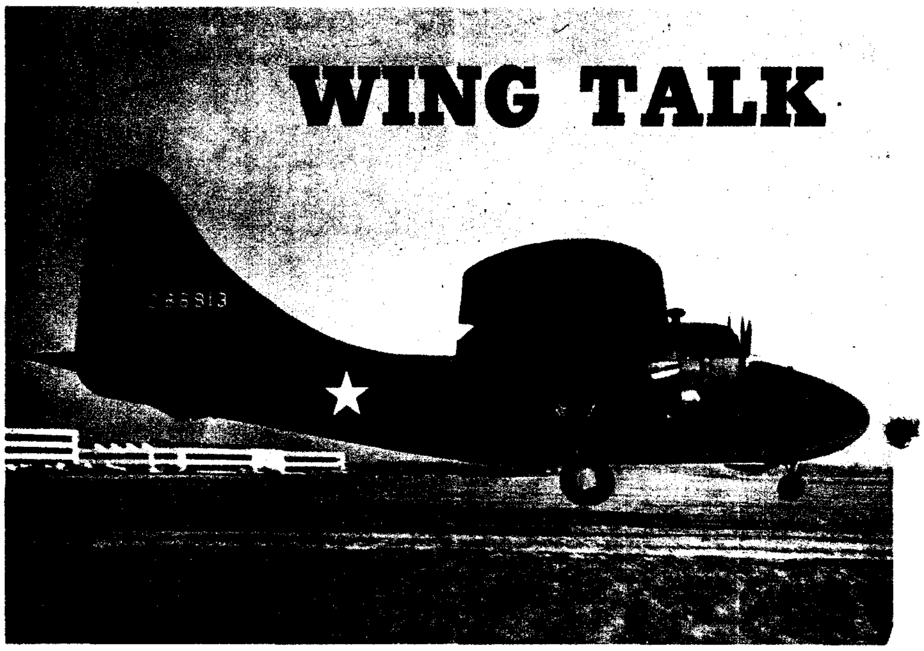
WING TALK



Made largely of wood and other nonstrategic materials, Curtiss' newest air transport, C-76, appropriately named the Caravan, can speed troops and supplies to the far-flung bases of the United Nations

THE War and Navy Departments have finally given way before the tide of public opinion and officially adopted the practice of designating our planes by name rather than number.

Wing Talk took occasion, as long ago as April 26, 1941, to urge such a change, pointing out how much more satisfactory were names like Flying Fortress, Spitfire and Airacobra for fighting airplanes than mere alphabetical-numerical listings.

Others took up the campaign, and more and more aircraft manufacturers gave their products informal, characteristic names, but not until last month's press release, did the War and Navy Departments make them official.

The Army-Navy statement also refers to the fact that the War Department has at long last approved of calling fighter aircraft "fighters," instead of "pursuit" planes. For all of two decades, the American Navy and Marine Corps and the rest of the world knew the fast, maneuverable, heavily armed planes whose function was to shoot down bombers, as "fighters." The Army however, persisted in using its own name for them up to a few months ago. It only relented, though, as the result of a British-American standardization program made necessary by the war.

THE boys at the fighting fronts go for candy bars and caramels in a big way—when they can get them. Nobody knows this better than Colonel Leonard H. Rodieck, Army General Staff, who flew into Guadalcanal one day last fall when Marines and soldiers at Henderson Field were eating regularly, but weren't getting anything for that sweet tooth. Crew members of the bomber that carried Colonel Rodieck to the embattled island had been there before and knew how things were, so on this trip they gave a thought to their candy-starved buddies.

At another American base in the South Pacific, these enlisted crew men heard that a shipment of candy—the first to reach the remote island—had just come in. Pooling their available cash ($154) they were waiting at the door of the Post Exchange when it opened, and a few minutes later the candy shelves were fairly well stripped.

When the troops stationed at the base got wind of this raid on their long-awaited supply, it looked as though the MPs would have to intervene, but when the local soldiers learned what the bomber crew men were going to do with the candy, they chipped in, bought the remaining stock at the PX and sent it on to Guadalcanal with their regards. The Marines almost mobbed the airmen when the stuff was handed out. Later, they showed their appreciation by kicking in with a load of Jap souvenirs.

THOSE one-sided combat scores run up by American airmen in the Pacific unquestionably are due to several causes. One is that United States fighting planes are better than a lot of doubting Thomases believed some months ago. Another possible explanation for the 4 to 1 average of Japs vs. American planes shot down lies in the better training given our pilots.

One main reason for the proved American qualitative superiority lies in the higher morale and fighting spirit of the Yankee pilot. American pilots fight with more confidence and take more chances—calculated, justifiable chances—than do the Nips. They do so because their planes are sturdier and better protected than Japanese craft and because they know that, even if shot down, their chances of surviving are pretty good.

United States airmen who have been shot down in the Pacific say they did not worry a great deal about their chances of being rescued. They declare that all along they knew that all available American planes and ships in the area would be searching the seas for their rubber rafts. Our fighting forces, in fact, never give up looking for suvivors of a crashed plane. This was emphasized in the Rickenbacker rescue and it was not a special case.

The Japs, on the other hand, follow a different practice. They do not believe in wasting time and fuel searching for shot-down pilots. This has been demonstrated many times. In the Battle of Midway, Japanese ships did not pick up pilots floating near them even when the vessels were in no danger from attack by American bombers. Some stories have painted Nipponese fliers as daring—even suicidal—pilots. They aren't.

Army and Navy Air Force officials say that this difference of policy between the United States and Japan as to shot-down fliers has a lot to do with the mental attitude and competitive spirit of the airmen of the two nations. . . .

JOHN G. NORRIS

MOSQUITO...WITH A DEADLY STING!

"Mosquitoes" are bad in Europe this year.

Spawned and bred in Britain, these lightning-fast, plywood bombers are whining over the big Rhine cities in broad daylight, or darting in at dusk to lead the way for the big fellows . . . raising welts and leaving scars awful to Nazi eyes.

It's Britain's pride—this new "Mosquito" that's streaking over Europe—and it's propellers for the "pride of Britain" that we're building here.

They're made by the many thousands, and for other bombers, too: British Lancasters . . . American Flying Fortresses and Liberators.

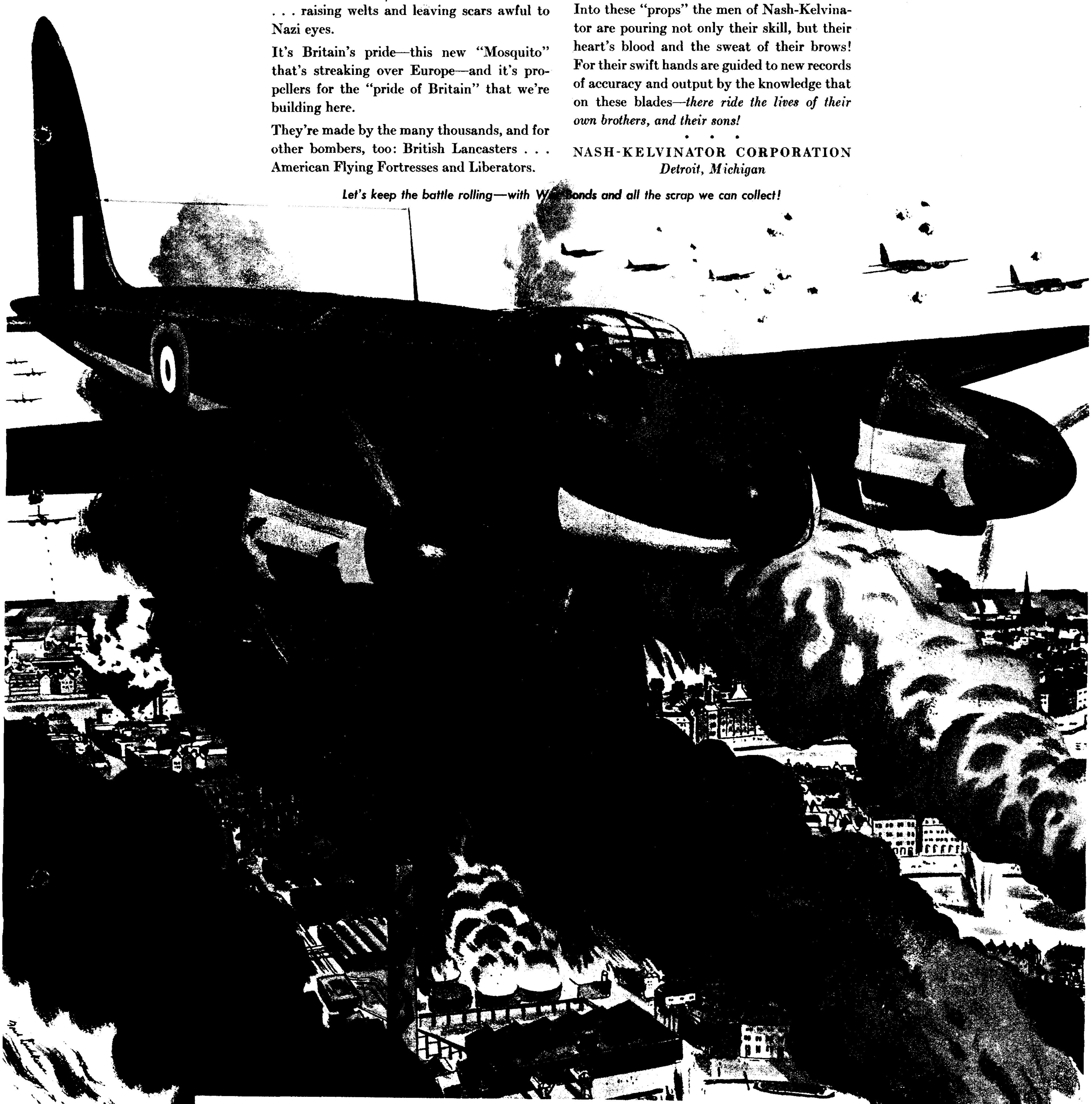
Bearing these planes aloft, each Nash-Kelvinator-made Hamilton Standard propeller is an engineering masterpiece—so beautifully machined that a puff of a man's breath can set it turning.

Into these "props" the men of Nash-Kelvinator are pouring not only their skill, but their heart's blood and the sweat of their brows! For their swift hands are guided to new records of accuracy and output by the knowledge that on these blades—*there ride the lives of their own brothers, and their sons!*

• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION
Detroit, Michigan

Let's keep the battle rolling—with War Bonds and all the scrap we can collect!

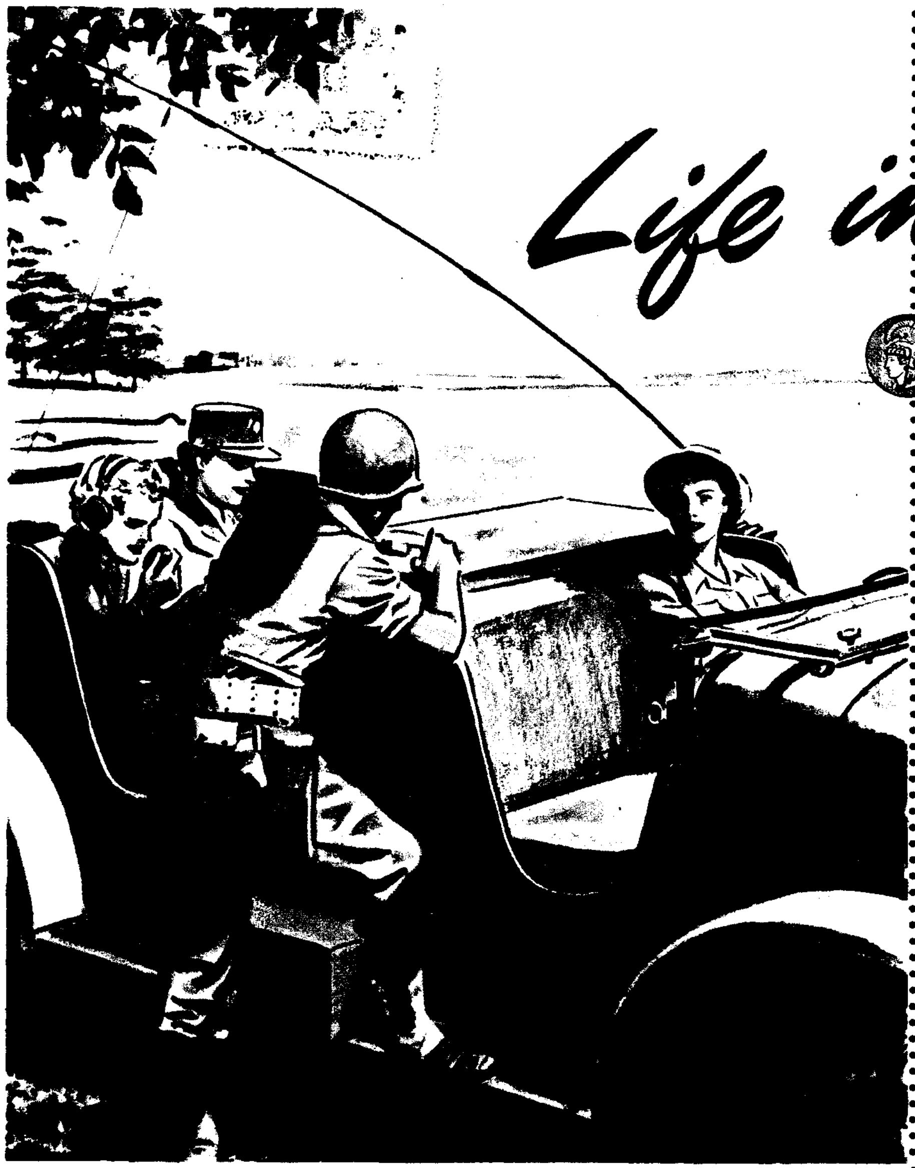


NASH KELVINATOR

In War . . . Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers. In Peace . . . Nash Automobiles and Kelvinator Refrigerators.

Life in the WAAC

Some questions and answers of interest to every patriotic American woman



First of all, is the WAAC really needed?

Emphatically *yes!* Already the President has authorized the Corps to expand from 25,000 to 150,000. The Air Forces and Signal Corps have asked for thousands of WAAC members to help with vital duties. Both Ground Forces and the Services of Supply are asking for thousands more. Members of the WAAC may be assigned to duty with the Army anywhere — some are already in Africa and England.

Can the WAAC really help win the war?

The whole idea of the WAAC is to *replace trained soldiers* needed at the front. If American women pitch in now to help our Army (as women in Britain, Russia and China do), we can hasten Victory — and peace.

But can I live comfortably on WAAC pay?

There are few civilian jobs in which you could earn clear income, as WAAC enrolled members do, of $50 to $138 a month — with all equipment from your toothbrush to clothing, food, quarters, medical and dental care provided. WAAC pay is equal to soldier's pay.

What about education?

You do *not* need a high school diploma. A mental alertness test is given to determine intelligence. Your education progresses with service in the WAAC.

The drilling sounds so strenuous—!

Nonsense! The most beautiful women in America today are the girls in khaki! Some calisthenics and drilling are vital to general good health, discipline and tuned-up reflexes. After a few weeks at Fort Des Moines, Daytona Beach, or the new Fort Oglethorpe training center you'll feel better than ever in your life.

I've never been away from home. My parents wonder about this strange new life for me.

There couldn't be a better place for you than in the WAAC where you will receive excellent care in every way, enjoy the companionship of other fine women from all over the United States, and lead a wholesome, healthy life under the leadership of understanding, intelligent officers. Each day is so interesting and full of activity there's never time for loneliness.

Maybe I wouldn't like the work?

People are happiest doing what they do well. Every effort is made to place you in duties where your service will count most towards final Victory. You may have some latent talent that will fill a particular need for work interesting and new to women, such as repairing the famous secret bombsight, rigging parachutes, operating the fascinating new electronic devices, or driving an Army jeep over foreign terrain.

Then I have a chance to learn something new?

Yes, indeed. And the list of WAAC duties grows constantly. The training and experience you get in the WAAC may equip you for many stimulating new careers opening up for women.

What are my chances of promotion?

Excellent — if you have the right qualifications and join *now*. The Corps is expanding rapidly and needs new officers, both commissioned and noncommissioned. All new officers now come up through the ranks.

What is the age range and other requirements?

Very simple. You may join if you are a U. S. citizen, aged 21 to 44, inclusive, at least 5 feet tall and not over 6 feet, in good health — regardless of race, color or creed. But the Army needs you *now* — don't delay.

Linguists needed. **If you speak and write Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, French, German or Italian, see your local Army recruiting officer *now!* You are needed for interpreting, cryptography, communication.**

Women's Army Auxiliary Corps

KEEP 'EM FLYING! **For further information see your nearest**

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING AND INDUCTION STATION

Collier's

The National Weekly for March 6, 19

Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

By Lion Feuchtwanger

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Like Hitler, Oscar Lautensack the seer believed in his star. There was nothing else either of these men did believe in. This is their story, a story of ambition, greed and lust, a story of the inner councils of the Nazi Party. It was written by a great German exile

ON THAT Wednesday in the first week of May, in the year 1931, Oscar Lautensack the clairvoyant sat in Alois Pranner's apartment in Munich and looked depressed. There he was, stranded again; once more he'd had to seek shelter with his friend.

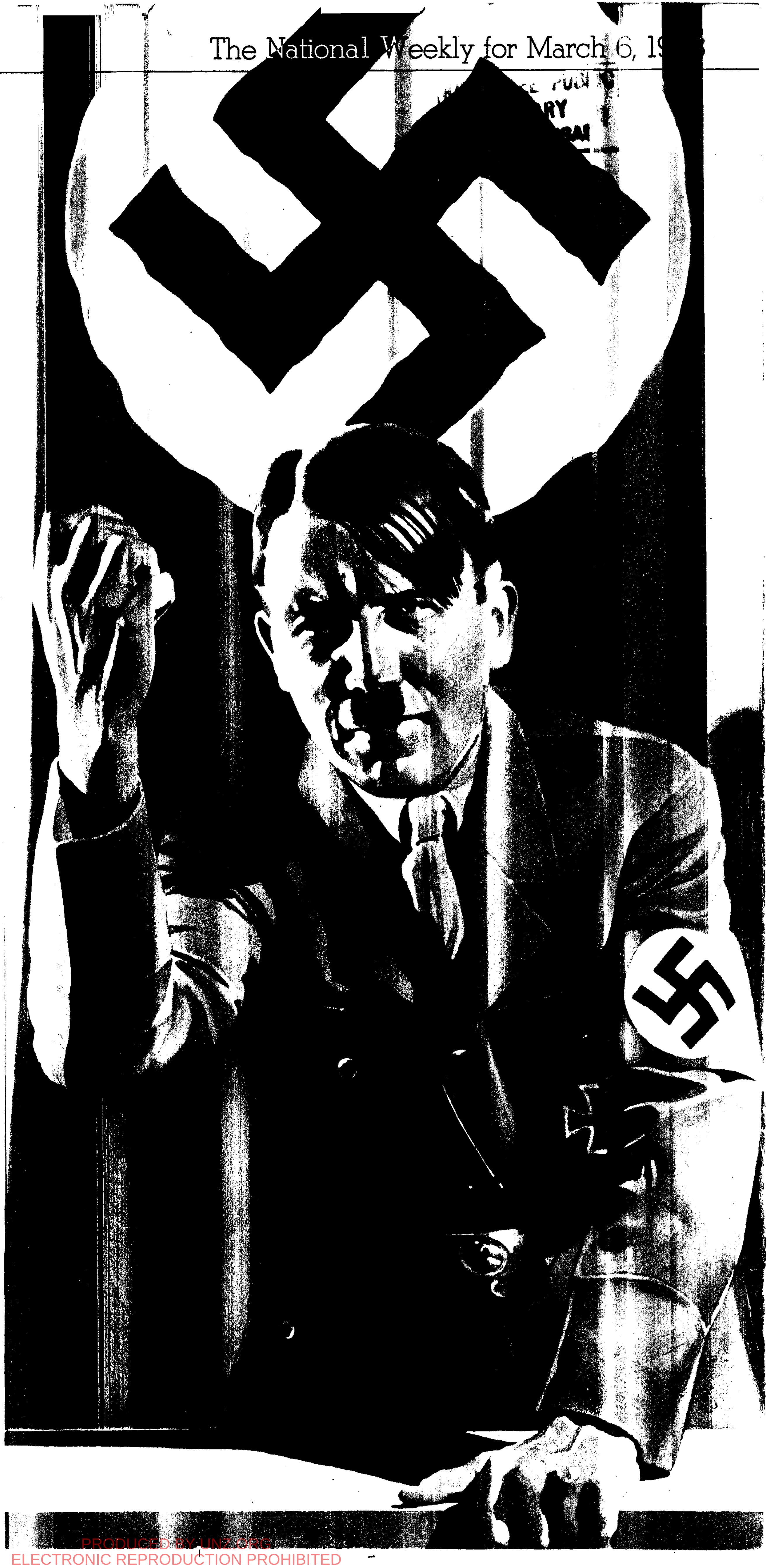
His coat was thrown untidily over a chair; a package in stiff brown paper lay on the table; the worn leather suitcase with his few belongings stood in the middle of the room. But in Oscar Lautensack's pocket was the thing that had forced him to take refuge here: the bill for one hundred and thirty-four marks which he owed Frau Lechner for his two rooms in Rumfordstrasse and which he could not pay.

Oscar Lautensack the clairvoyant had good reason to be out of sorts. He was forty-two years old and farther from the fulfillment of his dreams than ever. Since the end of the war and since the inflation, the world had lost interest in his accomplishments. For seven long years his luck had been bad. He had been obliged to exhibit himself in side shows, at county fairs, before crowds that made fun of him. And although Tirschenreuth the sculptress had finally taken him away from all that and given him back a certain reputation through the mask of him she had made, still it wasn't a pleasure to come thus to his friend, the magician Alois Pranner.

Perhaps he should have taken refuge with Anna Tirschenreuth. She was not an "artist" like Alois, but the leading sculptress of the country. And unlike Alois she didn't emphasize the bitterness of his situation by cheap gibes. On the other hand she did get on his nerves. Insistently, just by her presence, she reminded him of his mission to live up to the mask.

With a disgruntled little snort he got up and unwrapped the package. It was a bronze relief of his head; it was the mask that Tirschenreuth had made. He got a hammer and nails from grumbling old Kathi, his friend's housekeeper, and hung the mask on the wall. Then gently, even tenderly, he ran his white, well-cared-for, very fleshy hand over the metal surface.

He stepped back a few paces and looked at the relief. The mask made it certain that in some future age, later generations would know his potentialities. If his contemporaries didn't understand, it was their loss. His fierce, dark blue eyes bored into the bronze



A shade of uncertainty came over Hitler; only Oscar noticed it. Noticed how the man on the platform began to look for someone among the audience features of the mask. Pleading, begging, threatening, he stared at it; he looked almost grotesque, like a graven image himself. For one long minute he exhibited his unshakable will power to himself and to his portrait.

Then, weary but less disgruntled, he turned back to reality and to the bourgeois comfort of the dining room of Alois Pranner the magician, called Cagliostro.

NEXT morning that same Alois Pranner sat at breakfast awaiting his friend. He had come home late from his performance, and Oscar had gone to bed without waiting up for him.

They belonged together, Pranner the magician, called Cagliostro, and Lautensack the mind reader. They had met sixteen years ago, in the second year of the war, on the Eastern Front. From the very first moment Oscar had bewitched him, and Alois had been quite willing to be bewitched. At that time Alois had been in the Postal Division; he had to censor the letters of the battalion, and from this reading matter he found out certain events which, unknown to the recipients of the letters, had taken place at home. Oscar had made him an interesting proposal: Alois was to keep back letters with news of this kind for a time, and meanwhile he, Oscar, would announce the events in those letters to the persons in question, thus establishing his reputation for clairvoyance. He would let Alois have a share in the benefits which these activities would doubtless bring him. Alois had accepted; all had gone well; they had worked together excellently. Oscar's gifts had caught the attention of the higher-ups and, backed by the military authorities, they had given evening entertainments behind the front for charity drives. And while their comrades at the front suffered deprivations and starved, they lived a pleasant life at the well-provisioned station. Since that day they had been welded together, as accomplices, in mutual admiration.

They had had any number of rows in the long years of their friendship. In fact lately, since Oscar had said goodby to vaudeville, they had not been able to spend an hour together without hurling the coarsest epithets at each other's heads. But they enjoyed it.

Finally Oscar appeared. Just as Alois had expected, he put on airs and behaved with gracious condescension, as if he were doing Alois a favor by living with him. It was no wonder that Alois grew annoyed and broached a subject which he knew would rub Oscar the wrong way. Slowly, with well-simulated sympathy, he asked: "And what do you hear from your brother?"

Now Oscar was attached to this brother, Hans; while Herr Pranner could not stand him. Oscar at least had charm; but Hans Lautensack was a most unpleasant scoundrel, and a criminal to boot. Now on top of everything he had got himself arrested.

A certain Franz Wiedtke had been murdered in Berlin, and the crime had easily been proved to be Hans Lautensack's. It was true that Hans had tried to talk himself out of it on the grounds that the whole thing had been a political frame-up, that his opponent had attacked him for political reasons and that he had been forced to shoot him down in self-defense; for Hans had joined a big political party, the National Socialists, the so-called Nazis. And they were helping him in his ugly mess, but it didn't seem to be any use. The prosecution insisted that the murder had taken place on account of a lady of doubtful reputation, a certain Garnet Lizzy. Alois Pranner had good reason to assume that he would wound Oscar by asking after Hans.

Oscar's air of superiority and ease vanished. "I haven't had any news from Hans for a fortnight," he answered unwillingly, "but his last letter sounded confident."

Alois, however, wouldn't let the subject drop so quickly. "I wouldn't like to be in Hans' shoes," he said, full of false sympathy, and thoughtfully dunked a last bit of roll in his coffee.

In a rage Oscar listened to his friend. It was wiser not to answer. At some point, soon, Alois would bring up his eternal plea that Oscar should come back to vaudeville, and then Oscar would have a chance to get even.

And sure enough, after a while Alois began, bowing his long, bald, tragicomic head in thought: "I know, Oscar, it annoys you, but I do have to talk to you about it once more." And then came the whole, familiar argument. It wasn't necessary for Oscar to live in such misery. Why, for instance, wouldn't he do an act with him, Alois?

With pleasure Oscar lapped up what was honey to his soul. With satisfaction he heard Alois confirm his belief that in holding out in miserable circumstances he was making a sacrifice to keep his gift pure. He let his friend finish all he had to say, and only then refused his invitation with icy, scornful politeness.

ANNA TIRSCHENREUTH the sculptress looked at the clock. It was three minutes to ten. She had asked Oscar to visit her at ten; she had some news for him.

When she had heard that he had absconded from his rooms with debts unpaid and fled to Pranner, she had once again taken steps in his behalf. Now she wanted to discuss with him what she had accomplished.

She sat in her armchair, a heavy, massive figure. Her large face with the flat nose, the gray, rather tired eyes, and the faded hair which had once been red, had a sorrowful expression. She felt old; her life lay behind her. All she had now was her work and this man, Oscar, whom she loved like a son, this faulty vessel of which one did not know whether all that was poured into it was not lost.

And now here he was. The powerful face with the fierce blue eyes beneath the thick, dark brows was trying to look composed, indifferent. The woman was going to make things easy for him again. "Well, there you are," she said as casually as possible.

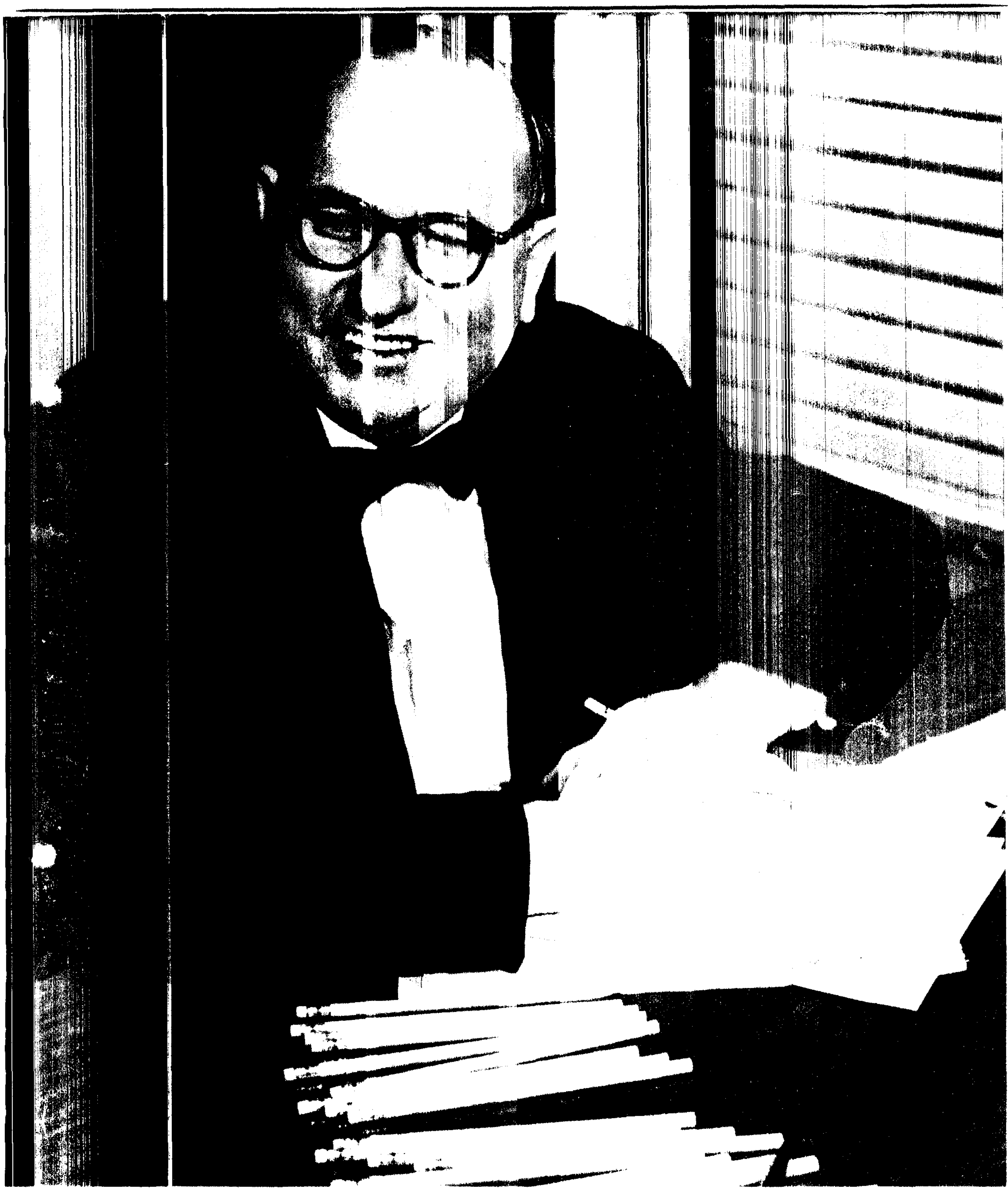
"I've talked to Professor Hravliczek," Frau Tirschenreuth said when Oscar was seated. "They're ready to give you continuous employment at a monthly salary of 250 marks." She was breathing heavily. Oscar did not know whether he should attribute the heavy breathing to her asthma or to the content of her announcement. For Professor Hravliczek was the president of the Psychological Society, and that was the most distinguished association which could be thought of in connection with Oscar. Several times there had been talk of such a position, but Hravliczek, a difficult, particular gentleman, had not wanted to commit himself.

"You would then be independent," he heard Tirschenreuth's heavy, slightly hoarse voice continuing. "You'd be able to write your book at last. I was looking at that dissertation the other day that you gave me as a birthday present. It could be turned into a sound, valuable book." She talked as if to herself, and barely looked at him.

At that moment he did not like to be reminded of the book, much as the euphonious title, Possibilities and Pitfalls

(Continued on page 46)

Oscar's fierce dark eyes bored into the bronze features of the mask. Pleading, begging, threatening, he stared at it



PAY-AS-YOU-GO RUML

BY AMY PORTER

He's a big man, with big ideas, an intense hatred of debt, a bizarre taste in clothes, and overwhelming efficiency. And if your tax affairs are ever put on a current basis, he will be largely responsible for it

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS

If YOUR income is $1,000, and you spend $999.95, you get happiness. If your income is $1,000, and you spend $1,000.05, you get misery. It's as simple as that about debt. Dickens said so some years back, and nobody's ever contradicted him.

In full agreement is Beardsley Ruml, the antidebt hero of 1943, the fellow who thought up the dazzlingly simple skip-a-year-and-pay-as-you-go income-tax plan.

He's a big man, a 200-pound six-footer, with big ideas, a big booming laugh, and a masterful way with millions of dollars that has endeared him to big corporations, big philanthropists, big international thinkers, and now—a big bunch of taxpayers.

"Debt," says Ruml, "is as unhealthy for the whole body of taxpayers as it is for the individual. And a hang-over debt, dragging on from year to year, amounts to a disease in the body politic."

To these sentiments, taxpayers say amen. From the time he announced his plan last summer, Ruml has had a daily deluge of letters, heartily endorsing the proposal to wipe out the 1942 tax debt and start fresh on a pay-as-you-go basis in 1943.

With apparent reluctance, the Treasury itself gradually came around to thinking that that man Ruml might have something there, after all.

You had to do a sort of mental flip-flop to look his idea in the face at all. Wipe out 1942's taxes? Toss away $7,600,000,000 deliberately, on purpose?

"Why not?" said the man with the million-dollar mind. "Seven and a half billion is only enough to meet a month's governmental expenditures. It never will be missed."

"All you do is set the tax clock ahead a year," said Ruml, "the same as you set the time clock ahead an hour for daylight-saving time. Nothing mysterious about daylight saving, is there?"

Ruml even went on to prove, with the aid of accountants, that the government wouldn't really lose anything at all in the end.

Many critics objected, not because Ruml's thinking was unsound, but because it was unconventional. It violated financial tradition to wipe out a debt—*zing*—like that.

Ruml cares mighty little for tradition in finance, or anything else. Take his clothes. When guests come to dinner, he greets them in a yellow dinner jacket, midnight-blue trousers.

"Why not?" says Ruml, who is known among his friends as "Big Breeze," usually shortened to "B." He laughs his big bass laugh at quips about his bright plumage and casually mentions that in the country he wears pastels—an orchid corduroy jacket, dove-pink corduroy trousers. It is his theory that if more men kicked over the traces on clothes, we'd all be happier. He also has some brilliant Russian peasant blouses in which he drapes his sizable form, but only, he says, among friends.

In his office, for the sake of smooth working relations with everybody, he's a blue-suit-white-shirt man.

Ruml has always loved colorful clothes, but he hasn't always had his nonchalant attitude toward seven billions.

Six-Figure Checks at First

He worked his way up to that Olympian state of mind gradually, first practicing the unconventional, though highly intelligent, giving away of modest hundreds of thousands of dollars. That was when he was twenty-seven, and the director of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial. He'd been writing seven-figure checks two years before that at the Carnegie Corporation.

Now, as treasurer of R. H. Macy & Co., the big New York department store, it's no trouble at all for him to figure, as he did last year, that 12 million dollars would be about the right size for a new debenture bond issue. As chairman of the board of the New York Federal Reserve Bank (assets, $9,000,000,000), he has a voice—advisory but potent—in the monetary policies of the nation.

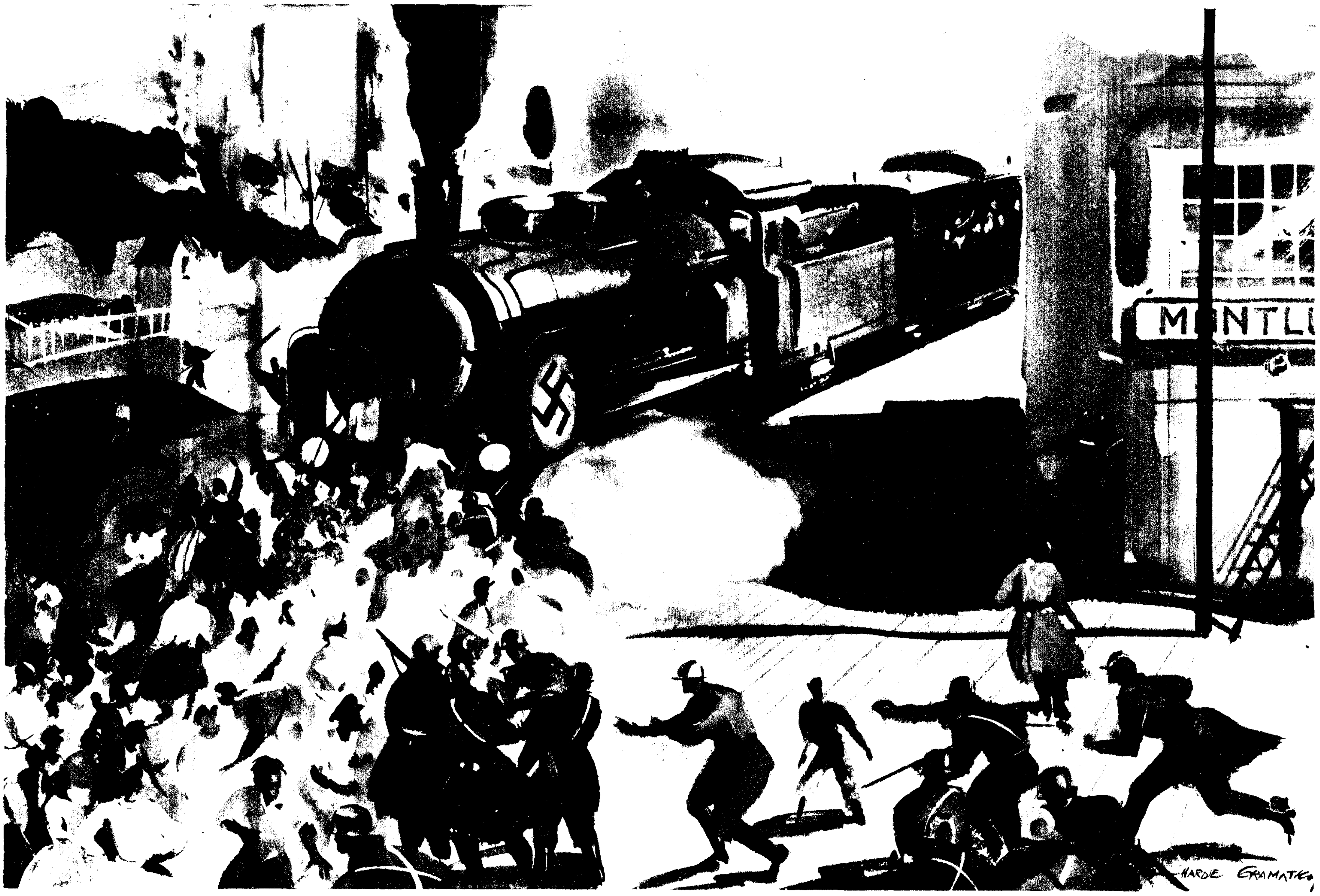
He's definitely well fixed, of course. He and his family live handsomely in their own three-story house in a good but not a pretentious block in Manhattan's East Sixties. He sends his children to good schools. Alvin, the youngest, is at Harvard; Treadwell, an Army lieutenant in Africa, was graduated there; Ann, a fashion reporter, attended Vassar. Before the war, the family spent summers in Canada, when they didn't go to Europe. And no man could have a greater zest for good living—for food and drink, for art and music, for parties and pleasure—than gregarious, good-humored "B" Ruml.

His early career bears out the notion that he's essentially nonmercenary. He couldn't have had money-making in mind when he decided he'd be a psychology teacher.

He was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, forty-eight years ago, the son of a Czechoslovakian father and a New England mother. He was one of four children, all noticeably bright. His sister was dean of Radcliffe College for a time. His father, Wentzle Ruml, was and is, at 75, a doctor, "and a damn' good one," his son says.

"B" polished off the Cedar Rapids High School course in three years, took a B.A. at Dartmouth and a psychology

(Continued on page 63)



The train, bound for Germany, did not dare move against the men, women and children who stood in its path singing the Marseillaise

Underground to Freedom

By Walter Davenport

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

Monsieur Subway shows a Collier's reporter the blazing spirit of France—a France whose soldiers will never be prisoners and whose submerged hatred can never be contained. It's late, Monsieur Boche; it's later than you think

THAT day two men arrived from France, and Monsieur Subway kept his word. He was waiting for us in the Macclesfield pub. No sooner had Nat and I entered and said hello to Bert Ely, the manager, and ordered a couple of beers, than Monsieur Subway appeared at our side. He said good evening, and marched toward the door. To Bert's dismay, we followed him—leaving our beers in the hands of the barmaid, who probably didn't mind because she's certain that all Americans are crazy, anyway.

Monsieur Subway walked with precision—a tall, slim, neat, austere man in a tidy, tightly buttoned walk-up suit. If you are one who keeps abreast of important educational matters you would probably know his name. Before France fell he taught in a French university, was an exchange professor at Oxford and lectured at Harvard, Chicago and McGill in Montreal. We called him Monsieur Subway not only because he is the brains and the boss of the London end of the French underground, but because in his new role, everything he says and does suggests the subterranean catacombs, the Paris sewers of Les Misérables, the subways of New York's Grand Central district. We told him, on the night we first met him, that to us he was a professor who during many years in classrooms had yearned to chuck it and play G-man. And, as we remember, that was the only time we saw him smile.

"That is the truth, perhaps," he said. "But I had to wait *until* the world stopped."

It may all sound very Hollywood to you in America—too melodramatic, unreal, staged. But it is all very real. We were soon to learn that. In the taxi Monsieur Subway sat between us, stiff and precise, his thin, sensitive hands balled into his coat pockets, his feet planted hard on the floor, his knees tight together. Every now and then he'd draw himself up straighter, clamp his mouth until it became a thin, cruel line, dilate his nostrils and drag in a great chestful of air. When his emotions gripped him like that, Nat and I became self-conscious and exchanged a few awfully corny cracks, thinking to relax him. But all he said, as we sped at the dizzy rate of ten miles an hour through Baker Street, St. John's Wood and Maida Vale, was: "You will meet the two who have arrived today. One was a soldier of France, an engineer who could teach a child in a little time to destroy a power plant like this without dynamite." And Monsieur Subway made a twisting, *plunging* gesture with his clenched hand. "The other was, like yourself, a journalist. He was a lonely man, a poor man, a scholar. He took no bribes for what he wrote. His brother was shot for France at Soissons. Not by the Boche but by the Vichy police of Laval."

Monsieur Subway's mouth went tight, his slim body stiffened. He inhaled down to his heels. To a couple of very American guys it suggested an act. But then, we were very ignorant, uncomprehending. Moreover, back home, uniformed Nazis didn't sit in Washington, Hitler's sluggers weren't crashing the front doors of our homes, Himmler's strong-arms weren't hanging Yanks in Times Square, in Grant Park or from the span of the Golden Gate Bridge.

Presently, far out near Hampstead Heath, we left the taxi. We walked ten minutes and arrived at an apartment house. Nat and I grew corny again, relieved. He asked me whether I'd remembered to fill my fountain pen with invisible ink. I said something about the dog which barked at us from across the road being Lon Chaney. We should have been ashamed of ourselves. And presently we were.

A woman let us in. Monsieur Subway kissed her hand. She was French down to her small, blunt pumps, and fussily cordial. She was plump, middle-aged

DRAWING BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

and dressed severely in black. On her stout, aggressive bosom she wore a large gold cross of Lorraine. It was easy to know which of the two men was the soldier-engineer of France. He clicked his heels and bowed rigidly from the waist when he shook hands. He was short, strong, and swarthy, he had a long, oblong chin and stared at us in hard defiance—somewhat resentfully, we thought. He warmed up later, grew a little hysterical when he spoke of what had happened at Montluçon when five thousand men, women and children stood on the railroad tracks singing La Marseillaise, daring the train filled with French workers to continue on to Germany. And they had to pacify him when again he cried: "France will go either with a nonpolitical soldier leader like De Gaulle, perhaps, or France will go Communist!"

The other man who had just arrived from France—the journalist—was older; a gentle, brooding fellow who peered at us through tiny lenses. He didn't do much talking. He had a curious way of patting the air with his hands, deprecatingly, when anyone became violent, and murmuring: "Softly, softly!" He watched us taking our notes and understood, like a good editor, when we were having trouble. At such times he'd lean toward us, explaining, spelling for us the names which after all we couldn't use. They would be good names to remember, though, he would add. Once he said to us: "One is not a journalist until he has seen and understood the supreme tragedy of a whole people in travail."

A Little French Spirit

Monsieur Subway would have paved the way to what the two men were to tell us by explaining, without ceremony, the growth and art of the French underground. But the woman, who grew gay or morose swiftly and without warning, insisted upon ceremony. "One does not eat well if the stomach is cold," she said. "One cannot talk well if the mind is not warm."

So she went across the room and switched on a phonograph that blared the Marseillaise. And we all stood up very straight. Nat and I got a nice kick out of that. We hadn't heard Rouget de l'Isle's great song for a long, long time. Then she gave us cake and a glass of wine. And now, she said, Monsieur Subway would talk.

He told us that for months after the fall of France his country lay paralyzed. France was poisoned (thus spoke Monsieur Subway). France had been choked near to death by her politicians. There would be elections but always the same old gang sat in her Chamber of Deputies. France was a dying gladiator making futile stabs at Hitler's new armies. Hitler overwhelmed France as one would overwhelm an expiring invalid. But not dead, thank the good God, was the fire that was France's heart and soul. It flickered. It smoldered. It grew pale in air that was not of a sufficiency, you understand, of the oxygen of hope. Is it not so?

But presently that soul which is France revived. It watched and listened to Marshal Pétain—Pétain of Verdun. But soon it saw that he was old. His once strong hand was palsied, the spirit which would not let them pass at Verdun was senile, rheumy, weary. In politics he was a henchman of Hitler. At arms he was only the dying vision of a soldier who had fallen on his face from growing weariness. His ears heard only the easy counsel of the rich French who, in dread terror of Communism, preferred Nazi rule, collaboration with Hitler, and eventually a French Nazi at the head of the French state. You understand, Messieurs? Monsieur Subway was wringing his hands.

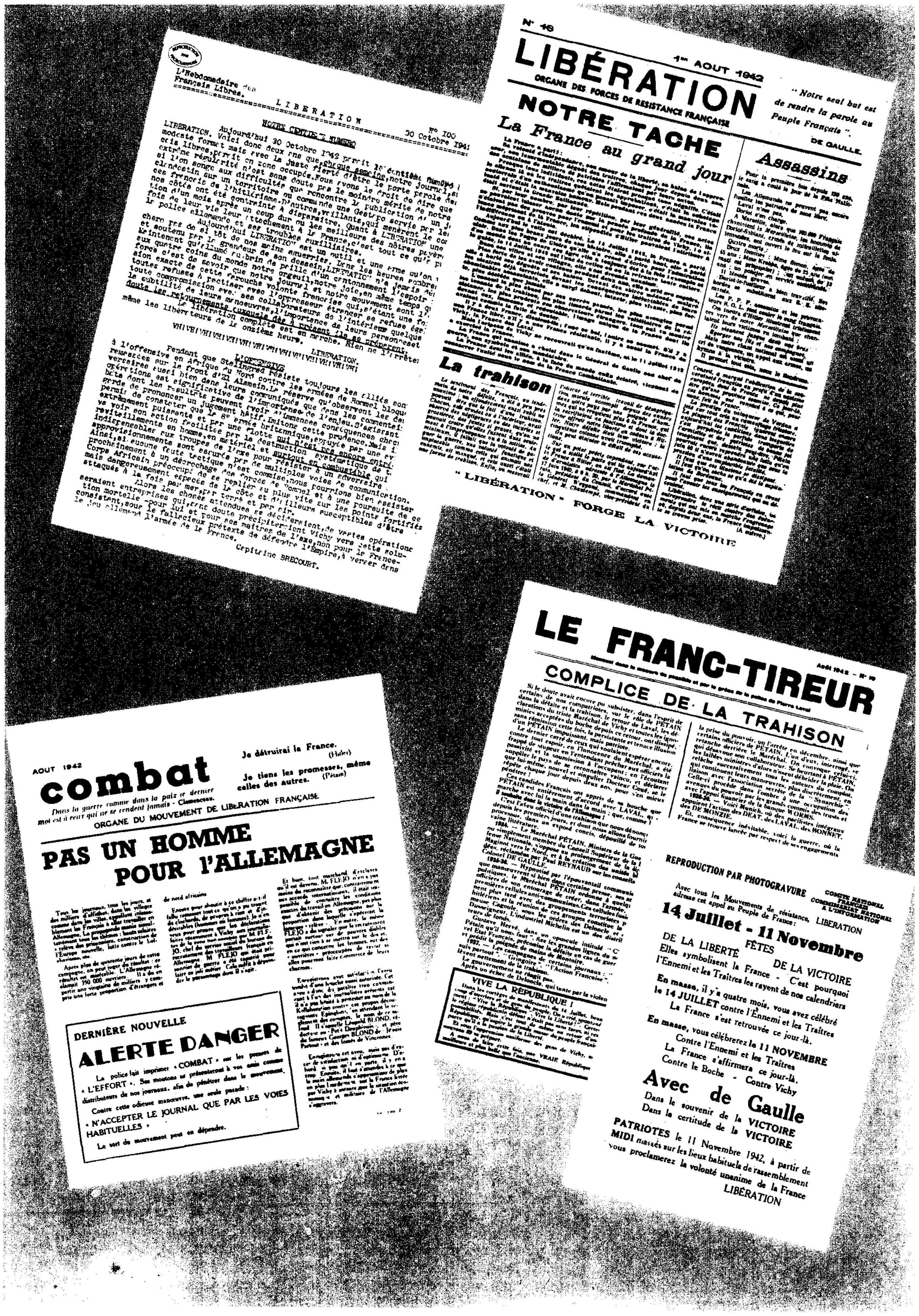
Suppressed, gladly sacrificed, were the innumerable old political parties of France except the Communists. Please attend. The Communists among France's working masses were alert. Hitler invaded Russia—Hitler, the great, fat swine drunk with food and stupid arrogance. The Communists of France came slowly out of their lairs and struck their chests. And the places of the old parties—parties which fed on reaction or on what the two hundred families threw from their tables, or on what they could steal—the places of these old parties were taken by Frenchmen who were not Communists but nevertheless, for the first time, called all men who love France, "Brother."

These new parties came into being in cellars, in garrets, in barns and the back rooms of lonely *estaminets*—the Party Combat and the Party Liberation. How shall one say it? They are political parties which are not political. One joins either as it becomes available in one's neighborhood. There is small difference between them.

Liberation is perhaps a little more to the left and is liked by the workers' syndicates. Mildly, it is the Workers' party but it is not Socialist, not Marxist. Does it matter? Combat is then a little to the right, absorbing the clericals, the

(Continued on page 30)

COURTESY FREE FRENCH PRESS SERVICE



L'Hebdomadaire des Français Libres.

L I B E R A T I O N

NOTRE CENTIEME NUMERO

N° 100
30 Octobre 1942

LIBÉRATION - FORGE LA VICTOIRE

N° 16

LIBÉRATION

1er AOUT 1942

ORGANE DES FORCES DE RESISTANCE FRANÇAISE

"Notre seul but est de rendre la parole au Peuple Français".
DE GAULLE.

NOTRE TACHE

La France au grand jour

Assassins

La trahison

LE FRANC-TIREUR

Août 1942 — N° 10

COMPLICE DE LA TRAHISON

REPRODUCTION PAR PHOTOGRAVURE

COMITE NATIONAL FRANÇAIS
COMMISSARIAT NATIONAL A L'INFORMATION

Avec tous les Mouvements de résistance, LIBERATION adresse cet appel au Peuple de France:

14 Juillet - 11 Novembre
FÊTES
DE LA LIBERTE DE LA VICTOIRE
Elles symbolisent la France - C'est pourquoi l'Ennemi et les Traîtres les rayent de nos calendriers
En masse, il y a quatre mois, vous avez célébré le **14 JUILLET** contre l'Ennemi et les Traîtres
La France s'est retrouvée ce jour-là.
En masse, vous célébrerez le **11 NOVEMBRE**
Contre l'Ennemi et les Traîtres
La France s'affirmera ce jour-là.
Contre le Boche - Contre Vichy
Avec de Gaulle
Dans le souvenir de la VICTOIRE
Dans la certitude de la VICTOIRE
PATRIOTES le 11 Novembre 1942, à partir de **MIDI** massés sur les lieux habituels de rassemblement vous proclamerez la volonté unanime de la France
LIBÉRATION

AOUT 1942

combat

Dans la guerre comme dans la paix le dernier mot est à ceux qui ne se rendent jamais - Clemenceau.

ORGANE DU MOUVEMENT DE LIBÉRATION FRANÇAISE

Je détruirai la France. (Hitler)

Je tiens les promesses, même celles des autres. (Pétain)

PAS UN HOMME POUR l'ALLEMAGNE

DERNIÈRE NOUVELLE

ALERTE DANGER

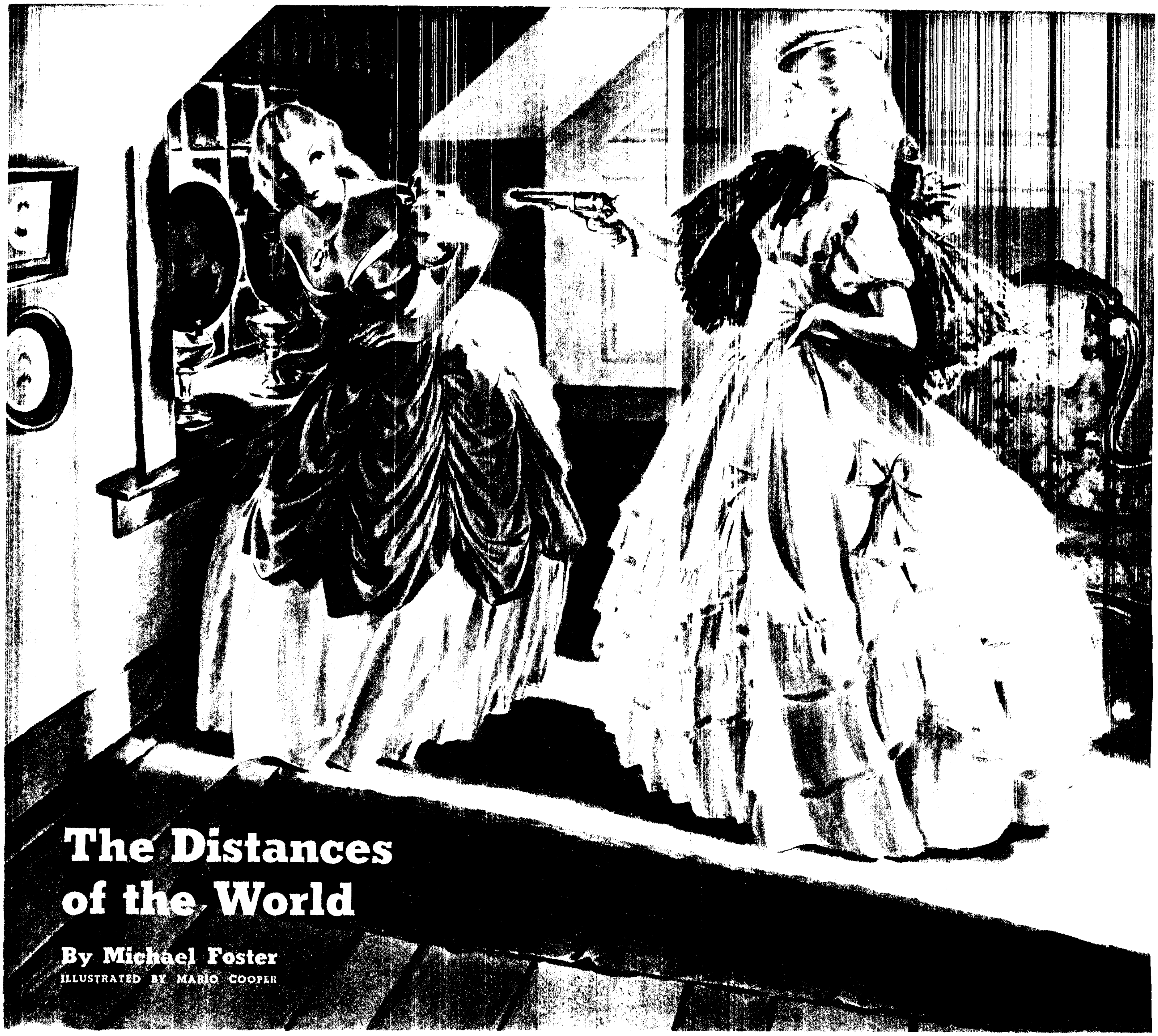
La police fait imprimer « COMBAT » sur les presses de « L'EFFORT ». Ses moutons se présenteront à vos amis comme distributeurs de nos journaux, afin de pénétrer dans le mouvement.

Contre cette odieuse manœuvre, une seule parade:

« N'ACCEPTER LE JOURNAL QUE PAR LES VOIES HABITUELLES »

Le sort du mouvement peut en dépendre.

The voice of a reviving France is recorded in these "journals of revolt." Despite desperate Nazi attempts to eradicate them, despite the danger of imprisonment and execution to those concerned, these underground newspapers—printed, mimeographed even copied by hand—continue to circulate



The red-haired girl had lit the first lamp and was bending over the second. Anne's hand came out of her pocket with the revolver

The Distances of the World

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Madame Hell and the strange affairs at the notorious Sea Inn. A story of Charleston in '64, when that rare city sustained itself with the bitter tea of pride

QUIETLY, she walked from room to room lighting candles as the dusk came on.

Her skirts whispered as she walked—the heavy, rich flounced skirts of a married gentlewoman, whispering about the ankles of an adventuress from the China Coast.

With quiet feet, she went from the drawing room into the library, lighting candles against the dusk of time gathering in an ancient Southern house, in 1864.

And as she walked, with the taper in her hand, she thought of her captain, who was slipping in to run the blockade tonight, before the moon would rise.

Finally, in front of the library fireplace, she blew out the taper, and stood looking for a minute at the smoking wick. Then with a bitter, invisible laugh she laid the taper in the pewter tray on the mantel and went out through the open doors into the garden.

It was a walled garden, and she walked down an old brick path, where the great ladies of her captain's family had walked before her, between the smoky spires of flowers in the dusk. She didn't know their names, those blue flowers that grew so tall and lovely in the garden; she knew none of the gentle arts, the gentle patter of being a lady. But they were beautiful and she loved them, the flowers.

She was angry, and she wanted to smoke, but she knew she couldn't here, not in the garden: not where the servants might see her from the windows.

It always made her angry to remember her afternoon drive, in her carriage, when the ladies of the old families, from their carriages, bowed to her coldly, almost imperceptibly, for her captain's family's sake—these high-nosed, lovely ignorant women in silks like hers, but who had never been a week's journey away from their moss-grayed town or from their family plantations. They bowed to her, almost imperceptibly; but she—

She had seen Java Head, indistinct in slants of Oriental rain, dropping away astern of the creaming wake; she had seen the coasts of the edge of this world, the coasts of mystery and loneliness. Standing alone and steady-eyed, she had heard the voices of men and women shaken with passion, and greed, and death, making undertones to the shrill squall and bubbling of strange music that these women would never know. She had stood alone on the edge of the world; but they, they sat cozily in their family carriages, knowing so little of their men or of themselves, and bowed coldly to a newcomer who was married to a son of one of the old families. A renegade son, who, lean and laughing, had gone away to sea and then come back again with . . .

At the end of the garden she turned and looked back at that Georgian house of rose brick, very old.

She hadn't expected anything so grand, nor so beautiful with time, when she had gone on board a lovely, rakish barque, lying in the river, with a husband whom she didn't know. It had all been so confusing. For the first time in her life, she had been confused.

She had looked up one night, in the gambling rooms of Ah Quong, into a creased, laughing face, burned bronze by the suns of Capricorn. White teeth, and eyes like steady pale blue flames, and a vein that twitched and knotted in his

(Continued on page 33)

YOU couldn't wear a four-in-hand tie in the shop on account of the machinery. The end of it was liable to get caught in something and you'd get choked to death before anyone could stop the wheels turning. But that didn't stop Kit. She had bought Joe a little bow tie . . . one of the kind that's already tied.

"It looks neat," Kit said, patting the tie into place. "It'll set you apart from all the rest of those bohunks. She'll notice it. It's the kind of thing a woman like that wouldn't miss."

"She won't miss this hair tonic," Joe said. "Nobody could miss that. It stinks."

"Now, Joe, you know you look like a wild man unless your hair is slicked down. I've ironed a clean work shirt for you, and a clean pair of jeans."

"Maybe you ought to trade me off for a photograph instead of the usual ten cents in stamps," Joe said. Then he made one more try: "Look, she's coming to the plant to sell War Bonds, Kit. I'm one of eight thousand workers. She won't know whether I'm dead or alive."

Kit's eyes were bright with excitement. "They're going to take her on a tour of the plant, aren't they? They're bound to bring her into your department. They always show everyone the big acid vats. I'd just die, Joe, if you weren't looking your best."

"But look, Kit! They're not going to stop work just because Lucille Avery is taking a look-see. She isn't Eleanor Roosevelt, baby. She's just a movie star."

"Just a movie star!" Kit said. *"Just a movie star!* Oh, Joe, she's *Lucille Avery!"*

It was hopeless, Joe knew. So he went off to work, wearing the little bow tie and with his hair slicked down and wondering who would be the first one to rib him about it.

Joe had never seen Lucille Avery, except on the screen of course, but she had been a major headache in his life for a long time. Kit had pictures of her all over the place. She tried to walk like her and talk like her. She bought clothes and hats like hers. She'd read in a fan magazine how Lucille Avery, in spite of all her money, did her own housework . . . except, of course, the cleaning and washing up. Joe would come home and find he was having a pineapple and cream cheese salad for supper, with a design in red pimentos on top. It wasn't exactly proper fodder for a guy who had been on a twelve-hour shift. But Lucille Avery had recommended it as containing all the necessary calories, and so Kit had made it. Joe didn't argue about it. But after supper he'd go down to the dog wagon and have a couple of hamburgers. If he hadn't been crazy about Kit . . . well, there wasn't any use considering that because he *was* crazy about her.

Nobody kidded him at the plant. Maybe the tie and the hair tonic weren't as noticeable as he'd thought. On the other hand he had a sneaking suspicion that the boys in his section were all a little hopped up at the prospect of seeing Lucille Avery. Joe went about his job.

They brought Lucille Avery into Joe's section late in the morning. She was with Dr. Grady, the plant's technical director, a press agent, and a retinue of yes men who stood at a respectful distance.

Joe had been wrong about one thing. Everything did stop. The men turned away from their machines while Dr. Grady explained about the huge acid vats.

Joe found himself feeling to see if the tie was straight; running his hand back across his hair to make certain it was slicked down. The inside of his mouth felt dry. She was beautiful. You couldn't get away from that. Her figure was something to dream about. The rich gold color of her hair didn't show up on the screen. She wore a red suit, and a cone-shaped hat with artificial grapes on the crown and a delicate little veil floating down from the brim. She had a gracious smile for everyone. She even looked straight at Joe and smiled. Joe moistened his lips.

Then it happened. Joe shouted at the top of his lungs, "Acid!"

He moved like lightning toward Lucille Avery. He grabbed her, swept her across the floor and shoved her under the safety shower. The instant she stepped on the treadle mechanism, water —cold water that stung—showered down over her. She came out from under presently, choking with rage, drenched.

Dr. Grady, white-faced, explained: "There was a splatter of acid, Miss Avery. If this man hadn't acted so promptly you might have been burned, scarred for life." He turned to Joe: "That was great work, Adams. You can be sure the front office won't forget."

Joe was tongue-tied. He had to open his mouth several times before a sound would come: "I . . . I'm sorry, Miss Avery. But if I hadn't done it . . . well, water's the only thing for acid burns."

The yes men had rushed forward with coats for the dripping star.

"I won't forget either, Mr. Adams," she said, in her husky voice.

So Joe was a hero. At the big bond rally which was held outside the administration building they took pictures of Lucille Avery. Maybe the press agent had thought of it, or maybe she really didn't have any other clothes with her, but Lucille Avery was wearing coveralls, just like the other women who worked in the plant. She sold bonds like crazy, and at the end she made a little speech about Joe's having saved her from a burn that might have ended her career.

Ed, who worked next to Joe, jogged him in the ribs. "I bet she sends you a present; maybe a big check."

"I don't want anything," Joe said. "I only did what anyone would have done."

WHEN they went off that night Ed insisted on buying Joe a beer. He said it wasn't every day you could buy a drink for a hero. They drank a beer, and then they had another. But Joe pushed Ed's arm back when he started to pay.

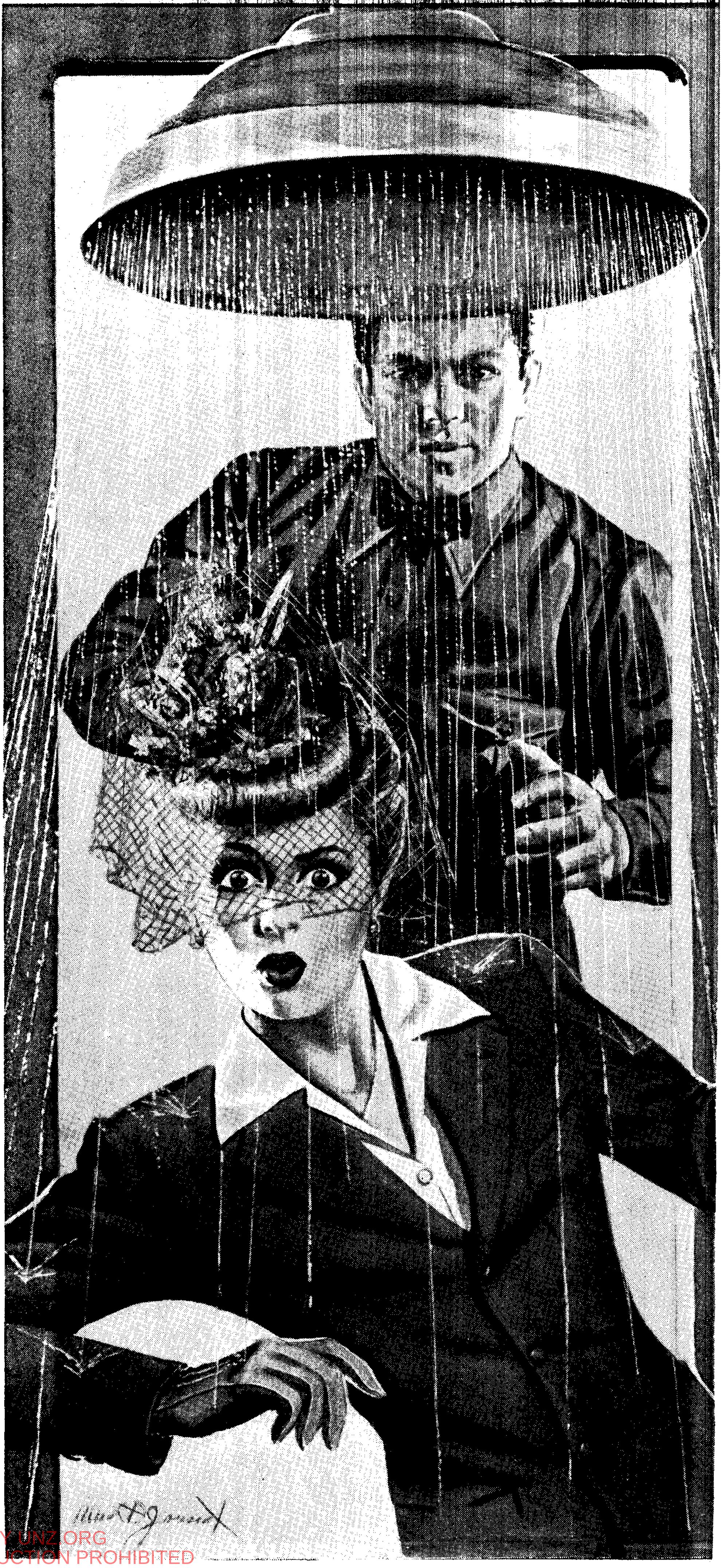
"I'm buying," Joe said. He looked thoughtfully at the beer. "I can't take anything from you under false pretenses, Ed. You see . . ." He cleared a huskiness out of his voice: "You see, there wasn't any acid."

Ed stared at him.

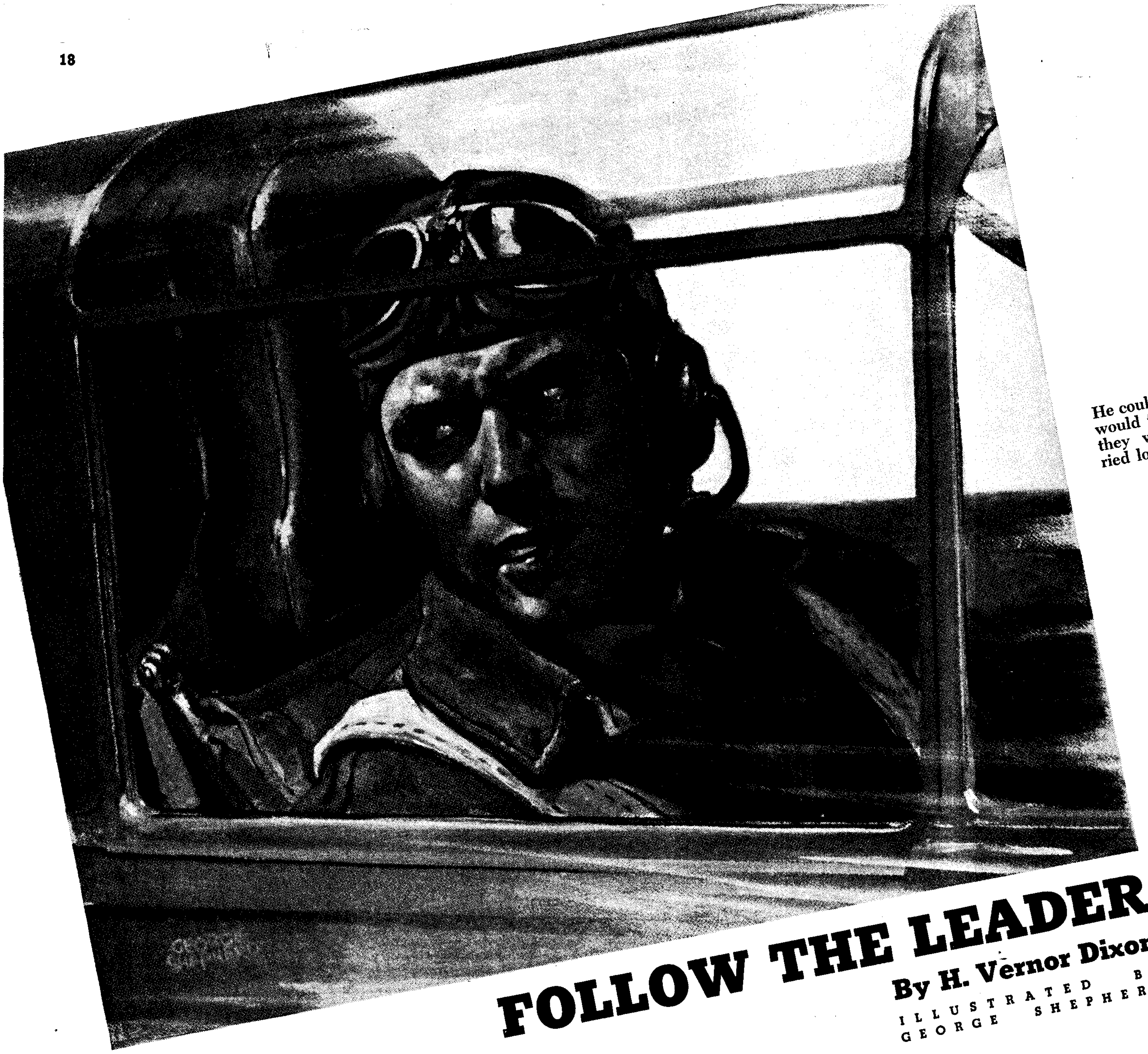
"You know how Kit is about Lucille Avery," Joe said. "She copies everything Lucille Avery does. Well . . . well, I knew they'd take pictures of her at the bond rally and the pictures would be in all the local newspapers and . . . well, I just had to do it, Ed."

"I don't get it," Ed said, in an awed voice. "You mean there wasn't no acid splashed on her?"

Joe shook his head. "Not that I saw. But I knew if they took pictures of Lucille Avery in that hat, Kit would have to have one like it. You saw it, Ed. Like an ice-cream cone upside down, with fruit on it and a hunk of tulle, or something. I couldn't've stood Kit in a hat like that, Ed. I just couldn't've stood it!"



Joe shoved Lucille under the shower. The instant she stepped on the treadle mechanism, water—cold water that stung—showered down over her



He could go up or down, but they would follow him. If he crashed they would all crash. A worried look creased Steb's forehead

FOLLOW THE LEADER

By H. Vernor Dixon

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SHEPHERD

Keeping up with Mr. Tracy was a big order, but those four gentlemen of the Fighter Command had no choice. It was either fly with the guy, or land on a mountain

ALL pilots flying P-O's are CAUTIONED not to stunt them, because of LOOSE radio equipment. Any pilot landing with DAMAGED equipment will be held PERSONALLY responsible."

Steb Tracy, civilian pilot with the Ferrying Division of the Army Air Forces, A.T.C., read the notice on the bulletin board of Transition and filed it away in his mind while shifting a wad of gum from one side of his jaw to the other. He shifted about on the hard bench and listened in on the conversation between a fresh-looking stenographer in blue uniform and the perpetually harassed Lieutenant Leslie, just in from a check flight in a B-17.

The girl was saying, "Maybe you know what it's all about, but I don't. It's so utterly childish for combat fliers to resent service pilots. Aren't we supposed to be one big happy family?"

Leslie grinned. "Yeah, we're happy, all right; in my hat. But I guess it's understandable. Combat pilots have to go through a stiff training routine that keeps them knuckled down every second of their lives. And at the end they get less money than a service pilot, who usually comes out of civilian life and is handed a commission on a silver platter. The combat boys have to break their necks for that commission, so they resent it."

The girl tapped at her teeth with a pencil and frowned. "Well, if that's the way it is, then I don't blame them. It doesn't seem fair."

Leslie's grin deepened and he said, "But, oddly enough, it is fair. The civilians we take in are crack fliers. You take Tracy, here. It would cost the government hundreds of thousands of dollars to give him the experience and knowledge that he has acquired on his own, as a civilian. By signing with us, he is actually the one giving the government a gift on a silver platter. The least the Command can do is to give a man like that a decent salary and a commission. That's the way it works out."

The girl was convinced. "Oh. Then why did those four combat pilots from Portland try to wreck the officers' mess yesterday?"

Leslie shrugged. "They're just full of stuff and vinegar."

The girl broke into a laugh and slanted a look at Steb Tracy. She had been slanting that same look at him for weeks, without results.

An ex-bush flier, ex-mercenary, ex-barnstormer and ex-test pilot, but always a Texan, Steb had only recently joined the Ferrying Division located at Long Beach, California. His commission as a lieutenant would not be due for a few days, so that he was still able to dress as fancy dictated—more or less. He was forced to wear the customary sun-tan shirt and trousers, but there custom ended. The bow at his collar was a narrow, black string tie, about his waist was a beautifully tooled belt with chased silver inlays and the bottoms of his trousers were tucked into handmade, high-heeled Western boots. No one, including the Army, had yet been able to take Texas out of Steb Tracy.

He got to his feet from one of the two long benches in the ready room of Transition and lazily walked out into the biting California sun. Tall, lean and rangy, he walked with the quiet tread of a cat. His sandy hair was close-cropped.

Steb looked about him and twin lights of pleasure danced in his eyes. He liked the Ferrying Command and everything connected with it.

A loud-speaker blared, "Civilian pilot Steb Tracy report at Operations." The message was repeated and Steb turned on his heel and walked down the alley separating the building of Group Operations from the Pilots' Loft, where a man could buy a soft drink, a sandwich or a full issue of clothes at government prices. He crossed the tar-sticky road to a U-shaped, tiled-roof building and there received his orders from Operations—delivery of a fighter to a combat squadron in Portland, Oregon.

He picked up his kit, which he had left lying on the lawn under a palm tree, and leisurely strolled to the long counter of Control. Lieutenant Silvers glanced up at him and smiled. "Hi there, cowboy. Where've you been lately?"

"Oh, around: New York, Nashville, Dayton, Seattle, Detroit and a couple of other places."

"Uh-hunh. Then you should know the rules." Silvers scratched his head, squinted at Steb, then walked to the window overlooking the field. He pointed to five P-38s standing on the line, high-speed, single-place fighters, with twin engines and tail booms and tricycle landing gear. He said, "You know the P-38 pretty well, don't you?"

Steb nodded. "I was test pilot on those crates all last year. Got kind of a likin' for 'em."

"Uh-hunh. Major Dunham thinks you've forgotten more about P-38s than any other pilot knows. That's why you're being sent on this hop." He turned about and faced Steb. "Here's the deal. Ferrying pilots are not supposed to fly in bad weather or later than one hour prior to official sunset, unless in an emergency. This is an emergency. Those five crates are part of

(Continued on page 22)

CAN Prentiss M. Brown, mild and scholarly, get away with the job that killed off rough-and-tumble Leon Henderson? That is the $64 question in Washington these days. As Price Administrator, his is the rude hand that must pull tight and tighter on the belt that goes around the country's soft and sensitive midriff. Less food, less gas, less clothes, less comforts, less pleasure, less everything. Not fewer restrictions, but more. Every day and in every way, new and irritating interferences with what Henry Wallace loves to call "the American way of life."

Fortunately, Mr. Brown suffers from no illusions. "Hard and thankless" is his own description of the OPA job. He knows just what he is up against in commanding the civilian population to serve through sacrifice. Having lost a Senate seat for his part in the belated fight to control farm prices, he knows also the power of blocs.

It is also the case that the Michigander does not have to sail an uncharted sea. At hand, for his guidance, is the chart left behind by Leon Henderson, a chart that sets down every rock, reef and shoal, and is particularly explicit in warning where not to go and what not to do. If Mr. Brown is as wise as he looks, he will study every detail of that voyage from auspicious start to disastrous finish.

Now that barrel-chested, bull-voiced Leon Henderson has been cast into the outer darkness, it may not be remembered that he was hailed as an answer to a prayer when he first stepped into the war picture as the Administration's "price stabilizer." No rookie from the Ivy League, scouted by Felix Frankfurter, but a grown man with wide experience in many fields. Better still, one who had come up the hard way—bone-dry behind both ears, and tough with the toughness begotten by poverty and struggle.

Back in the roaring days of the NRA, Henderson had not been afraid to stand toe to toe with General Hugh Johnson, matching Old Iron Pants bellow for bellow. Here at last, so it seemed, was a shaggy, two-fisted guy whom neither the crystal gazers nor the politicos could push around.

Reassuringly enough, he gave proof of courage at the very outset. Although the President, on May 28, 1940, had declared that America must become the "great arsenal of democracy," that year saw automobile production hit an all-time high.

Many leaders were honestly of the opinion that preparedness and a business boom could go hand in hand, and Donald Nelson went out on the limb with this flat statement: "I believe that industry is fully aware of its responsibility, and that competition between retailers in the field of distribution will act as the necessary brake in preventing price increases, making governmental action unnecessary."

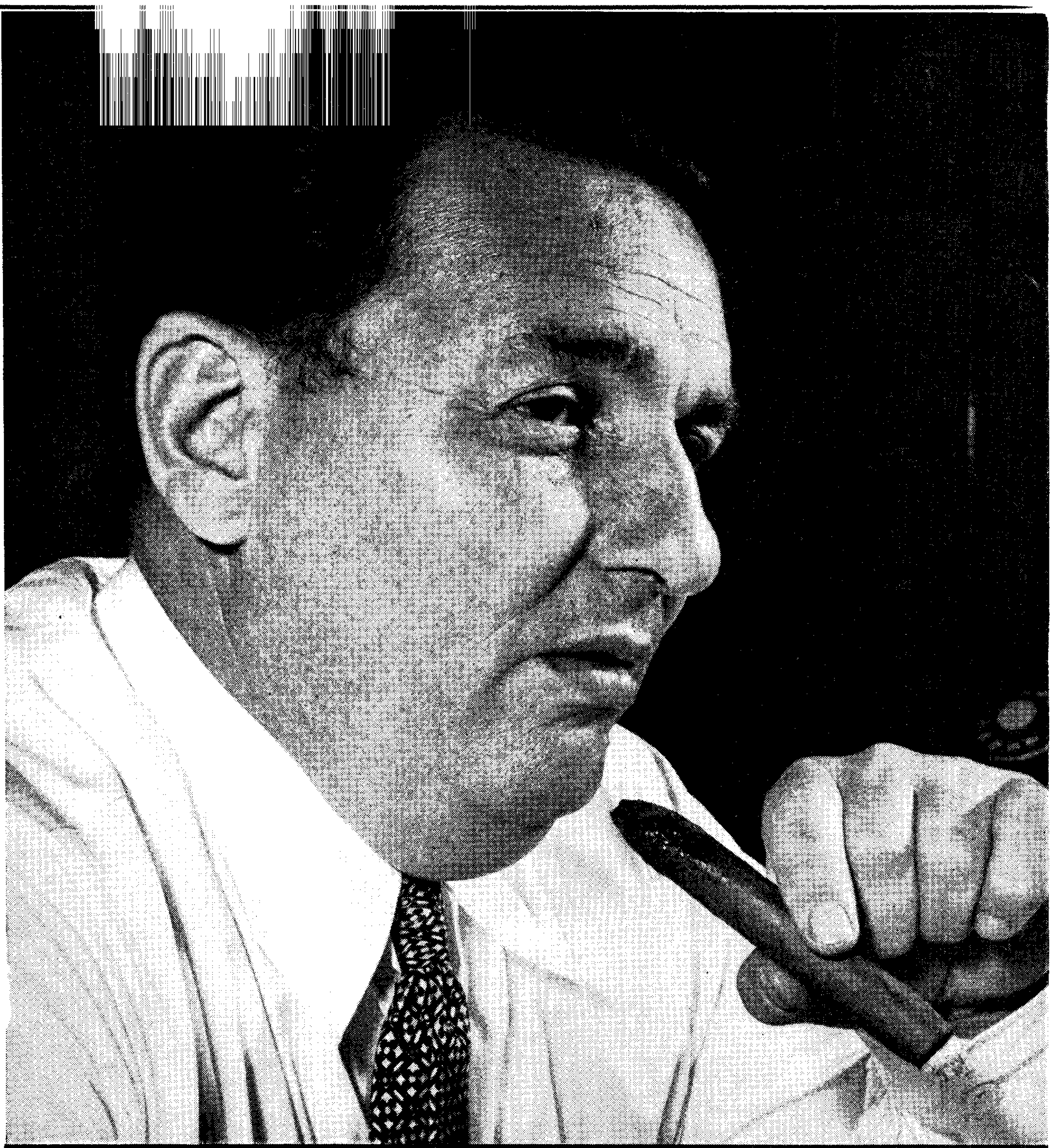
"Ostrich-headed," boomed Leon, and followed by demanding the immediate conservation of steel, rubber and copper. Mr. Knudsen, Mr. Stettinius and Mr. Batt, among others, pooh-poohed the possibility of shortages in any of the strategic materials, but not even these authoritative voices could shout Henderson down, and his bellows finally won out.

Little David Loses His Sling

More than that, Leon was the first official advocate of price control. Not piecemeal stuff, but an over-all ceiling for everything—wages, salaries, rents, interest rates, agricultural prices and commodity prices, all stabilized as of a set date. And not price control alone, but tied in with a vigorous program of plant conversion, subcontracting, a search for substitutes and alternates, the skeletonization of nonessential industry, and above all, *taxes heavy enough to absorb surplus buying power.* The Baruch plan, of course, but Leon adopted and diapered it.

Unhappily, organized labor went berserk at the suggestion of wage control.

"No compulsion," thundered the A. F. of L.'s William Green, while the C.I.O.'s Phil Murray declared for "an upward adjustment of wage levels to assure the maximum efficiency of war workers." It is at this point that Prentiss Brown should adjust his spectacles and bend close over the *(Continued on page 64)*



Speculation is high in Washington as to whether the ax will fall on Prentiss M. Brown, new OPA Administrator, for the same reasons it fell on predecessor Leon Henderson. Mr. Brown begins auspiciously by conferring with Secretary of Agriculture Wickard, chief thorn in Leon Henderson's flesh

SINGING PINCH HITTER

By Howard Taubman

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS

Because a young unknown could sing the toughest roles in opera on only a day's notice, the Met has a brand-new American soprano star: Astrid Varnay

Something new in opera—Astrid Varnay is a Brünnehilde without avoirdupois

IN THE immemorial custom, the year book of Dickinson High School in Jersey City, New Jersey, buttered up the graduating class of 1935. In the class there was a girl named Astrid Varnay who was not a singer but who, under pressure, had sung a solo—When Irish Eyes Are Smiling—with the glee club. The year book editors naturally prophesied, with a straight face and in black and white, that Astrid Varnay would be engaged by the Metropolitan Opera in 1950.

The prediction was fantastic—fantastically conservative. Astrid Varnay was engaged by the Metropolitan Opera on May 17, 1941, and sang at the Metropolitan for the first time seven months later. It all happened in fairy-book style.

When Astrid Varnay stepped out on the stage of the world's most famous opera house on December 6, 1941, it was her first performance in opera. For her debut she had a major role, Sieglinde, in one of the toughest of all operas, Wagner's Die Walküre. She was pinch hitting on twenty-four hours notice for Lotte Lehmann, world-famous soprano, who was ill. And she was singing on a Saturday afternoon. Halfway through the first act, she suddenly thought, "Good Lord, this show is being broadcast! If I flop, there'll be millions to hear it."

She did better than all right. Press and public pronounced her the find of the year and shouted for more Varnay. They got more Varnay sooner than they—or she—anticipated. Six days later she was on the stage again—in Die Walküre again. Repeating Sieglinde? Oh, no, nothing so simple! This twenty-three-year-old operatic neophyte was in there pinch hitting, again on twenty-four hours' notice, for the American star, Helen Traubel, in the still tougher role of Brünnehilde.

Breaking the Rules

If you search all the records of opera, you will find no duplicate of that feat. The connoisseurs could probably prove that it's impossible. They would remind you that it takes a soprano about ten years of training on the stage to tackle Sieglinde and maybe another five to be equal to Brünnehilde. They would remind you that those roles are reserved for the greatest stars in the business, people like Kirsten Flagstad. But Astrid Varnay broke all the rules—for a batting average of 1,000 as the Metropolitan Opera's most brilliant pinch hitter. It was like a rookie hitting home runs with the bases loaded in his first two times at bat in the big leagues.

Astrid Varnay carried it off as if she had been born in the opera house. She practically was. Her father, Alexander Varnay, was a well-known tenor. Her mother was Maria Yavor, a distinguished coloratura soprano. Alex and Maria met when they sang in the same opera in Budapest, just before the first World War. They married. The Varnays, always traveling, had reached Stockholm when they discovered that a child was en route. She was born on April 26, 1918.

The baby was christened Ibolyka Astrid. When the family came to this country in 1923, immigration officials stared unbelievingly at the Ibolyka and promptly translated it to Violet. When the owner of the name reached the age of discretion, she dropped the Violet because it made her think of the original.

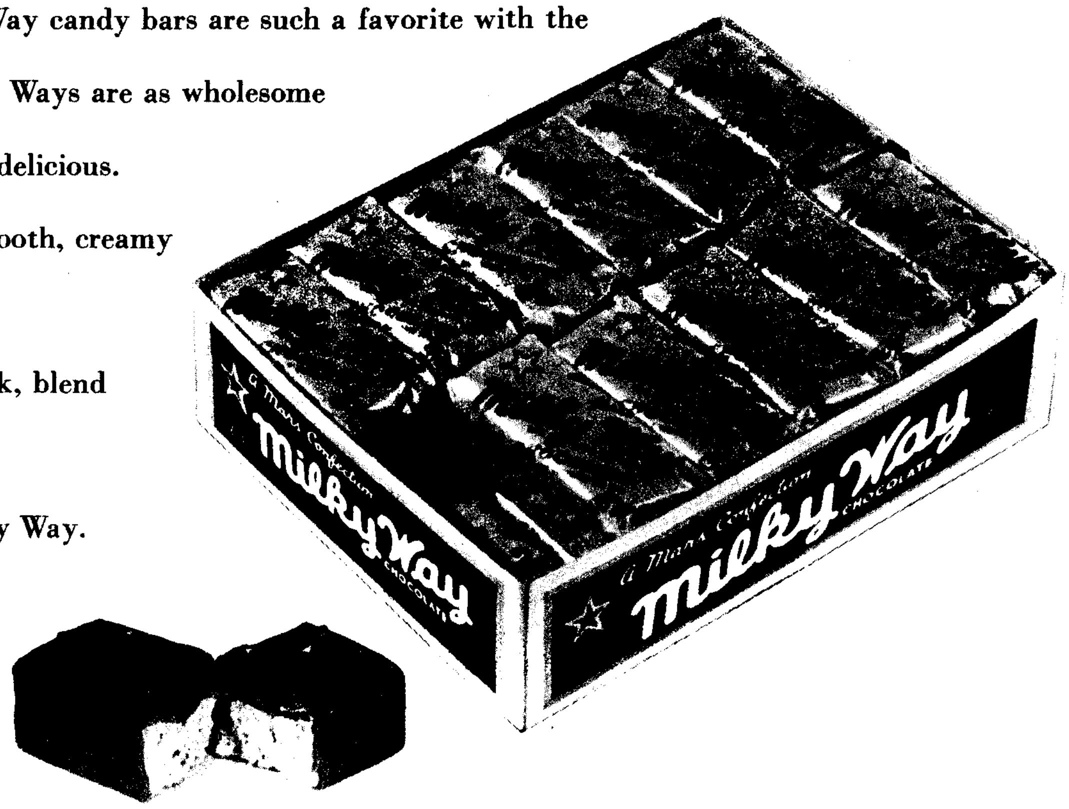
The Varnays' next stop was South America, and Astrid's prize memories are of the harbor and opera house of Rio de Janeiro and the opera house of Buenos Aires. She became a fixture at

(Continued on page 26)

GOOD AREN'T THEY?

No wonder Milky Way candy bars are such a favorite with the young crowd! What's more, Milky Ways are as wholesome and nourishing as they are delicious.

The pure milk chocolate coating, the layer of smooth, creamy caramel and the luscious center of chocolate nougat, richly flavored with real malted milk, blend with each bite, into that delightful taste treat found only in a Milky Way.


A Mars Confection
Milky Way
Chocolate
A Mars Confection
Milky Way
Chocolate

Follow the Leader

Continued from page 18

an Army project. They have to be in Portland this afternoon. But there's a bad overcast above Medford and every possibility of dirty weather. We don't ordinarily ask a pilot to take risks, quite the reverse, in fact, and you can refuse if you want—"

Steb shifted his gum and said, "I'll set one down where you want it. How 'bout the other four?"

Silvers smiled, relieved. "Oh, they're okay. They've already been in service over the Aleutians and were just flown down for an overhaul by their own pilots, combat boys."

"The ones who were boilin' for a fight yesterday?"

"The same. They'll be taking off about the same time you do. I'd advise you to lose them. They're wild."

"I'll lose 'em."

He took his route sheet from the lieutenant, checked his radio facilities pamphlet and picked up maps, weather reports and a new Flight Envelope. He made out a Flight Plan for the Interceptor Command, then reported back to Control. There he signed various papers, including his route sheet, received his clearance and walked outside with his kit and a parachute.

ALL ten engines of the fighters were turning over when he reached them. A mechanic scrambled out of the cockpit of his ship, the obviously new one, and helped him stow his kit. Steb strapped on his parachute and looked up to find four young combat pilots standing before him. All of them were smiling, but in the depths of their eyes was something more than a smile, a look not only of resentment, but of contempt.

He returned their flat, steady gaze and said, "Howdy."

One of them, the redheaded one, nudged his neighbor and whispered, "A cowboy ferry—" and then, after a pause, added, "pilot."

Steb's shoulders slowly stiffened and his eyes narrowed. He coldly repeated, "Howdy."

The redheaded one grinned and said, with emphasis, "Howdy, brother. I'm Lieutenant Banning." He indicated the other three with his thumb: "Lieutenants Merritt, O'Toole and Palmer." With a phony accent he drawled, "What might your handle be, podner?"

"Steb Tracy," he answered, with deceptive mildness.

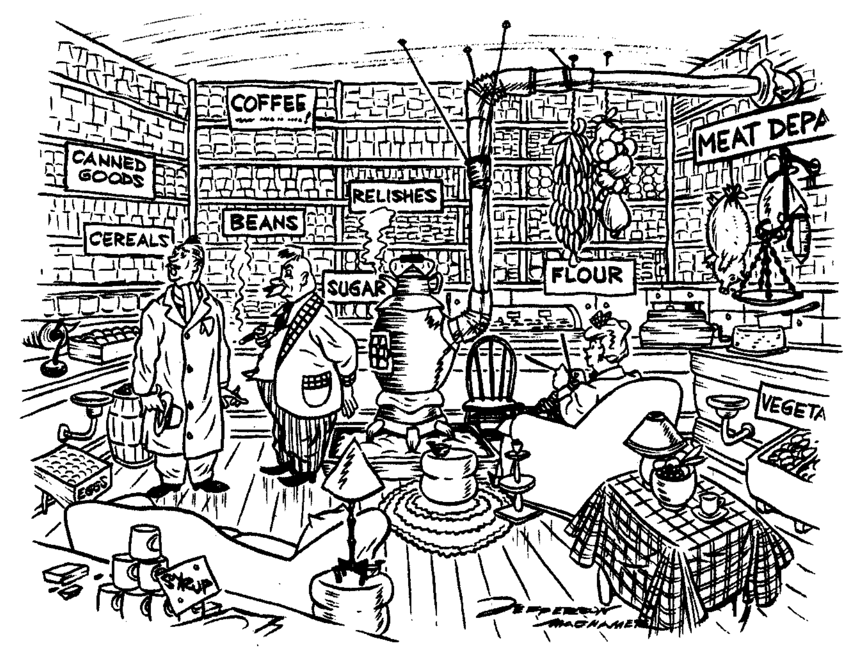
Banning nodded, still grinning. "It would be something like that. Look, brother; you're taking that crate to our fighter group. We'd like to see it delivered intact, so we'll just tag along with you." He delivered a crisp, mock salute. "See you in the air—mister."

The four of them turned away and walked to their planes, laughing over some joke. Steb climbed into the cramped cockpit of the fighter, checked his instruments, radio and engines, then taxied away from the line to the end of a runway. The other four had not yet left the line. Steb got his clearance from the tower, eased the mixture controls and opened the throttles. The ship quickly gained speed and slipped into the air. The field dropped away below him and Steb rapidly made the necessary adjustments, as soon as the gear was up, to climb higher.

He swung over the Long Beach oil fields and glanced at the flat gray sheet of the ocean on his left and the bare, precipitous mountains on his right. At eight thousand feet he leveled off and held a compass course for Bakersfield. He twisted his head about and searched the skies. There were no other aircraft in sight. . . .

Bakersfield slid by at better than 300 an hour and then, shortly after, Fresno melted below his tail booms. The sweet drone of the two powerful engines was music in Steb's ears and he liked, too, the smell of hot oil in his nostrils. Just being in the air, feet tingling on the rudder pedals, feeling the plane as an extension of his own arms and legs, had always been sufficient for Steb. But not with a war on. Then there was only one place for a pilot to be and that was in the Air Forces. But the AAF had wanted no part of him, in spite of his knowledge and his record in the air. He was two years overage for combat and his formal education had been sadly lacking. He had been turned down, reluctantly but definitely.

Steb sighed and then chuckled. He was going into the AAF after all, through the back door. He had to laugh every time he thought of that first day on the Command field. The Lieutenant Colonel, Deputy Commander, had said, "Of course, Tracy, you realize that as a ferrying pilot it will eventually be necessary for you to accept a commission." Then he had added, with a sparkle in his eyes, "But you must conduct yourself, in the meantime, as an officer and a gentleman." The colonel had been thinking of his notorious record as a hotheaded Texan all too willing to swing into action with both fists.



"We bought it and moved in, to keep from hoarding"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

STEB could almost feel those bars on his shoulders already. "Behave myself?" he thought. "Shucks, that's a cinch."

He sat up in the seat, eased the throttles back a fraction and gently depressed the nose of the plane, maintaining constant rpms and speed. He came down to a thousand feet and dead ahead was the dome of the state capitol at Sacramento. Steb glanced at his watch: sixty-eight minutes out of Long Beach. Exactly right. He looked up, his eyes caught a flash in the rear-vision mirror and his head spun about to look back and up.

Four P-38s were plummeting straight toward him in a snarling, thundering, 45-degree dive, their engines whining wide open and their noses aimed at his tail. They were in a leaderless V formation, but nevertheless diving wing-and-wing. When they passed him they were doing close to four hundred an hour. The four of them split, to almost graze his wings, two pulling off to the left and two to the right in steep chandelles. Steb's plane rocked and bounced with the tremendous wash of their passing. "Darn' fools," he muttered.

He could see Mather Field ahead and throttled back depressing the nose still more. But the four combat pilots pulled out of their chandelles with a few thousand extra feet of altitude and dived at him again. Two shot by under him and two over him, with only inches to spare. Steb involuntarily ducked as they went by. Then they fanned out and came at him from two directions at once and then split formation and dived at him singly and in pairs.

Steb cursed and growled under his breath and fought his bucking plane as if he were in a storm. He slowed down, lowered his gear and flaps and swung around for a wide circuit of Mather Field. The four lieutenants stuck close to him, now under him, now over him and just ahead and just behind. Beads of perspiration broke out on Steb's forehead.

He flicked his radio to the frequency of their interplane communications system and yelled at them to clear away. There was no response from them. They were widely grinning and waving at him. Steb's normally cold eyes turned to chunks of ice. His lips thinned to a white line, and tiny muscles bulged along his jaws. He settled down for the final approach, and the long runway of the field rushed up to meet him. Twenty feet off the ground, the four lieutenants cut in ahead of him and gave him their turbulent wash with a blast of their props. Steb's plane shot up and then down, the wheels hit and it took all of his five thousand hours of experience to avert a crash. The entire runway was used up before he could bring his skidding plane to a halt.

Steb taxied to the fueling pumps, brought his ship to rest by the other four and cut his engines. He slowly unbuckled his belt, left his chute in the seat and dropped to the ground.

Lieutenant Banning was waiting for him, with the other three grinning pilots close at his side. Banning said, "Howdy, podner. That was a pretty sloppy landing you made. Where'd you learn to fly?"

Steb held himself tensely in check, his eyes coldly fixed on Banning's. "Well," he said, blowing twin jets of smoke from his nostrils, "I guess it was in a cow pasture. An old Jenny with an OXX-5. But you lads wouldn't recollect that. Before your time."

Banning's face turned as red as his hair and he punched at Steb's chest with his finger. "Didn't I say we'd tag along with you? What's the idea of running away? Too good for us? You service pilots are all alike. But this is a different age, brother. We don't fly by the seat of our pants any more. Airplanes have changed. Instruments have changed. Everything has changed—except you service pilots. You still go barreling along like you believe in the movies."

Steb dropped the cigarette, crushed it with his heel, then swiftly grabbed Banning's flight jumper with his left hand. His right fist was all cocked to go when a calm voice said, "Your ships are gassed, gentlemen."

Steb dropped his hands and turned to face the sergeant-mechanic, who was narrowly watching him. Steb sucked in a deep breath of air and then slowly let it out. That one had been close.

THE four combat pilots were soberly and coldly staring at him. Banning's lips had gone white and his eyes were blazing. He licked his lips and said, "We'll rendezvous with you directly over the field, Tracy. And you be there or we'll find you and run you out of the sky. Understand?" He turned on his heel and stalked away, the others going with him.

Steb looked at the mechanic and said, "Thanks, sergeant."

The mechanic studied him a moment, then smiled and said, "Forget it. I knew something was up the way the five of you came in for a landing. But you can't get away with it, mister, not on an Army field. Anyway, those lads have been taught to be killers. You can't expect them to have the dispositions of choir boys."

"I reckon not. Never thought of it that-a-way."

"Yeah. By the way, your radio's loose."

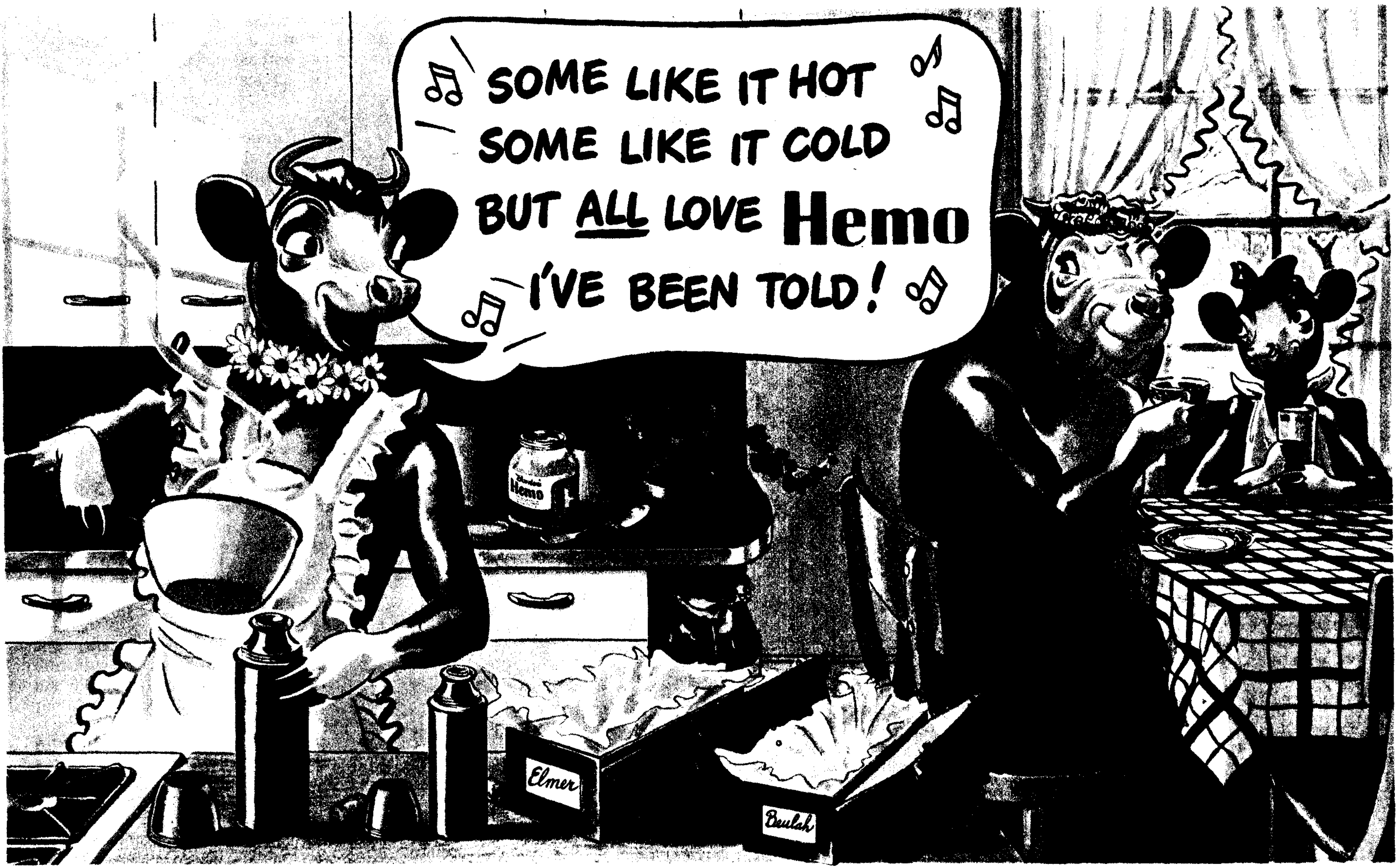
"It'll be fixed in Portland."

Steb signed for the fuel and climbed back into the cockpit. The engines barked into life and he taxied away from the pumps. The other four taxied along at his side. Banning was looking over from his cockpit, glaring at him.

The planes swung onto the long runway, and radio clearance came from the control tower. The others waited for Steb to lead on the take-off. They were not going to lose him this time. Steb grinned and opened the throttles, raced down the runway and lifted into the air.

If there was one airplane in the world that Steb knew better than any other it was the P-38. He had flight tested the first production model off the line and had flown hundreds of them since then. He knew every inch of that ship and exactly how to get the most out of it.

Steb glanced back at the P-38s on his tail, then looked away and racked his brain for every scrap of knowledge. The P-38 was the world's fastest climbing air-



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Many war workers who need plenty of zip and pep for the most important job in the world drink HEMO!

Some like it hot . . . Some like it cold. *Either* way it tastes wonderful—and *is wonderful*, especially for children! Give 'em a HEMO treat with their lunch or after-school snack.

If you eat lunch "out"—ask for HEMO at the soda fountain—made up in any flavor you prefer . . . For "at-home" drinking get the full-pound jar—24 delicious drinks—for 59¢ . . . HEMO for one serving costs only 2½¢! At your grocer's or druggist's.

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IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

plane and Steb meant to use every ounce of that climb. He pulled the ship up on its nose, made minute adjustments of the throttles and coolant and oil shutters and carefully babied his inches of manifold pressure.

The rate-of-climb indicator jumped to nearly a mile a minute. Steb looked back and down. The other four were already falling behind and Sacramento was a green and white blur far below, with the American and Sacramento rivers thinning to snakelike ribbons. Steb kept climbing. He went onto blowers and at eighteen thousand feet started taking oxygen. He leveled off in the ice-sharp air of twenty-six thousand feet. Goose-pimples stood out on his hands and arms. He looked back, around and below. There was not another airplane in sight. He had effectively lost them.

He switched on his radio to the Medford range, jockeyed into the middle of the A and N signals and stayed at that altitude. There was a slight haze and occasional cloud masses below and it was difficult to see the ground. But he now and then recognized a check point and marked them on his flight plan. Shortly before reaching the Oregon-California border he throttled back and started down, taking it easy. He spotted Medford from ten thousand feet, shoved the nose down and raced for the airport. His wheels touched, the wing lost lift and he spun about and taxied over to the fuel truck. The other four P-38s were already there.

BANNING, Merritt, O'Toole and Palmer stalked over to him on stiff legs and quietly waited while he rolled a cigarette; they uneasily glanced at one another and seemed to be worried. Steb frowned. That was not like them. He wondered what was up. Palmer started to say something, but the others shook their heads and he closed his mouth.

Banning rubbed his chin, kicked at the dust, then looked up and said, "Look, cowboy; what we'd like to know is how you managed to outclimb us in the same type plane."

Steb smiled. "Oh, that. Don't feel badly, gents. I used to be test pilot on these babies. Just know a little trick or two, that's all."

Banning snapped, "You know everything, don't you?"

Steb puffed at his cigarette and regarded the redhead. "Maybe," he thought, "I should accommodate him right now." But, no; that commission was too close. A fight with an officer would definitely cancel it. Steb forced himself to turn away and Banning's laughter followed him.

The civilian in the Medford weather office told him, "The soup's thick as mud. Starts about thirty miles north of here and extends beyond Seattle. Depth of maybe twenty thousand feet, or more. The ceiling at Portland is five hundred feet and visibility about a mile, or less. If I were you I'd make my let-down between Salem and Oregon City and try to hit the river. Good luck, mister."

Steb thoughtfully walked back to his plane, all gassed and with the motors ticking over. The other four had pulled out. That was a relief. He climbed into the cockpit and hurried to the end of the runway. There was no time to waste. In a few moments he was in the air and climbing.

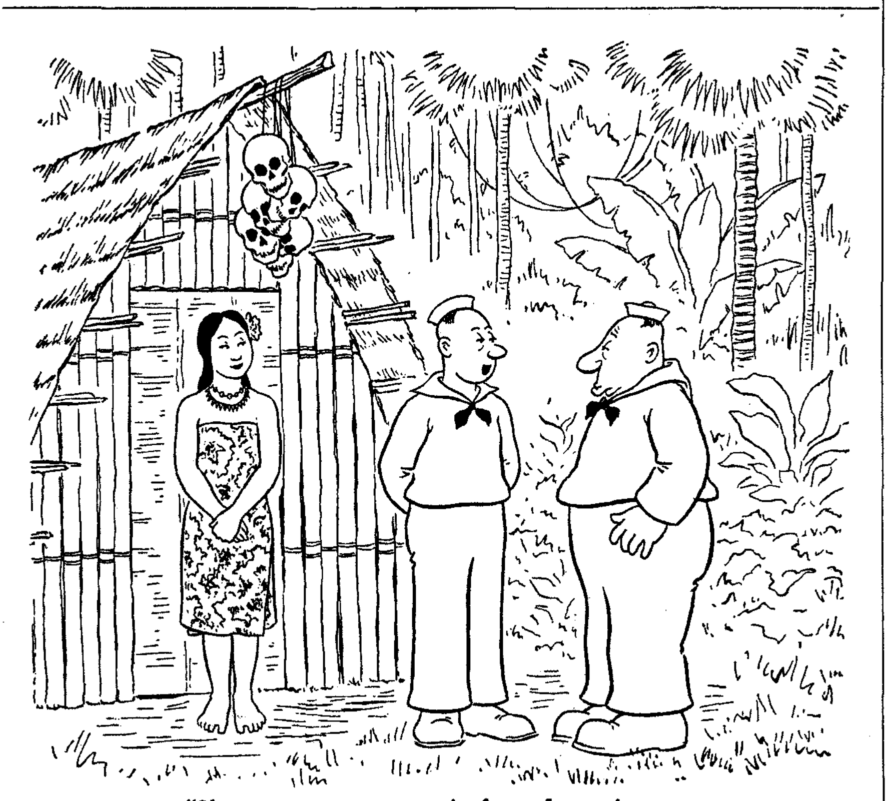
Ten miles out of Medford, he glanced at the rear-vision mirror and sat up with a start. The other four planes were thundering toward him from a higher altitude. They had evidently been waiting for him above the field. Steb saw Banning's wild grin as they flashed by. They banked about, jockeyed in behind his tail booms and closed formation, two trailing his left and two to his right. The wings of the inboard planes were almost scraping his wings. He was the leader of the tight V.

Steb swore long, loud and with feeling. This was no time to play. There was serious business ahead. He switched on to their interplane frequency and tried to argue with them, but they made no sign that he was even heard. Then, using him as flight leader, they swung into right echelon, left echelon and every other close formation they knew. It was beautiful precision work, but at three hundred and fifty miles per hour, with wing almost scraping wing, Steb could feel no admiration for their abilities.

He was directly on the Portland range, and ahead, looming high above and blotting out the horizon, was the cold gray mass of the fog bank. There was no time now to outclimb the others. But he had to shake them some way.

Steb eased back on the throttles, then kicked the right rudder and jammed the stick hard to the left. The sudden snap-roll was so vicious it almost tore him out of his belt. Then he pulled the stick back into his stomach and rolled out on the top of a half-loop with a perfect Immelmann. He glanced back. The others were still with him, not stunting, but doggedly trying to stay on his tail. Steb eased off into a slow-roll, but before completing it, snapped into a Cuban-8, from that into a spin and then a chandelle. The others were now scattered all about him and out of formation. Steb grinned, slow-rolled in a climb, did a tight reversement, put down his nose and dived through the others. No one was on his tail. He did a steep chandelle to the left, suddenly caught it off with a wing-over and dived for the fog bank.

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"She wants us to come in for a few minutes, Alfred. Her father is very anxious to meet us"

COLLIER'S

THE P-38 bored into the fog with a dull whine, and the clammy gray stuff feathered off the wing tips. The motors took on a more subdued tone and the shade of gray began to deepen and darken. Steb hastily checked his instruments and his altimeter: it read 6,400 feet. That was enough to clear the peaks ahead. He started to lean back, but there was a blur of movement in the corner of his eye. He looked to the right. He could barely see to the end of his own wing, but there, just within its span, nestled another wing tip. He hastily looked to the left. Another wing tip. He couldn't see them, but he knew the other two were nestled against the inboard planes. He was again leading a five-plane V.

He dazedly muttered, "Well, I'll be darned!"

There was no way out of it. The slightest wrong move on his part and one or the other might creep ahead into his wing for a crash. Every movement of the controls had to be so slow and easy that the others could follow him simply by watching his wing. It took a high degree of skill to fly a formation that tight and Steb wondered if they had it.

He reached forward to flick on the radio switch, and cold beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead. There was no response from the radio. He flicked it on and off and even pounded the dials with the flat of his hand. No response. The radio was dead, put out of commission when he had indulged in his orgy of stunting. The path of light, the broad highway of dots and dashes reaching to him from Portland was out of his grasp. He was traveling a cold, gray road through a dark tunnel, with a jagged roadbed below and the walls of the Coastal Range to his left and the towering Cascades to his right.

But through years of flying, Steb Tracy had developed highly co-ordinated reflexes. He closed his eyes a moment and again visualized the instant when he had dived into the fog bank. There had been two mountain peaks directly below him, one taller than the other. He glanced at his map. Dead Man with an elevation of 4,550 and Red Butte with an elevation of 5,275. That was it. The exact time when he had plunged into the fog was also in his mind and he compared that with his present time and speed.

"Well," he said aloud, "barring a little drift, I just left the Willamette River behind and Eugene's on my left." He added, "I hope."

If the other ships had not been riding him so close he could have reversed direction and come out of the fog where he had entered it. But he was virtually a prisoner, caught in the trap of their wings. He could go up or down, but they would follow him, not knowing that his radio was out. If he crashed they would all crash.

The minutes ticked by and still the fog-blurred wing tips of the other fighters nestled deep within the span of Steb's wing. They were definitely sticking with him. A worried frown creased Steb's forehead. It was impossible for him to be exactly on the beam. No man could cut it that fine. And yet they stayed with him, with no indication that he might be drifting from the beam. What the devil was the matter with the wild fools? They had their radios to talk it over with one another and drop him altogether if they wanted to. Why didn't they leave?

Steb glanced at his watch. Salem should now be to the rear and Portland ahead, with Oregon City just ahead and to the right. In thirty seconds it would be time to let down. His fingers tightened about the stick and he desperately searched his mind for a way to leave the other planes. And then he suddenly relaxed. By some wild streak of luck he had probably stayed on the beam. The fact that the others were still with him proved that. They might be wild, but they were not altogether out of their minds. He started to smile. The thirty seconds were gone. He gently, very gently, eased the stick forward. The nose of the roaring plane started down and the others with it.

THE combat pilots would now be watching him closer than ever and attentive to any change in speed and direction that he might make. Steb lightly rocked his wings, receiving the same signal from them, then eased the throttles back and lowered the flaps and landing gear. His gliding speed dropped to 120 and he came down through the fog at a steep angle. Portland should be directly below. With but a five-hundred-foot ceiling to break through, it had to be. There were too many hills about the city higher than that, jagged hills waiting to tear him out of the sky.

Steb's eyes were glued on the altimeter. When it read 500 he looked away and out of the cockpit. There was a thinning of the fog and he suddenly saw all four of the other planes and the tense expressions of the pilots. His plane dropped lower, the fog swirled away from the wing as if it were reluctant to loose its grip, and then he was below the overcast.

Steb looked down and smiled with relief. Portland was to the rear and the broad Columbia River was directly under him. Off his starboard wing tip was the airport. Steb looked to his left and right at the other pilots and they soberly waved to him. He grimly nodded at them and steeply banked away for the field. The wheels of all five touched the ground as one plane.

Steb turned his ship over to the proper officials, signed a half-dozen forms in the C. O.'s office, and then was driven in a jeep across the now dark field to the municipal administration building. He sent a telegram to the Command giving time of arrival at destination and delivery of the fighter plane. The clerk looked at his name on the wire and handed him a telegram. He walked out of the lounge with the telegram unopened in his hand.

A sedan came to a grinding stop in a small pool of light and Lieutenant Banning blinked out into the fog. "Tracy, is that you?"

Steb walked to the car and glanced

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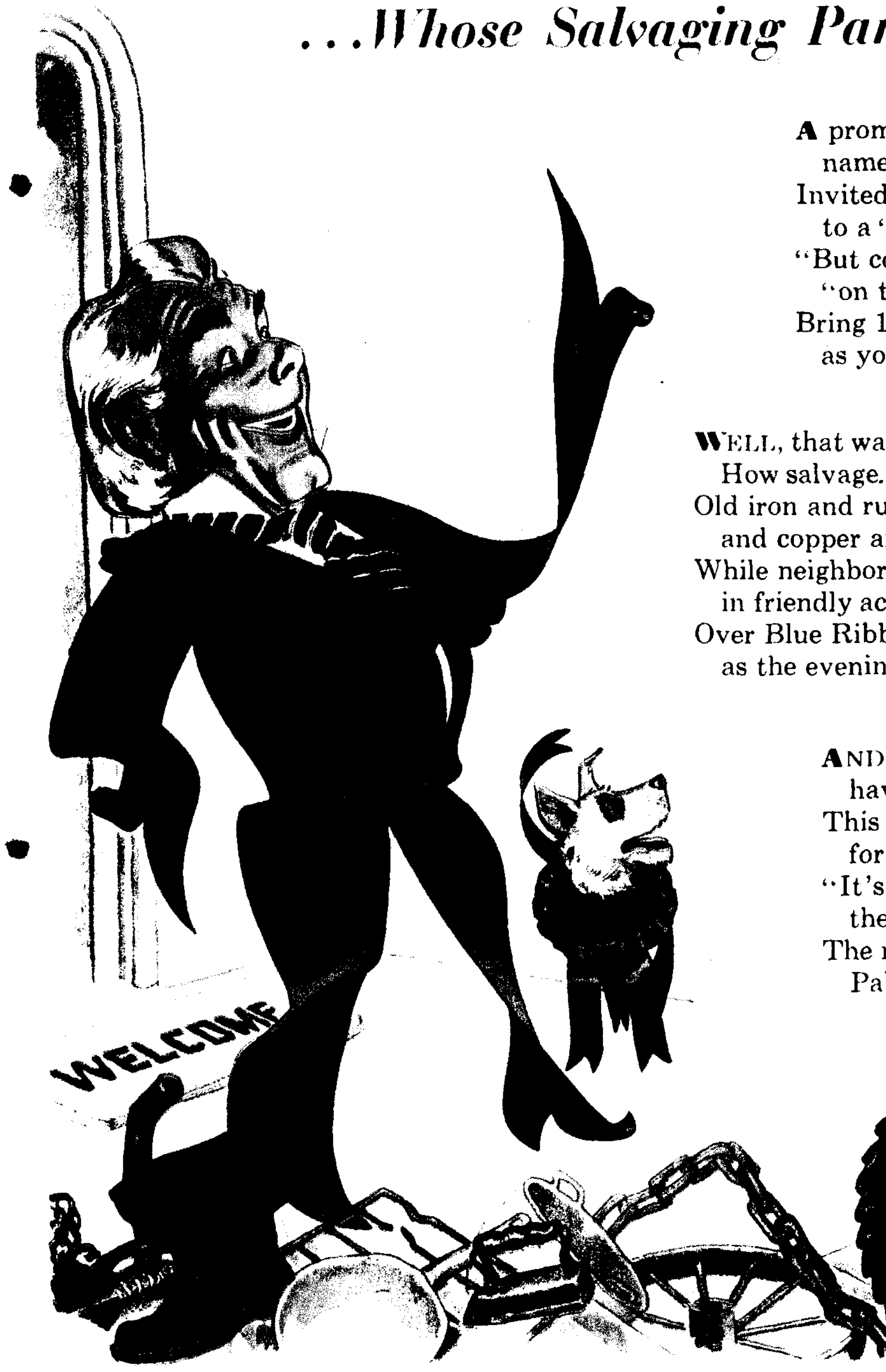
...Whose Salvaging Parties are Winning Renown



A prominent lawyer
  named Mr. McCarty
Invited his friends
  to a "Salvaging Party,"
"But come," he insisted,
  "on this one condition—
Bring 10 lbs. of *scrap*
  as your 'card of admission.'"

WELL, that was a party!
  How salvage poured in—
Old iron and rubber,
  and copper and tin—
While neighbor met neighbor
  in friendly accord
Over Blue Ribbon Beer,
  as the evening's reward.

AND since then, his friends
  have been stoutly commending
This beer that is famous
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"It's softer and kindlier tasting,"
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The reason, of course, is—
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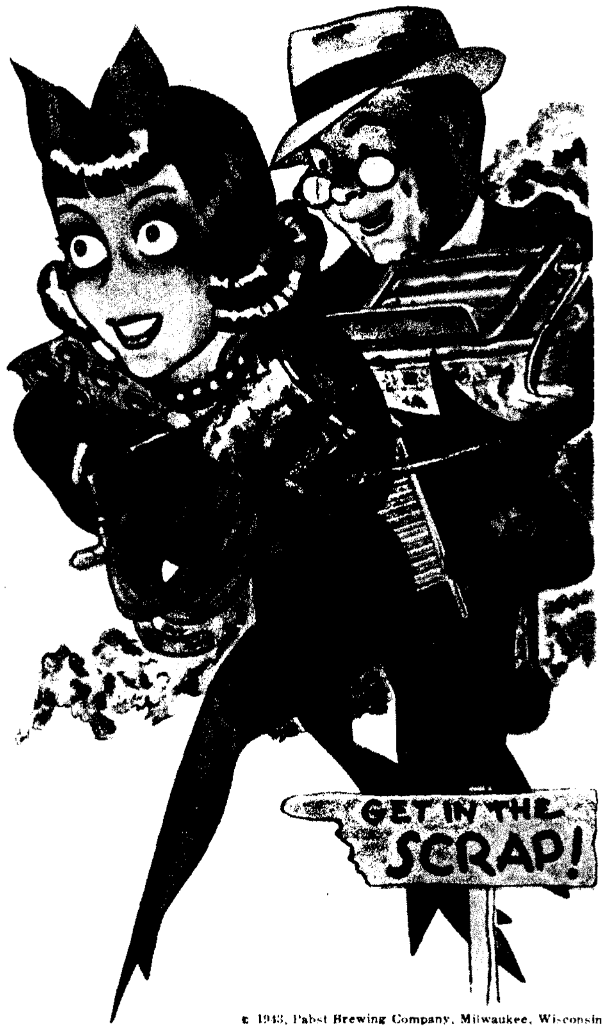

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IN Blue Ribbon Town, U. S. A. (your town—everybody's town) Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer has become, more than ever, a symbol of friendly companionship.

FULL-FLAVOR BLENDING gives Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer all the subtle taste tones of a "complete beer." Not just 3, nor 5, nor 7 brews—but no less than 33 magnificent brews are blended into this great Pabst masterpiece.

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Now More Than Ever—
A Symbol of Friendly
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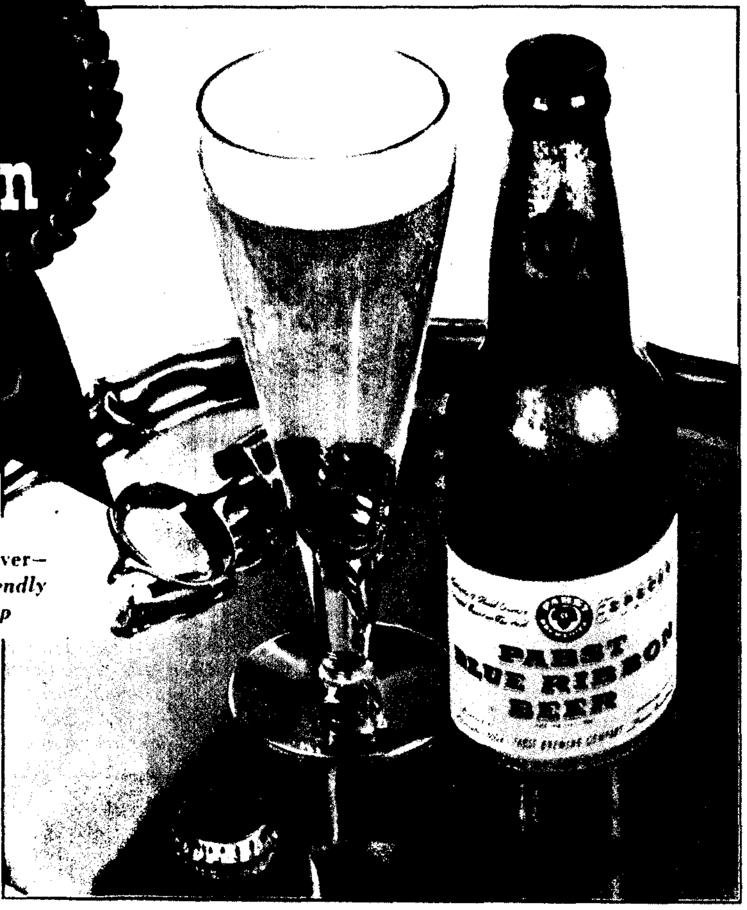

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED
into One Great Beer

In standard 12 ounce and full quart size bottles.
Also on draught at better places everywhere.

inside. The others were there, peering at him through the mist-streaked windows. Steb nodded at them, cold and reserved.

Banning said, "Going into town? Hop in. We'll give you a lift."

Steb's muscles tightened and he stiffly got into the rear seat to sit between Palmer and O'Toole. Within him was burning a warm, dangerous glow of excitement. They would stop somewhere in Portland, walk around to a good dark alley and there they would have it out. Banning, in particular, needed a few good lessons in safe and sane flying.

THEY stopped in Portland, but it was on a main street and they were parked against a sidewalk overflowing with people. Banning turned around in the driver's seat and looked at Steb. There was an odd light in his eyes—and it was not contempt. It looked more like admiration, but Steb thought he must be wrong.

Banning said, "I owe you an apology, cowboy. It embarrasses me to admit it, but that stunting exhibition of yours out of Medford was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. I thought I knew how to fly those cookies, but not any more. I would sure appreciate it if you'd tell me how you did that snap-roll. We were told it couldn't be done in a P-38."

Steb looked from one to the other and they were all smiling. He said, "Oh, that wasn't so much. Anyway, I couldn't shake you boys, which was what I was tryin' to do."

O'Toole grinned and said, "That's what the Army trains us for, podner, to stick. We just scattered and watched you and then we dived back on your tail when you headed for the fog. We had to stick, whether we liked it or not."

Palmer said, "Come on, you bums. Let's go in some nice warm rathole and lap up some beer."

As they got out of the car Steb remembered the telegram and tore it open. He read it standing on the sidewalk. It was from Major Dunham, of Operations, and said, "Commission just received. Thought you would like to know."

Steb smiled quietly, tenderly folded the telegram and stuck it in his pocket. He started across the sidewalk with the others and asked, "What do you mean, you had to stick with me?"

Palmer jerked his head and Banning explained, "Well, you see, we were too darned proud to tell you—a service pilot—about it. When we brought our ships down south for overhaul, the guns and radios were left here for servicing. We overstayed our leave and had to get back to base tonight and there was only one way to do that through that fog. We—well—we just had to follow you."

Merritt chuckled, "You were the guy on the beam."

Steb paused and looked from one to the other.

"This here rathole we're agoin' to—they got hard likker, too?" he asked.

Banning said, "Sure. Why?"

"Well," Steb drawled, continuing across the sidewalk, "when I get through tellin' you a little tale about missin' radios you're gonna need somethin' stiffer than beer."

"Okay," Banning laughed. "Follow the leader, boys."

The four of them strung out behind Steb and banked into the first bright doorway—on the beam.

THE END

Singing Pinch Hitter

Continued from page 20

these theaters, where her mother was a prima donna.

When the little girl was just past five, the family paid its first visit to the United States. Alex became ill and, after six months of sickness, died. It was up to Mother to shift for herself and her child. She began to teach young singers. Little Astrid hung around and soaked up opera lore. She knew opera roles as Dolf Camilli's sons know batting averages. Her mother played doll games with her in various languages. At one period this little lady could speak, believe it or not, English, Italian, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Hungarian and Spanish. Today Astrid is still fluent in three or four languages.

In Jersey City, Astrid, at eleven, took up the piano with Ralph Ganci, at the New Jersey College of Music. Her ambition was to become a famous virtuoso. When Mr. Ganci's pupils gave their annual concert in a New York hall, Astrid was one of the shining lights.

At high school, Astrid majored in typing, stenography and commercial law, knowing she'd need a job as soon as she was graduated. The fact that she had a voice at all came out when she joined the glee club in her senior year at the insistence of a chum. Moriz Schwarz, teacher in charge of the glee club, urged her mother to make Astrid a singer, not a pianist.

After graduation, Astrid worked as a typist in an export house in Manhattan, where she also served as the office linguist. Her next job was as a clerk in a bookshop, where the hours were shorter but the pay no better. There must be an easier way to make a living, she figured. Singing, for instance.

She had listened to Mother's pupils and instructions. She felt she knew the theory of good singing. Would Mother give her lessons? Mother would. Astrid took a couple of lessons, got impatient, wept and decided to quit.

However, the opera bug had long ago got into her blood. Whenever she could raise $1.50 she went to the Metropolitan Opera and bought standing room. She made friends with girls of her own age who also stood. After clicking as a singer, she was elected an honorary member of the Standees Club of America. The girls are her stanchest admirers. When she made her surprise debut they were in the house. One of them was at the box office when an indignant customer complained: "Some unknown is singing instead of Lehmann, and I want my money back."

History in the Making

"You can't do that," the Varnay enthusiast interjected passionately. "History is going to be made today."

The man looked surprised, chuckled and decided to keep his tickets. He met the Varnay enthusiast in the lobby at the end of the opera and thanked her for tipping him off.

Watching the operas at the Metropolitan from her place behind the rails kept Astrid in a turmoil, bursting to sing. After a performance of Tosca one night she went home, got out her mother's copy of the score, and playing the piano for herself, sang the part of Tosca from beginning to end. When Mother came in from a late party, Astrid proudly recounted her exploit. Mother bawled her out. The next day

It's a mystery to Molly

MOLLY NEEDS A LAXATIVE. But her nutrition class meets at 11.

"Can't risk taking a laxative," Molly decides. (She doesn't know about quick-acting Sal Hepatica.)

FEELING DULL and fretty due to constipation symptoms, Molly finds it hard to concentrate on nutrition.

It's nobody's fault but her own. (Folks ought to keep fit these days.)

Agnes knows the answers

AGNES NEEDS A LAXATIVE. She's going to nutrition class, too.

"Never put off the laxative you need this morning," says Agnes. She gets out of bed and takes Sal Hepatica—it usually acts within an hour.

AGNES FEELS SWELL at nutrition class. She listens attentively to the lecturer, leaves primed with helpful hints on the best ways to feed her family. (She's glad she took that Sal Hepatica.)

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

IT'S UP TO YOU to keep fit. Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning.

Take speedy, gentle Sal Hepatica. It usually acts within an hour.

No discomfort, no griping. Sal Hepatica acts *naturally* by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. In addition, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity to help turn a sour stomach sweet again.

3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this pleasant saline laxative. Try it.

Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor knows best. Ask him about the efficacy of this prescription.

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

TUNE IN "TIME TO SMILE" starring Eddie Cantor—Wednesdays 9:00 P.M., EWT
"DUFFY'S"—with Ed Gardner—Tuesdays 8:30 P.M., EWT

Astrid understood. She had sung too much, and her voice was gone; it stayed gone for weeks.

That was a lesson to her. If you want to sing, you have to work patiently and slowly. She resumed her lessons. Her voice was getting bigger, though a veil hung over it like a London fog, and it didn't clear unless she warmed up the voice for almost an hour. The horrible dilemma was that by the time the veil disappeared, the voice was too tired for real singing. It took months to develop staying power so that she could warm up without tiring, but at last she was making real progress.

By 1939 Mother wanted confirmation of Astrid's capacities. She took her to Hermann Weigert, assistant conductor on the staff of the Metropolitan Opera. Weigert was excited and offered to teach her. Mother was glad to have an outsider take over—it's tough to be critical with someone close to you. Later on Mrs. Varnay regained her objective approach. Now she sits through every one of her daughter's performances and gives her pointers.

Weigert pronounced Astrid ready for public exhibition after one year of study. He arranged an audition for Edward Johnson, general manager of the Metropolitan. Johnson suggested that she send him a letter listing the parts she knew, for the opera's files. Her letter has become a classic of the theater. It listed sixteen of the toughest roles in the repertory. Some prima donnas don't learn that many in a lifetime. The letter passed from hand to hand and everybody chuckled, especially at the P.S.—"other parts in preparation."

In the fall of 1940, she auditioned for André Mertens, one of the managers of Columbia Concerts, Inc. He promptly signed her to a contract. Now there were two experts—Weigert and Mertens—with faith in her. After Flagstad heard her, George Szell, distinguished conductor, listened to her and gave his blessing. Erich Leinsdorf, conductor at the Metropolitan, heard her, and suggested to Johnson that he listen to her again. Astrid remembers the date of the next chance—May 17, 1941. When she got through singing, Johnson asked, "Do I talk to you or your agent?" She was speechless. Weigert jabbed her and said, "You're engaged!" She finally got out one breathless word, "Agent," and ran out of the opera house.

The Top is Reached

She rushed to the Greenwich Village apartment where she, her mother and a half-brother live. She bought a dozen roses, plowed into the apartment, gave her mother the flowers, and burst into tears, sobbing, "I've made the Met."

Astrid Varnay was a determined, unfrightened little lady as she waited for her entrance on the Metropolitan Opera stage that Saturday afternoon of December 6th. Being self-critical, she knew that her voice had not, at twenty-three, reached its full maturity. She comforted herself with the thought: You can only use what you have, and do the best you can with it. She wasn't jittery because, "I just couldn't afford to be nervous."

Her cue came. She heard herself whispering, "Here I go." She sang a few phrases. The easy, rich, full sound of her voice reassured her. She said to herself, "I'm doing all right." By the third act she was so self-possessed that she kept a nervous veteran from rushing onstage ahead of time.

Six days later Astrid was told 24 hours ahead of time to be ready to do Brünnehilde in place of Traubel. She was scared at first. She had never worked on Brünnehilde with cast or conductor. There was time only for one hectic session in which the stage director crammed her with the stage business of a long opera. She went home popeyed, got into bed, propped up the score, studied it for a couple of hours until she fell asleep over it.

The entrance of Brünnehilde is one of the most difficult in all opera. The soprano stands alone on a mountain summit and gives out with the famous, "Ho-yo-to-ho," which has to shoot up and down the scale and which has to soar, like a piercing trumpet call, over the sound of 100 orchestra players going hell-bent for leather. As Astrid took her place on the set and the curtain went up, the entire company stood in the wings, watching and smiling to give her courage.

She sang with everything she had. She poured out the magnificent freshness of her young voice, with its lovely, even texture, free high tones and full low tones. She went through the "Ho-yo-to-ho" with the assurance of an old hand.

A Star on the Beam

That job of work settled it. Astrid Varnay had arrived, and for the rest of the season she sang star parts. She did Elsa in Lohengrin and Elisabeth in Tannhäuser. Then she was chosen to play the lead in a new opera, The Island God, by Gian-Carlo Menotti.

She is not only conscientious, but also has a tremendous capacity for work. She always carries a little black notebook. It contains a diary of important dates. Thus: "Feb. 5th to 20th, memorization of score of Götterdämmerung"—a colossus of an opera. The black notebook also has pages of hieroglyphic diagrams and notations—her shorthand analyses of operas. She spends all her spare time at the Met watching the operas, studying stage business, and making notes.

When she sang in Lohengrin in Boston in the spring of 1942, the heating system in the theater was out of kilter. The temperature in her dressing room was 50 and on the stage it was 95. By the end of the second act, Astrid had a terrific case of laryngitis—couldn't sing a note. The management of the Met had to get another singer, Maxine Stellman, out of bed, rush her into a costume while the curtain was held, and toss her into the third act. Astrid felt miserable; she had let the Metropolitan down.

Astrid has no prima-donna airs. Her companions as standees of several years ago are still her friends. So are the humble members of the chorus.

For her first concert Astrid received $200, but the price has gone up, and will mount steadily. The Metropolitan has her at bargain rates for the first three years, and knows it; the management gave her a bonus for her pinch-hit homer as Brünnehilde.

Astrid has no plans for marriage. "No time for it just now," she says. Nor are there any prospects in sight. "Aren't they all in the Army or Navy?" she queries, laughing. But she has an open mind on the subject.

Today, Astrid knows twenty roles, and by now there must be "others in preparation." If the Metropolitan Opera wants a star pinch hitter in a hurry, it can always count on Varnay. One of the conductors cautioned her. "Astrid, be prepared," he said. "Carry a long gray beard in your purse; next they'll be rushing you on as Wotan." She might not be able to give off the sounds of a bass-baritone, but you can lay ten to one the gal would know the part.

THE END

Stanley Jones
Prided himself on having a
Strictly logical masculine mind.
Stanley heard, for example, that Postum
Is drunk by many people who
cannot drink coffee.
Therefore, reasoned logical Stanley,
Postum must be a "coffee substitute";
Postum must *taste like coffee.*

Now, Stanley Jones did not care
for substitutes;
He did not like to drink something that
Tastes like something else.
Therefore, he, Stanley Jones, decided he
Would not care for Postum.

Period.

Paragraph.

Stanley's wife, on the other hand,
Operated more on the basis of
Her woman's intuition.
Hearing that millions of people drink Postum,
She simply decided to try it herself.
Which she did,
Without any attempt at being logical.

Well!

Mrs. Jones discovered that Postum
Is a perfectly swell hot meal-time drink,
That doesn't taste like coffee
Or any other drink.
She discovered that Postum
Has a rich, full-bodied, satisfying flavor
All its own.
She discovered that Postum, in two words,
Is *downright delicious.*

Well!

"You and your logic!" she said to Mr. Jones.
"Postum is no coffee substitute.
It doesn't even *taste* like coffee.
In fact, Postum tastes no more like coffee
Than coffee tastes like tea.

"Why don't you be illogical for once
And try it?
Particularly, since
The shortages of tea and coffee
Are getting rather serious."

So
Stanley Jones, after considerable
hemming and hawing,
Put his logic in his pocket
And tried a hot, steaming cup of Postum.

Whereupon, Mr. Jones smiled cheerfully, and said:
"Let us pursue this subject no longer.
Just pour me another cup of Postum."

THE END

P.S. Postum is a fine drink for all the family,
even the children,
Since it contains no caffein, no stimulant
of any kind.
Costs less than ½ cent a cup.
Try Postum Cereal, the kind you boil or "perk."
Or Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup.

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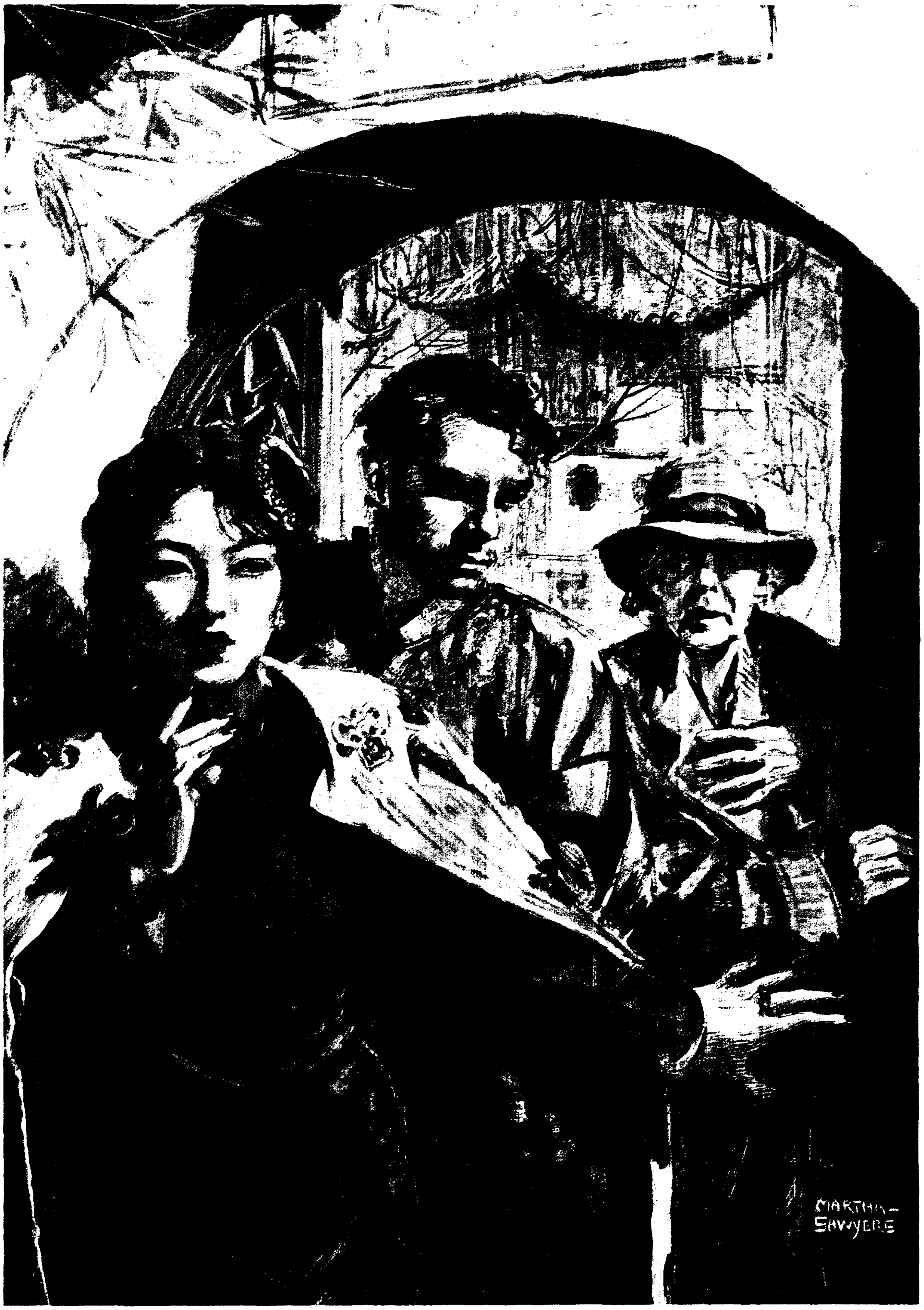
POSTUM ONE OF AMERICA'S THREE GREAT MEALTIME DRINKS

CHINA FLIGHT

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS



Mrs. Shipman and Daniel were there. Leone drew them into the gate

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE houseboating in China, Lieutenant Daniel ("Dan") James, of the U. S. Marines, and his host and hostess—Arnold Hatford and his fascinating Eurasian wife, Leone—learn of the attack on Pearl Harbor. James hurries to Shanghai, where he learns that his ship has sailed. Then the Japanese arrest him.

Led to the Foreign Office, the young officer is interrogated by an important official: Shigo Kuyoshi. With him at the time are two other prisoners: Jenny Barchet, an American newspaper correspondent, and a Mrs. Shipman, a kindly soul who runs a home—the "Gate of Hope"—for unfortunate girls. Shigo sends Dan to prison; the girl is interned, at her hotel; Mrs. Shipman is interned, in her home.

Arnold Hatford is an Englishman. With Leone, he is making his way toward Hong Kong, when his wife (in love with James) suddenly leaves him and succeeds in reaching Shanghai. There her grandfather, scholarly old P'an Lao-yeh, takes her into his home.

Jenny Barchet is an unusually beautiful girl. Shigo, strongly attracted to her, terrifies her with his advances. Finally, to save her life, she decides to give the man some encouragement—a little, not much. . . . Dan James is taken from his prison cell, escorted—with some American sailors—to Shigo's office. Shigo is there. He begins to ask questions. When one of the sailors refuses to answer him, a guard leaps forward and breaks the sailor's arm. James and his companions attack the guards; but they are overcome, trussed up.

A few minutes later, the sailors are shot. Then Shigo (suspecting that Jenny is interested in the Marine) tells Dan that he owns a ricksha and that Dan is to be his ricksha man! . . . Surrounded by guards, with fixed bayonets, Dan reluctantly pulls Shigo, in the ricksha, to Jenny's hotel: the Cosmopolitan.

Shigo leaves the vehicle, goes to Jenny's room. The girl tries hard to assume a friendly attitude toward him. But when he kisses her, she can pretend no longer—she tells the Japanese what she really thinks of him. Shigo, infuriated, goes to the window, orders Jenny to come to his side. Together, looking down, they see Dan, seated beside the ricksha. "My ricksha coolie, Lieutenant Daniel James," Shigo says. Then he jerks the girl back and locks the window fast.

V

FOR one moment after the window slammed shut Dan stared up at it. Then he leaped for the hotel door. But quicker than he could leap, the guards were upon him. They pinioned his arms and twined themselves about his legs, and the Japanese guards at the gate ran forward and leveled their guns at him. He could only wait, cursing and kicking and twisting, until Shigo came.

As for Shigo, he came down in the elevator, his face black and set. "If I *did* not love her," he thought to himself, "it would be so easy. Or if I were another man than I am it would also be easy."

But he was what he was, a strange divided creature, half of him man of the world, gentleman, civilized and educated in the ways of civilization, the other half brutish, impatient, cruel. There was his trouble. He was horribly lonely in the depths of his being. He longed for approval and the satisfaction of being liked and admired as well as feared for his power. And Jenny despised him. All white people despised all Japanese, he told himself and groaned with self-pity.

HE STRODE out of the elevator and across the lobby to the manager's office and threw open the door. Herr and Frau Schmitt were sitting there, he over his account books, and she knitting. Both rose when he came in.

"Good evening—good evening, sir," Schmitt stammered.

"I come to give you your orders," Shigo said brusquely. He did not take off his hat. "The American woman—she is to be more closely watched, Schmitt! I hold you responsible. She is to have no communications of any sort—no mail, no notes, no telephone calls."

Schmitt spread out his large pads of hands. "But, sir, we have watched so careful—"

"I will not be told what you have done and what you have not done," Shigo said coldly. "I simply give you my orders."

"Yes, sir," Schmitt said.

Shigo threw him a stern look and went out. He strode to the front door, and a Japanese servant ran to open it for him. Outside, his eyes fell on Daniel, held by the guards.

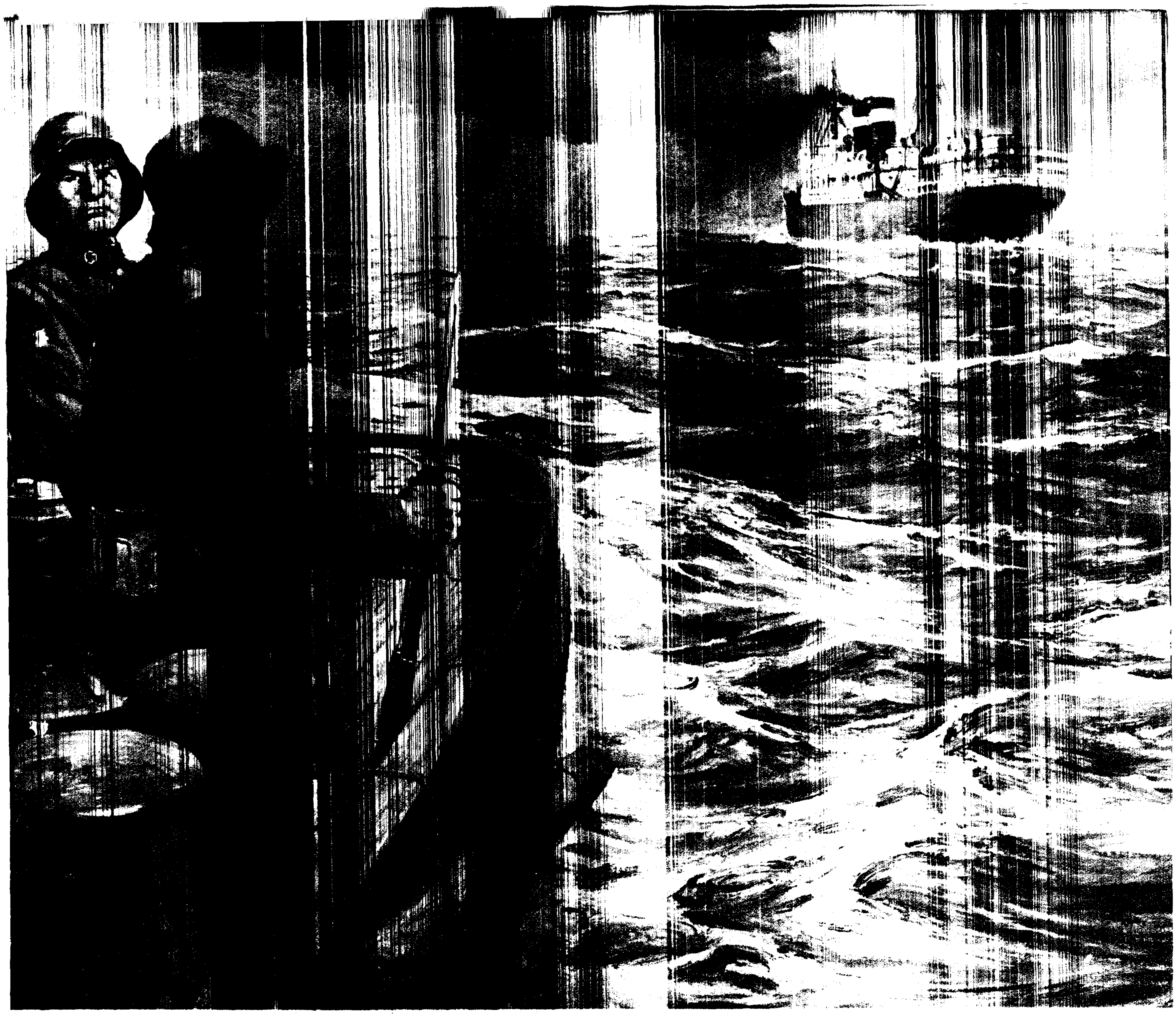
"What is the matter with you?" he shouted. "Have you been so foolish as to try to escape?"

But Daniel thrust his face near to Shigo's. "What were you doing to the girl?" he demanded.

Shigo laughed loudly. "Is that why you look like the hero in a melodrama? She happened to look out of the window, my friend, and saw you—that is all. And she feels so sorry for you, and I, being soft-hearted and eager to do all she asks of me, have promised that you shall be treated very kindly and not worked too hard, and that you shall have good food and a warmer coat to wear—that is all."

He stepped into the ricksha and jerked his chin at the guards and they leaped forward, their bayonets pushed at Daniel. He stooped slowly and lifted the vehicle. No use, he told himself

(Continued on page 36)



LIKE A NICE OCEAN TRIP—FREE?

FINE TRIP to Europe. All expenses paid...by the Nazi Government. You get your own cabin... together with about thirty others. But they'll all be Americans, so you'll be among people you know.

This is what can happen if the enemy wins.

For when the war ends, Europe will be stumbling and weak from malnutrition. There will be an enormous job of reconstruction to be done. So what more logical move for a victorious Germany than to ship healthy, well-fed Americans over?

Suppose there *isn't* enough food to feed them. Suppose they die in thousands like starved cattle. There will be millions more to draw from, millions more to ship over...to work, and work, and sleep in prison camps, and work, and itch with lice, and become diseased, and work, and work, and die.

Millions more...from a subject people. Proud Americans whom their conquerors will march proudly before all the earth. Prisoners. Beaten, subjugated, slaves.

Businessmen who were proud of their white collars and their profits and didn't want to give them up. Factory workers who were proud of their wages ...the highest in the world...and wanted to keep on earning them. Shopkeepers...whose last prosperity was a war prosperity which they enjoyed and coveted.

Are these harsh words? Words can't be too harsh today, because today reality is harsh. It is no longer a dream-world. It is a nightmare-world. And all of us must realize it and think of it day and night, lest we become soft and perish.

For never forget...we have only just begun to win in this war. The enemy is still strong. And there is nothing he would like better than to have us relax, to have us sit back and consider the war all but over.

We must do all we can *now* to keep the enemy from ever again regaining the initiative. And that demands ceaseless effort on our part.

On the part of you who read this advertisement and us who sign it. *We must not fail now!*

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30 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. · MANUFACTURERS OF TANKS · GUN CARRIAGES · ARMY AND NAVY ORDNANCE · STEAM AND DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES

Underground to Freedom

Continued from page 15

ordinary man of the *bourgeoisie.* But then, neither has candidates to offer. Neither has policies or platforms to beguile the simple citizen. Both have but the one thought. Both want nothing except, you understand, the restoration of a France which will rise from her knees, as already she is no longer prostrate. Both seek but to help France arise from her knees. First there will be one foot on the ground, then the other. Voila! (There were tears in Monsieur Subway's eyes.)

In Paris, in all of Occupied France, there began to appear radio receivers. Where they came from—perhaps England—nobody knew. Nobody cared. But for the first time, Frenchmen of Occupied France began to laugh over the Boche curfew hour of nine. That was the hour when the British Broadcasting Corporation spoke to France. The stupid Germans were gratified, rubbed their fat hands that the French should at last be going off the streets willingly at nine o'clock. They thought that the French were coming to admire and trust Der Fuehrer. The leering swine!

Little by little, newspapers began to appear. Workers in the plants of the great Paris journals stole newsprint and ink, and at least once they stole a whole printing press bit by bit. There appeared the journals of revolt—La Vie Ouvrière, Le Populaire, Combat, Combat Illustré, Libération, La Voix Du Nord. They were printed now here, now there. The Germans would discover a press in one place, destroy it, imprison the writers and printers. But in a few days the paper would issue from a place far away. They were distributed by stealth—folded between Nazi propaganda sheets, left in trees, under rocks, at certain houses which were marked with certain marks. Perhaps fifty people would read a single one of these journals of never more than four small pages and frequently no larger than a small handbill. *N'est-ce pas?* And then the last reader of the now decrepit sheet would copy it word for word and pass it along.

Under the Nazi Nose

Typewriters began to appear. Thus the sheet Le Franc-Tireur grew to a printing of 30,000 copies, which were eventually read by 150,000 Frenchmen and perhaps many more. Populaire, when enough paper could be stolen from the pig-swine, printed 40,000. More presses, more mimeographing machines, more typewriters came. And more radio receivers. Hundreds were stolen from the Germans—even from the billets of the German soldiers. Of course there were discoveries by the Germans, arrests, imprisonments, executions. But what would you? France was reviving. (Still speaking is Monsieur Subway.)

In Unoccupied France there was still a lethargy. The hand of the Boche was not so heavy there and the people were still of a belief that it was better to cause no trouble lest their towns and villages, too, should be occupied. Hitler did not understand this, the camel. Had Hitler, that son of perdition, understood this he would not have since aroused all France by defiling it with his occupation. No, Messieurs, the first men and women of the underground were in Occupied France. Agents of the underground died.

There was a boy of eighteen who got to Paris, where he had been apprenticed to a chef of a place in the Bois. He was of a temerity, you understand. Back to that restaurant he went. The chef was still there. He was preparing a feast for German officers for that night. From his pocket the boy agent took a vial. *N'est-ce pas?* Eight, perhaps twelve Boche officers were poisoned. Fatally? Let us hope. *The chef, he is alive.* Who can tell? The boy got away to another part of Paris, was hidden by a girl into whose house came a Nazi policeman. The boy killed the policeman and was himself shot to death. This was overzealous. The dead agent of the underground is of no value. But what would you?

Today there are many agents of the underground. How many? But that cannot be told. Hitler and his Gestapo are in despair. They raid the meetings of Combat, of Liberation, of Franc-Tireur in Lyons, in Marseille. France is returning to life, Messieurs. Miraculously, machine guns, dynamite, bombs, ammunition are appearing in French hands. From many improbable places within France they come. When the French armies retreated before the Boche, hundreds, perhaps thousands of these useful instruments of liberation were hidden. Today they are dug up. Today one spits in the face of the German soldier and before his hand can fall upon the spitting one he is shot from a window, a tree, a hillside.

Monsieur Subway stopped suddenly. Now his eyes were younger, his lips were compressed into a mere scratch. Through his flared nostrils he breathed so deeply that Madame gave a loud squeal and made as if to catch him and hold him together before he should burst. As if he were leaping out of the wings onto the stage, the soldier-engineer took the floor, swishing a sheaf of underground newspapers and pamphlets out from under his coat. He threw them at us. These, then, were the journals that the sons of an unconquerable people wrote under the eyes of swine. Madame twittered at him, begging him to lower his voice. The other man from France, the editor, patted the air and murmured, "Softly, softly."

The soldier-engineer told us of what he had seen at Montluçon. That train bound for Germany with perhaps a thousand French workers did not dare move against the men, women and children who stood in its path singing the Marseillaise. The German soldiers, swinging their rifles, tried to clear the track. With the Germans were the Vichy police—the police of the assassin Laval. But in the furor, little ones, the truncheons of the otherwise unarmed Vichy police fell often upon the heads of the Boche soldiers and agents of the Gestapo. Pardon, pardon my friend, they would say to the squealing, bleeding pig of a Boche. The multitude destroys my aim. Whoosh! Pardon, pardon! A great animal of a woman moved my arm. Pardon, pardon! An imp of the devil, a small boy, batted me in the stomach like a goat of hell. I am perhaps mortally injured and no breakfast within me. Pardon, pardon, Herr Oberleutnant! The blow was not intended. So?

The soldier-engineer roared with laughter. Madame's eyes were blazing. She was swinging an imaginary club at imaginary heads and crying, "One, pig! Two, swine! Three, camel! Four, filthy cow! Five, and sleep forever, thou odor!" Monsieur Subway's pacing had brought him to the far wall and he stood there facing it, his fingers still interlaced behind his head.

The editor was calm, but his face was flushed. Nat had his arm around the soldier-engineer's shoulders, grinning and saying: "Hold 'em, Yale!" I passed the cigarettes and lent Madame a handkerchief. Order was restored in time.

Schools for Sabotage

In France (resumed the soldier-engineer) there are schools for saboteurs, for the agents of the underground. The underground was no haphazard thing. Today every agent knows his job step by step. There is no more wasteful enthusiasm like that of the boy who poisoned the soup in the Bois de Boulogne. It is scientific. Would we care to sit in a class? Certainly. But of what we heard there, not a word was to be said or written.

In France, at first, one, two, perhaps three, came to the classes. Now they are dangerously big. They are held after midnight in the dark. It is difficult. But minds are keen, eager. A great American studied in the dark and became the emancipator. His name? Abraham Lincoln. The Boche are very flattering. They call the agents of the underground, criminals. My friends, there is no soldier with a greater decoration than to be denounced by the Boche as a criminal. A criminal for France. From us criminals for France, the Norwegians and the Dutch—whom we call Singing Kettles—and Belgians from the frontier of France are learning to be criminals for liberty. There was that woman who was intercepted in the street in Lyons. The agent of the Gestapo accused her of being from a class. "It is so," she replied. "I am wondering whether I have learned well. You are kind to be a laboratory." And she left this Boche dying in the street, his abdomen a gaping hole.

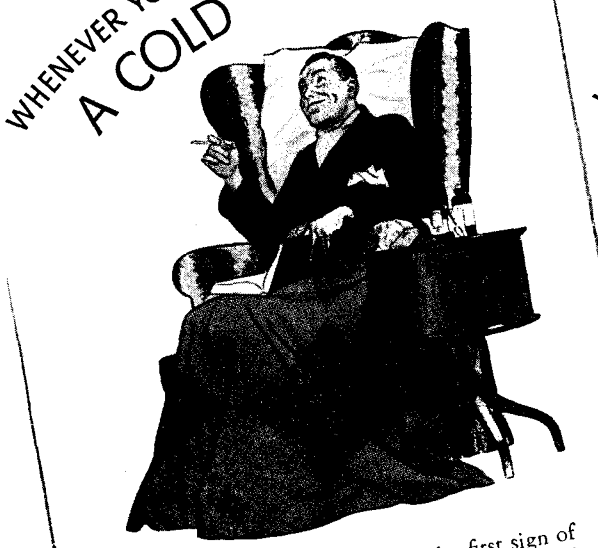
And that seems to be about all we may write. Monsieur Subway told us that we would see him again. At the headquarters of the Fighting French, DeGaulle headquarters? But no. He was never there. He would let us know. Madame was all for singing something, but she was suppressed—with difficulty. It was two in the morning. We turned to the other man from France, the editor. No, no, he had nothing to add except that this, the year nineteen forty-three, would be a great year. There would be many surprises. They would be political, too. Look at the east, to Russia, he bade. Yes. And keep watching. And strike, strike, strike! He wiped his tiny lenses, dug me in the ribs, asked me whether I had ever read of the French Revolution. He seemed pleased. Regard, then. What happened then in France was not to be compared with what may happen.

"It is again," he said, "later than you think."

The End

COLLIER'S "Private Wilson reporting for duty" JARO FABRY

WHENEVER YOU HAVE A COLD



Thousands switch to Spuds at the first sign of taste-dulling colds! Spuds' exhilarating menthol seems to cut right through that cold-clogged taste and bring you old-time smoking pleasure!

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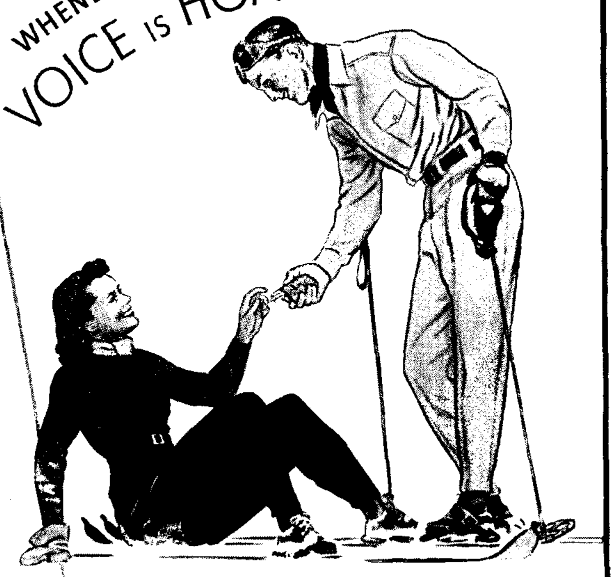

Voice husky? Smoke a pack of Spuds! They're not a remedy. But *many* find them more agreeable, more *pleasing*, at times when they *can't enjoy* other cigarettes! Treat your throat to Spuds *today!*

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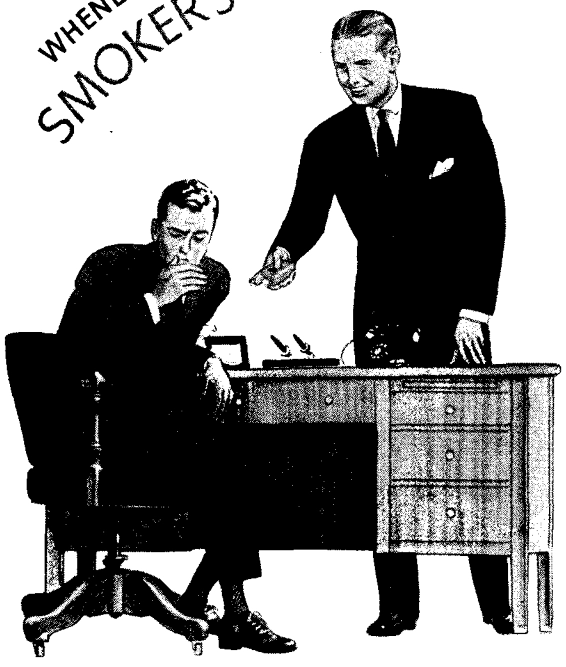

Throat irritated? Switch to Spuds! Their modern moisture-retaining agent does not produce irritating acrolein . . . their greater length provides increased smoke filtration, smoothness, mildness.

There's a time to SWITCH TO SPUDS!

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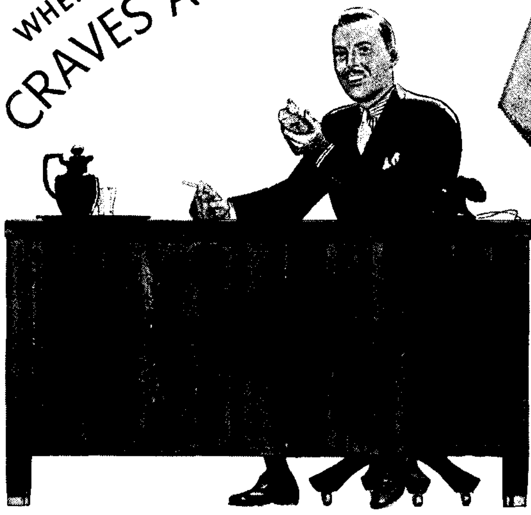
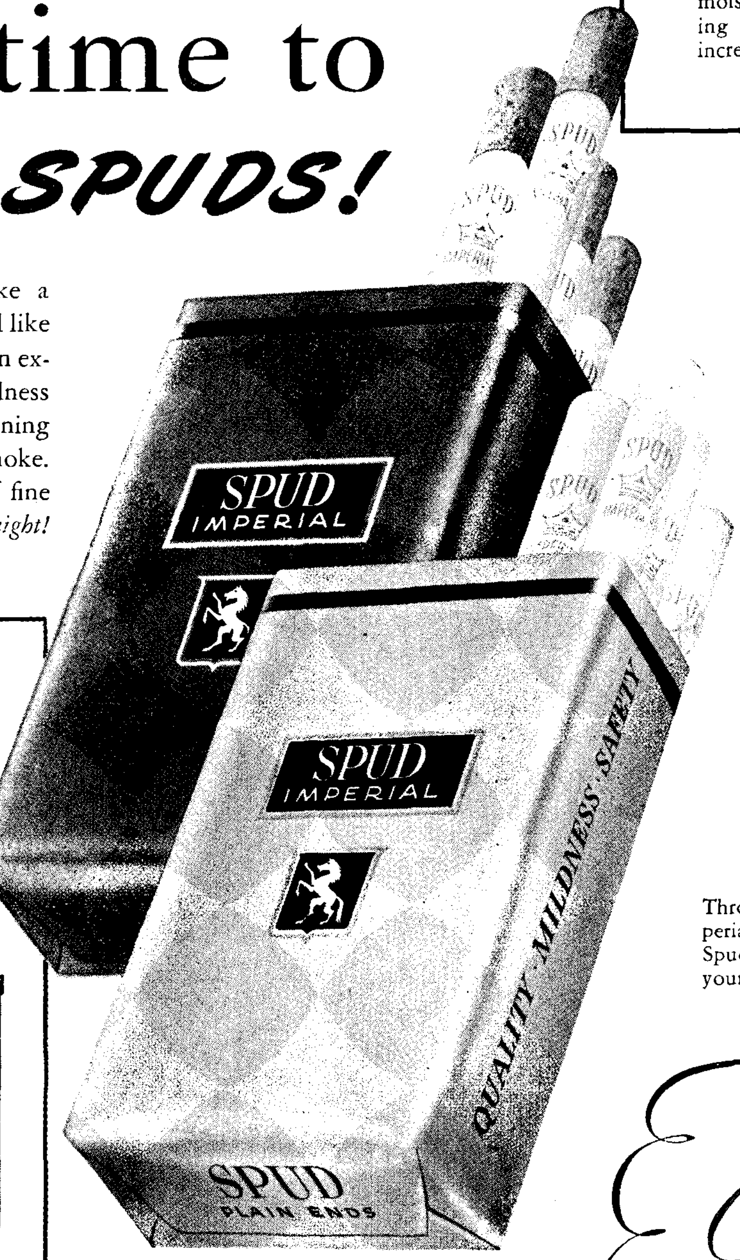
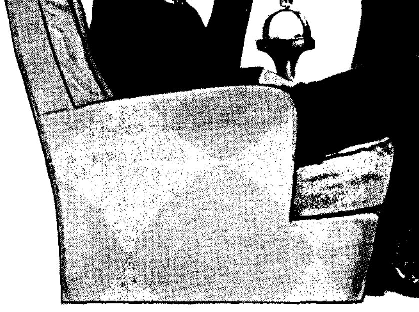


When the old brand seems to "miss the mark"—*try Spuds!* Those fine tobaccos—with just a touch of cool menthol—will bring your jaded taste back smiling! Try a Spud—just for the thrill of it!



WHENEVER YOUR THROAT IS DRY



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SPUD Imperials

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Almost any car owner can *lengthen* tire life by regular attention to some of these matters.

But in times when tires must last from now to an indefinite date, it is not enough merely to *increase* tire mileage—the aim must be to get the very maximum through skilled attention to all.

It takes an expert's special touch to assure that. Why not simply put it up to your General Motors dealer to look after your tires and your car — and be sure of a job done right?

★ ★ ★

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The Distances of the World

Continued from page 16

forehead when he was excited—and he had taken off his peaked cap and was holding it in an old-fashioned sort of way over his heart.

"You are Madame Hell. I have heard of you. Your Chinese name," he said, in a soft, dry Southern voice. "You are too beautiful to be here."

Ah Quong's was the richest, the most respectable gambling place on the China Coast; and she had never let another man put his finger tips upon her, out here on the coast.

But this one had taken her arm in an easy sort of way and they were walking together toward the long table at the end of the cardroom where there was champagne and varnished duck and things like that, with Shanghai boys in white silk jackets to pour and to serve. And Ah Quong, that fat, dry philosopher, standing in the door of his office to incline his head in a sort of cynical blessing as they passed, though she was supposed to be the smiling, cold-voiced hostess who kept the patrons in line. Stumbling a little, because she was watching his face—nothing like that had ever happened to her before—and in something of an unbelieving daze, she heard him say:

"It struck you, too, didn't it, beautiful? When we looked at each other."

She said carefully, "I think you must be—"

"No, lovely," he said. "What's your real name?"

"Anne," she said. "Anne Paget."

"Busted actress?"

"Look," she said. "That's—this is stupid and, anyway, it's nothing to you no matter—"

"Oh, a great deal," he said, with a kindly sound like a laugh in his chest, as if he were terribly amused, but tenderly. "Because we are going to be together. So I did have to know your name. Mine is Rice Linett. Master of the barque Golden Monsoon. At a buoy in your river, just now. But I shall always call you Madame Hell. D'you mind? Have some champagne?"

Dazedly, she took the glass, and looked at his eyes again.

AND he always had kept on calling her "Madame Hell." On their way down the South China Sea, he had stopped abruptly in front of her deck chair one afternoon and said:

"Look, lovely, Madame Hell. There's a civil war on, in the States, you know. This is our last voyage to the East, for a while. D'you mind?"

"Not at all," she said. "But what do you intend to do next?"

"Blockade running," he had said.

And he had done very well at it. Very well indeed, with a lean, narrow-beamed rakish steamer built in England for him. Their house was crammed with silks and plate; and diamonds were hidden away behind the brick stones of the hearth; seeing every day the elegant rags, the desperate poverty, of the South, these lavish riches made him seem, to her, more than ever a renegade—a laughing, cynical renegade.

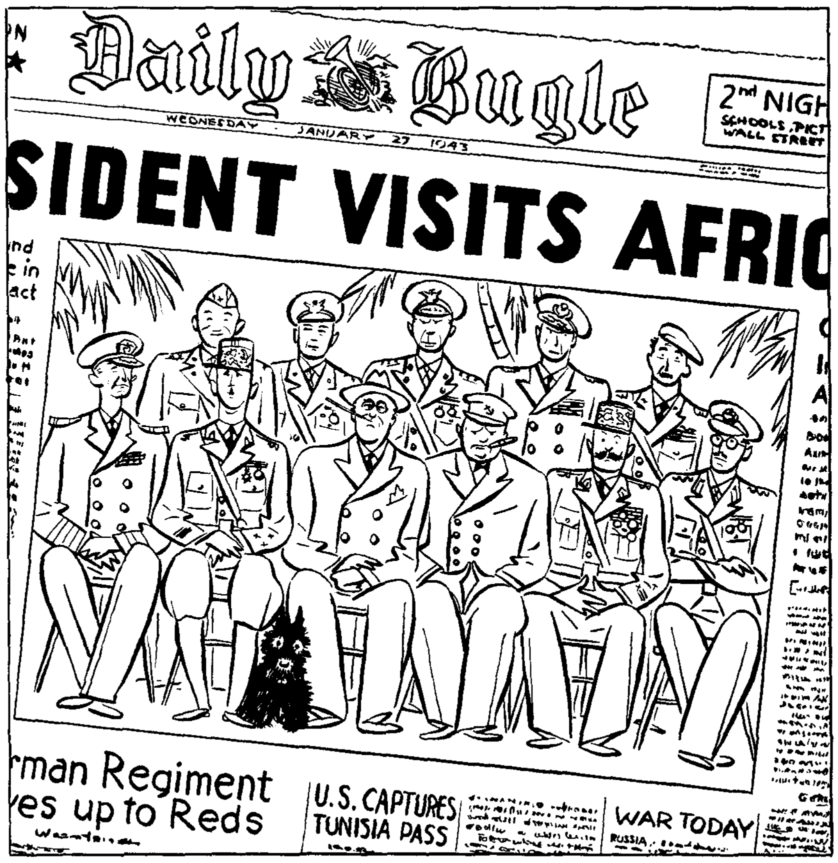
But no one else seemed to think so. For he was taking out cotton and tobacco in cargoes that loaded down his slim steamer to her main-deck rails. And coming back he brought all the things of life that the Confederacy had thrown away, to fight for The Cause: he brought coffee, and silks, and tea, and French stationery; and he brought beef and wheat for the army; and he brought wool and leather and steel, and gunpowder in kegs to make up for the poor stuff that the Confederacy made in its own homemade arsenals. And he brought gold.

Gold, in bullion, to pay starving men who fought, as men had never fought before with empty ammunition pouches. Who turned, on the long muddy roads, to snarl and fight again with their butternut rags flapping in the windy rain; to throw aside their empty ammunition pouches and go back up the long, long roads of mud, toward flaming guns, with only rusty bayonets. . . .

HER captain was bringing in tonight a load of English gold, in bullion. He would be in before the moon would rise. It was a waning moon and it rose very late tonight. She alone knew that he was coming in from the sea tonight—only she, that is, and his shipping agent—with the bullion. With a sudden tightness between the eyes, she thought of his shipping agent, Mr. Cartret. One of the most respected names in the state. But on the China Coast, where you looked at people not with automatic belief, that bland, large-chinned face with weak blue eyes might not have rated so . . .

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S

"I'm seated third from the left"

And anyway, she thought, it's probably because Mrs. Cartret had bowed so coldly from her carriage the other afternoon. She realized that she hated these smug, high-born ladies with such quiet venom that it warped her judgment of all their world and all their people.

But she couldn't help it. Her captain had left her in this time-richened house to be a gentlewoman. To move impassively from room to room on quiet feet, where once her feet had had a feeling of wings; to smile, dim, shadowy smiles over cups of tea, where once she had known free laughter; to drive, in the afternoon, through narrow, ancient streets, bowing to other ladies in other carriages, where once she had known great distances and the keen edge of danger. Sometimes she thought she would go mad—it was a greater strain than she had ever known, anywhere; and sometimes she thought she simply couldn't stand it any longer.

She couldn't have stood it this long if it hadn't been for Mr. Ferrell.

Of course, though, she never let her captain know anything of all this. For in this old town, where his hard-hunting, drinking, dueling ancestors had lived before him, he was in himself, without thinking, a great gentleman. A great gentleman, and he had left her—once his laughing, passionate companion—to stay alone, and walk quietly, smiling dimly, from room to room. And he . . . he still went adventuring into the bright distances of the world.

Standing at the end of the garden, she bit her knuckles, clenched rigidly. What was he doing, that renegade heart, in the dark streets of the Caribbean ports where the cargoes were transshipped from England and from South America into the blockade runners? She thought she knew him; and there were dark girls in the Caribbean ports, and music from behind secret shutters in the dark streets above the water.

TO HER horror, she heard herself making a little whimpering sound under her breath. Jealousy is a sickness, a rotting sickness of the heart; it distorts in the mind a world, once loved, into fevered and obscene shapes. It gives to hands, which a little while ago knew only the ways of love, a shaking rigidity that could be translated into murder.

Carefully she unclenched her hands. And stood for a moment breathing deep, shaken breaths. And smiled a little at herself until she could feel her rigid lips become really amused.

There was always Mr. Ferrell. That small, dark, deadly gambler from New Orleans, whom all men feared, and many of these high-born women seemed to love, in a half-scared sort of way.

So, quietly, one foot in front of another, she walked back into the house and heard the velvet sounds of chimes dying away. She went into the paneled dining room and sat down all alone in the great high-backed hostess chair at the end of the long table in the candlelight.

And lifting the first amber-clear silver spoonful of green terrapin soup to her amused lips, she thought:

Yes. Mr Ferrell is coming to call tonight. And I must give him his answer.

MR. FERRELL came to call. He was announced while she was having her coffee in the library, all alone. In the door, he bowed slightly: a slender and lethal man in most beautiful clothes.

Over her hands, he bowed again, and touched them with his small, dark silky mustache, and said, "Well, Anne, have you decided?"

"Wait, please, Mr. Ferrell," she said, and rang the bell. When the colored butler had brought another massive silver tray, with a decanter of brandy and a glass on its crisp napkin, she said, "Please have your brandy. And you may smoke a cigar, if you wish. Then I will tell you."

"Anne. Anne, I— Please, before you answer, remember all I have told you. All the world, and the rivers, and a life with me that you . . . we are the same kind of people, Anne. You know that. You know it in your heart, Anne."

"Please, Mr. Ferrell. I do remember. But have your brandy."

He poured, slopping ever so little. It was the first time she had ever seen those thin, dark little hands shake.

For an instant she thought with a sort of venomous, secret pleasure — shot straight at her captain—that it was emotion that made his hands unsteady. But then, with the practiced eye of the China Coast, she saw he had been drinking heavily all afternoon.

Well, she had bargained for that. When she had practically decided to go with him.

It was his weakness. But she, too, was deadly and she would hold him in line without mercy. And, as he had said, there was all the world, and the rivers of it where men and women could face danger, and distances, and, in a queer way, beauty, together. If they really were the same kind of people.

And this thin steel weapon of a man was her own kind. They both had the same quiet, merciless ferocity for life—for all that life could hold, of beauty and of danger, for the world, and its restless treasures of experience.

"Mr. Ferrell," she said.

"Yes, Anne?" His eyes were a little bloodshot, and his lip twitched once; but the brandy had evidently put him together again.

"I believe it might be possible," she said slowly. "I believe we would make a good team. With some conditions, though."

"Anne. Anne, any conditions," he said, just a little thickly. "You know how much I—"

"Wait," she said.

She poured a little more coffee into her delicate sage-green Wedgwood cup, and

MEN OF MEANS WHO HAD
MURALS PAINTED IN THEIR HOMES
MAY ONCE HAVE SPENT TOO
MUCH FOR WHISKEY.
MY, BUT THEY'VE CHANGED!
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watched him while he tilted the decanter again.

"You know, of course," she said, "that we would be, finally, completely outside the law."

He looked up at her. His eyes steadied, became gray steel points. "I have always been," he said.

He lifted his glass, and his eyes became slightly vague again. "And so, I think, my dear, have you," he said, and smiled at her. His teeth were very sharp looking.

"Perhaps," she said. And stopped to think carefully for a minute before she said in an even and quiet voice, "There is my husband. I shall have to tell him. Before I go. If this is to be done, it will be done above the board."

And that, she thought, is the test.

We will see how these two men will take that, one after the other, she thought. She knew how Rice Linett would take it. She waited to see what this man, also coldly dangerous, would do.

For a long minute, he sat looking into his glass of brandy. Then he drank it, and put the empty glass down and looked at her.

And she suddenly saw that he was very drunk.

Far drunker than she had thought—and beyond the mere drunkenness, a curious and venomous, terribly venomous, exaltation burned suddenly in his eyes.

"Perhaps we need not worry about that, my dear," he said.

Quietly, she set her cup and saucer down. "Just," she said softly, "just what do you mean?"

His eyes became gray steel again, but melted too soon. Much too soon. "Never mind," he said. "It's I that you love, isn't it?"

Deliberately she reached over and took one of his hands, making her fingers soft and clinging as they touched the taut muscles.

"I have been thinking of nothing else," she said softly.

"Well?"

"But there is my husband."

He snarled abruptly. "Don't worry any more about that grinning bravo," he said. "With his fine airs, and the way he swings his shoulders when he pushes better men off the sidewalk."

"But," she said, still softly, more softly, "I don't think I quite understand what you mean when you—"

"He thinks he's coming in tonight, doesn't he?" His thin lips twisted and twitched, quickly, once. "Never mind. Never mind." He reached for the decanter again.

SHE leaned back in her chair and made her eyes deliberately dreamy.

Only one other person in the Confederacy had known that Rice—her captain—was planning to come in tonight, before the waning moon would rise.

Mr. Cartret.

She said carefully, "Mr. Ferrell, how are you doing with your . . . establishment out at the Sea Inn?"

She tried to remember that very old stone inn, half lighthouse in the days of the pirates, on the end of the cape which jutted far out to seaward, south of the channel entrance. Mr. Ferrell had taken rooms out there, where gentlemen of the town could play discreetly.

"Eh?—oh, well enough, dear. Well enough for now, until you can join me, and you and I can really . . . Anne, dear?"

"Yes?"

"Tell you something," he said.

"Yes? . . . Dear?" Her lip curled suddenly. People learned to be more discreet than this on the China Coast.

"One more coup," he said. "Biggest of all. Solves all our troubles. Lots of money, too. Enough for you and me to . . ." He set his glass down again, and cleared his throat. "Never mind," he said. "Never mind, little woman. You know nothing about it."

"No," she said, and it was hard to get her voice above a whisper. "No, I guess I don't."

AFTER he had gone, she rang the bell again. "I want the carriage. At once," she said.

And then she went upstairs to her bedroom and out of the cedar-lined closet she took her threadbare old traveling cape. The collar turned up enough to half hide her thin, suddenly very white—no, gaunt—face.

She opened a chest of carved teak and heavy brass, from the China Coast, and from among its folds of silks took a heavy piece of . . . adornment, which she slipped into her pocket.

It was a long drive out to the Sea Inn. Somewhere out there in the darkness, a few miles off the cape which the Sea Inn tipped, lay the blockading fleet. So close in that from the inn, on a clear day, the heavy frigates, the gunboats and the swift sloops with folded wings could be seen on the horizon.

She left the carriage a hundred yards down the road, pulled up against the blacker darkness of a hedge, and walked toward the discreetly lighted doorway of the inn. She asked for Mr. Ferrell's gaming rooms, and after one startled glance, the fat, dead-eyed landlord himself led her up the stairs to the third floor, knocked on a door—and backed away politely, not looking at her, as she flung open the door and walked in.

They were there, whom she expected to see.

Mr. Ferrell, twisting swiftly to his feet from his place at the table, his right hand slipping like the head of a snake toward the inside of his coat lapels. The hand stopped, and fell away limply, as he stared at her and swallowed once.

Mr. Cartret, flung back in his chair with surprise; one thick, well-kept hand covering his big chin, his small, womanish lips which moved once or twice silently, in prim fright, before his hand, too, came limply away and he arose, murmuring in deep politeness:

"Mrs. Linett. As I live." He seemed to gain assurance from the sound of his own deep, rich voice, and added, "It is delightful, madame. A profound pleasure."

She nodded once, and said dryly, "Thank you."

The women—there were two of them—were about what she had expected. Young, rather common, though trying to correct it with the most elaborate crinolines, the most elaborate charming fluttering manners. The pert one had red hair, masses of it in a great soft knot; the languishing one had pale hair in poetic clusters beside her childlike cheekbones. The sort of women she would expect a Union agent and his gold to find to use.

She thought: These pallid creatures, these weak adventuresses—they should be on the China Coast sometime, and find out what women can be like, when they have to be. But she saw how Mr. Cartret had been hooked — beginning, probably, with gambling losses to Mr. Ferrell. It didn't take much of a China Coast eye to see this deal.

"We'll play," she said.

"But, Anne—my dear Mrs. Linett," Mr. Ferrell said, "we . . . we were not playing tonight."

"Never mind," she said. "We'll play. I'll deal."

Off the green top of the big table she picked up a new, fresh deck. The cards suddenly flowed like fluid between her two hands, and she said, "Sit down."

One by one, hesitantly, in a queer way, glancing at one another, they did sit down. And she dealt, the cards whispering like an opening fan around the table.

"No wild cards," she said. "This is a professional game."

So they played, pretending to be absorbed in the faces of the cards; and after a while, with brandy on the table, pretending to be gay. Twice, Mr. Ferrell fumbled the cards, almost imperceptibly but badly to a practiced eye, as his delicate, spidery fingers twisted to deal. Within her, her lip curled again; but her face remained blank and pleasant, a little dreamy.

After a while, she noticed that Mr. Cartret was sweating: clear drops stood in clusters on his rather fine brow, and with a queer look at Mr. Ferrell, he loosened his collar. But the drops gathered, and trickled suddenly into his eyes. He used a fine cambric handkerchief. About that time Mr. Ferrell began stealing quick, what he thought were casual, glances at his watch, slipped secretly out of his elegant waistcoat pocket.

The two girls twittered a bit over their cards, looking with petulant, childlike helplessness toward Mr. Cartret as they opened their cards, as if pleading charmingly for his wise advice; and they mourned publicly, charmingly, as Anne raked in pot after pot. And the big, oily English revolver was heavy in Anne's pocket.

IT WAS after midnight, and Mr. Ferrell had glanced at his watch quite a nervous number of times, when she saw the break. Mr. Ferrell nodded, swiftly, with a slight sidewise jerk of his small, smooth head, to the red-haired girl. And with the most charming manners, the girl got up and excused herself and went into another room, and closed the door. Staring at the door, Anne thought quickly, figuring things out. That was the seaward room, the one whose windows, of all in the inn, faced the sea.

So, she thought, it was possible that Mr. Cartret had spilled, finally, just last night, or today. It was a hunch worth playing.

Quietly she, too, got up, and walked to that door to the seaward room, and flung it open.

The red-haired girl was at one of the windows, carefully busy. For on the broad sill of the window were three big lamps each with a powerful reflector affixed to it—two close together, and then another a little to the right.

And the girl had lit the first lamp, and was bending over the second.

Anne could imagine it, quite clearly. A small boat from the blockading fleet, standing in under the shore, watching the windows of the inn. The lamps, then, two and one; and then . . . her hand came out of her pocket with the heavy revolver. It slammed once, jumping in her hand, and the one lighted lamp went to pieces in a sheet of flame.

"And now, my dear," Anne said to the red-haired girl, "we'll go back in and sit down . . . and wait."

BECAUSE she had turned very quickly, with the revolver in her hand as she motioned the girl out, Anne caught the rest of them—not quite flat-footed, but just rising, just reaching for their pistols.

"Please," she said. "I meant it. We will sit down."

Again, but this time under the merciless, steady O of her pistol muzzle, the hands fell limply away. And they did sit down again. There was a smell of burning oil, and rug and varnished-wood smoke from the seaward room. Behind her back, Anne closed that door with one hand, and came, too, and sat down at the head of the table.

"So," she said, "we will wait."

It was a long time. The longest time she had ever known. And the weight of the big revolver was making the muscles of her wrist jump, when—

Every mortal at that table stiffened suddenly, staring, listening.

For, sullen with distance across the sea, came suddenly the tolling of great guns offshore.

The great guns of the blockading fleet.

And then . . . and then, a lighter sound, too—the nasty, jolting cracks of smaller guns, coming over the sea.

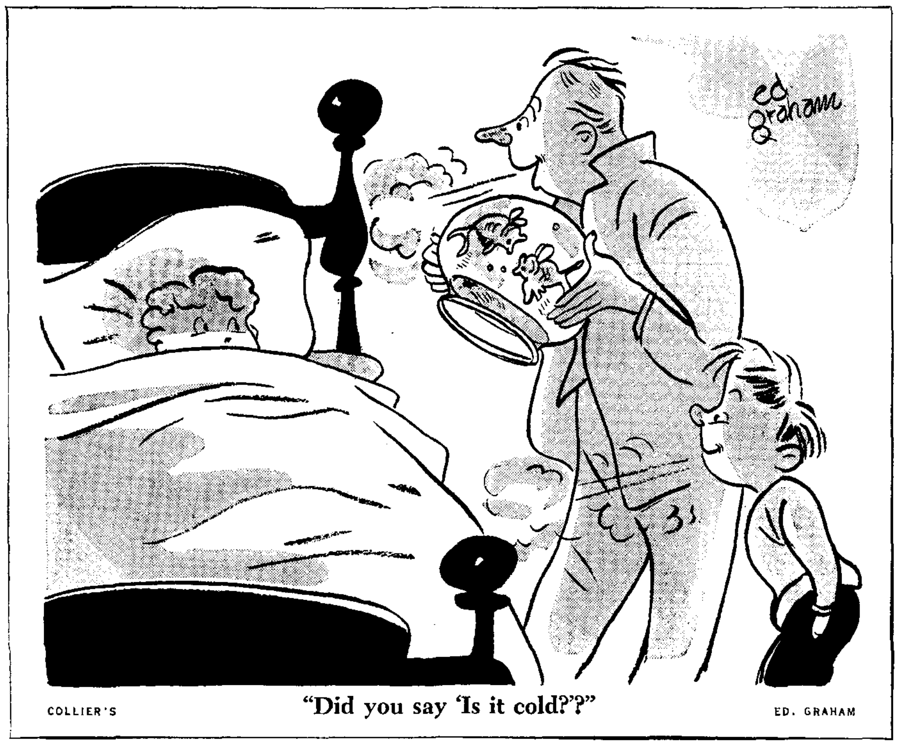
Her captain was coming in.

"I think," she said quietly, "that we will all fold our hands on the table. Where I can see them."

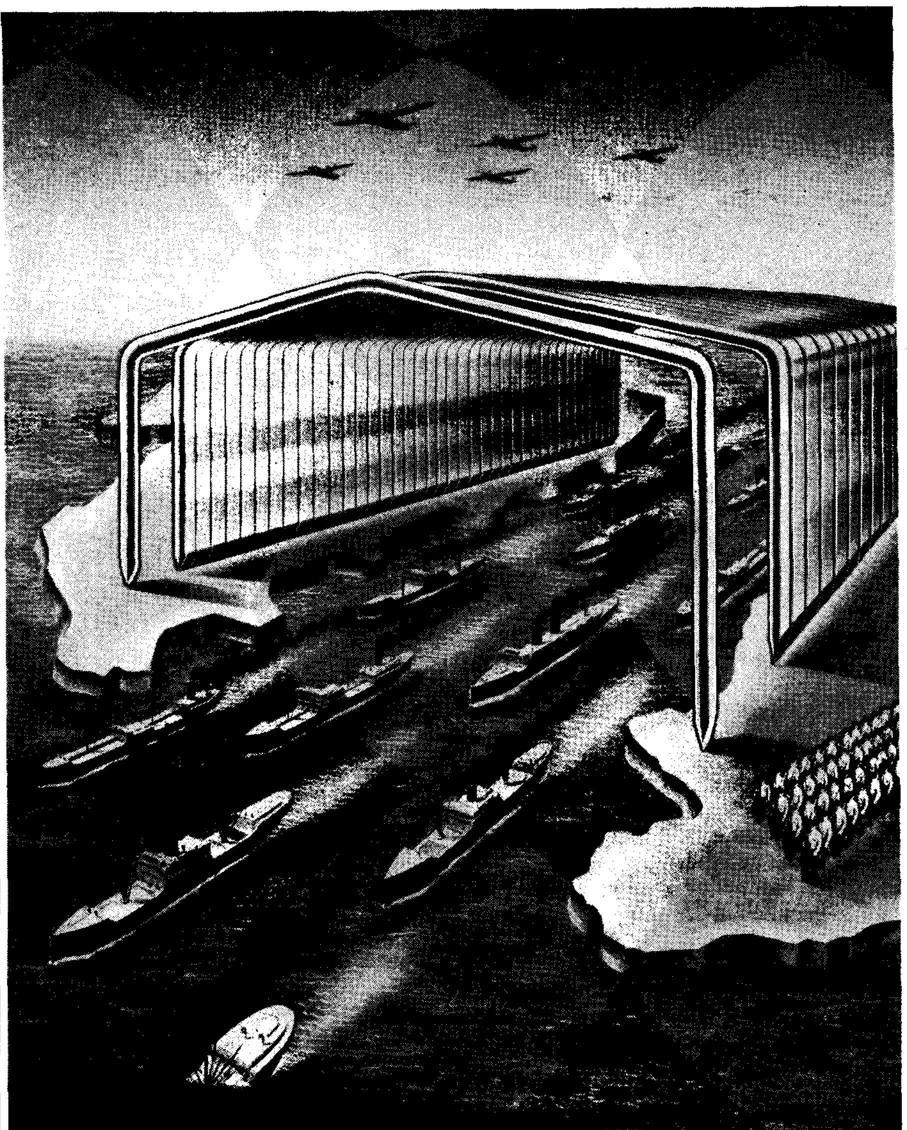
Reluctantly, they did. Their four pairs of hands were clasped, before the O of her pistol muzzle. Clasped in queer, almost prayerlike attitudes, on the table.

And the smell of burning rugs and varnished wood made their eyes wild and scared and apprehensive in the blazing candlelight.

"That's it," she said. "And we will



COLLIER'S "Did you say 'Is it cold?'?" ED. GRAHAM



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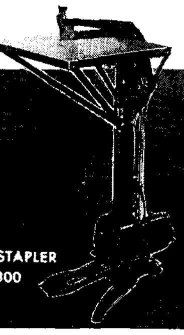
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keep our hands clasped. And I think you might, you know, really pray, while you're about it." She stopped and listened. The great guns were rolling in peals—and the swift, running whacks of the smaller ones were still replying. "Because," she said, "if he doesn't get through, every soul in this room will die before I leave."

They listened, with their hands clasped, tightening. In blasting waves of sound, the frigates were firing broadsides. One after another, rolling in sullen majesty over the waters of the night. . . .

And from under the edge of the door of the seaward room, a thin page of smoke, growing thicker, began to pour upward into this room, and gather across the ceiling, dropping in swirls down toward the candle flames on the table, hurting the eyes, making the eyes of the four whom she watched widen with terror.

"We'll wait," she said. Then: "Keep your hands clasped, Mr. Ferrell."

"Anne!" he said. "Don't you remember—"

"No," she said. "A better man is coming in from sea."

And she could see him, as she held the revolver steady: a creased, partly laughing but maybe snarling face, now, above the edge of armor plate on his bridge.

Yes. Whatever he was—the swaggering, silly idiot!—he was her captain; and he was coming in from sea.

THE room was thick with smoke. It was a choking smoke of wool and varnish, and tears were streaming down her cheeks. But the O of the pistol muzzle was steady as her captain's eyes.

And then, with a new authoritative blasting that jarred the dusty panes of that inn, the massive guns of the fort across the channel, opened fire. Those grinding roars shook the floor.

And running underneath them, still firing back, came the jolting cracks—the laughter—of the smaller guns.

Her captain had come in. And was running now under friendly guns that were firing over him at blockading men-of-war that had followed him in too close.

She sighed, and looked at Mr. Cartret.

The door of the seaward room was in flames now, in charring, varnish-licking flames, and he was in silhouette against the swirling redness. And he looked back at her, that benevolent, big-chinned figure of respectability, through the smoke—and went for his gun.

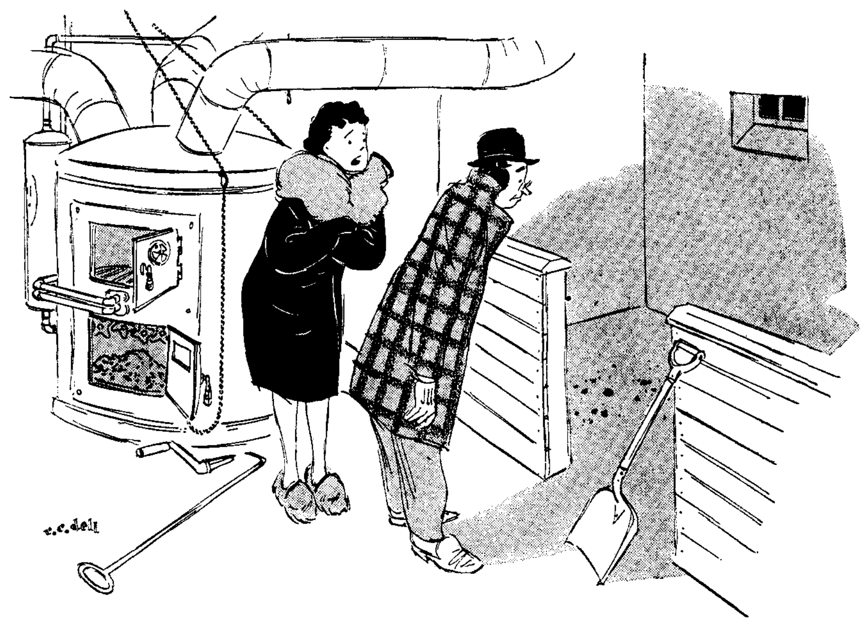
The English revolver, that heavy oily adornment from the China Coast, whacked and bucked once more in her tired hand.

And then she got up, and went out, and turned the key in the lock of the door, and went down the stairs, and said good night with a slow, grave inclination of her head to the fat, white landlord, and walked down the hundred yards of road and got into her carriage under the black shadow of the hedge, under the stars, and said, "I think we will go home now," and folded her hands and closed her eyes.

SHE was in the drawing room when he burst open the front door and came walking swiftly in.

With her hair brushed out and newly pinned up in the most dignified fashion, she was in the drawing room, at the piano, playing a transcription of Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik—A Little Night Music*—the one small and ironic comment she permitted herself.

Like a gale of wind, like a remembrance of violence and loveliness, he came through the drawing-room door . . . and stopped. Holding his peaked, his rakish cap over his heart.



"I guess you'll just have to go pick the eyes out of some more snow men, dear!"

COLLIER'S R. C. DELL

"My darling," he said. "Madame Hell. You are more lovely every time I see you."

Her fingers stopped on the keys; and her heart stopped, too. Slowly, she turned her head and looked around at him; he was laughing, that creased and renegade laughter she wanted to share again.

She got up from the piano bench, her knees like water. As weak as water—with love. She said:

"I . . ."

"Darling!—what's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said. "I mean, I didn't know. Not until I had nearly lost you. Never mind."

"Oh, you mean tonight? All that noise?" he said. "Don't worry about it. I gave as good as I took. A few days to patch up the holes, and I . . . Darling. Madame Hell. What *is* the matter? My lovely?"

Quietly she went to him and put her face down on the salt-tasting white starch of his shirt front.

"Hush. Hush," he said. ". . . Do you know, lovely, a funny thing. That place out on the South Cape, that inn, it was on fire as I came by, in the channel. Blazing like the very mischief."

"How . . . how odd," she said.

"Darling. Darling! Madame Hell—why *are* you crying? . . . Oh! I thought you were crying—but what the devil are you laughing about?"

Quietly, taking her face away, she said, "You "

And, picking up her skirts at the foot of the dim staircase—the rich, heavy skirts of a married gentlewoman—she bowed to him, as a great lady bows from a staircase, spreading her skirts

She inclined her head so that he should not see her eyes. And picking up her skirts, she walked on up the stairs.

Tomorrow she would drive in her carriage again.

In time, perhaps, she hoped, she would learn the dignity and the courage of a gentlewoman.

THE END

China Flight

Continued from page 28

grimly. Even if the Jap was lying, and ten to one he was, it would be a sheer waste to do anything here—this Jap would like to make a mess of him under her window! He looked up, but she was not there. He must hold his temper and plan something real. He walked slowly back to the Japanese compound, refusing to hasten one step, although the bayonets were at his shoulder blades all the way.

And upstairs in her room Jenny had flung herself upon the bed and was sobbing as she had not sobbed since she was a child.

FOR three days Shigo did not go near the hotel. Each day Daniel was called but it was only to parade him up and down the streets where the most people could gather to watch the strange sight of a white man between the shafts of a ricksha. It seemed they could never get used to it. The Japanese hooted and laughed, but the Chinese crowds followed him silently. They were the poor and the children. Well-to-do Chinese averted their heads and seemed not to see him. Sometimes an old woman put her sleeve to her eyes or an old man hid his mouth with his hand. Daniel, stalking along with his head held high, felt the infinite difference between Japanese and Chinese, between enemy and friend.

Back in the compound again, his mind still restless with the idea of escape, he examined every face he passed as he went to his room. Was there one here who might help him? . . .

On the morning of the fourth day he was called as usual and he went out. The sky was a cold stone gray. The wind came from the sea and it crept through his cotton coolie coat. He felt bitterly depressed and helpless and he strode along, his mouth hard and his eyes on the wintry earth beneath his feet. One of these days—today, maybe—he would simply make a break for it and see what happened. He was tired of being cautious and waiting for luck. Then as he walked to the gate he felt someone trip and fall against him. Someone had darted out of the garage door with such sudden speed that it was like a catapult against him. He fell, clutching the other man, and they struck the ground together. In that instant he felt a hand thrust deep into the bosom of his coolie coat. It was only a second and they were on their feet again and he stared down into the face of the Chinese chauffeur.

"You son of a gun," Daniel said hotly, "can't you see where you are going?"

The Chinese dusted himself furiously and flung curses in stinging staccato syllables. "You turtle's egg!" he shouted. "Can you not look where you are going?"

The little fellow, whose words he could not understand, looked like an angry bantam rooster. He lifted his foot, kicked Daniel's shins, and spat on the ground in front of him.

"Here, you" Daniel said slowly, "you can't act like that—you're as bad as a Jap."

"P'ei!" the little man said and strode away with large steps. But as he went, with that left eye of his which was turned away from the guards, he gave Daniel a slow American wink. No one could have guessed it who saw the angry set of his back and the strut of his walk as he went away. But to Daniel it was like a word from home. The fellow was fooling the guards! Dan put his hand into his coat quickly and touched a scrap of paper there and took his hand quickly away again. Whatever it was, it must wait until he came back and was safe in his room again. But could it be true that he had a friend?

At that moment Shigo came running lightly down the steps. He gave his customary curt nod and stepped into the ricksha and the parade began again. But it was not as it had been on other days for Daniel. Yes, he had a friend.

When he was back again and the door locked behind him, when the guards were lounging again beside the door, he got into bed and pulled the quilt over his head as though to sleep There under the safety of his cover he reached into his breast and took out the slip of paper. Upon it was scrawled in hit-and-miss capital letters, misspelling nearly every word, this message, "Kepe up the lip I frend Ling sumsing hapen soonly."

"Keep your upper lip stiff, I am your friend Ling. Something will happen soon." It was easy enough to translate. He leaped out of bed and stood for a moment so full of joyful energy that he shouted aloud before he knew it. The guards rushed to the grille of the door and peered in. He saw their startled faces, and the impulse seized him, half of mischief, half to baffle them and cover his involuntary shout. He pressed against the grille and distorting his face he howled like a wolf. Again and again he howled. The guards stared at him, their eyes widened and their faces blanched. Then without a word they turned and fled.

SHIGO in his office heard their hesitant double knock upon his door.

"Come in," he called sharply. He was impatient of interruption at this moment when as quickly as possible he must get these sheets of paper back to Jenny Barchet's room. They were brought to him every day while she walked in the garden, and he read them swiftly and returned them. The messenger was waiting now outside in the hall.

The door opened and Daniel's two guards came in. At once he saw that

A TRIBUTE

to the Pontiac Dealers of America

FROM TIME TO TIME during recent months, we have had occasion to report to the American people on our progress in arms production.

Yet, while we in the City of Pontiac have been engaged in the thrilling task of building guns, torpedoes and other materiel that our soldiers, sailors and marines *use in actual combat,* thousands of other members of the Pontiac family have been contributing to the war effort in a degree that, as yet, is neither fully understood nor properly realized.

We refer to the Pontiac dealers of America . . . some 3000 strong and scattered from Coast to Coast and from Canada to the Gulf.

Spurred by the knowledge that American industry cannot function to fullest effectiveness in war production if the nation's automotive transportation is seriously impaired, they have "carried on" for over a year now in the face of steadily increasing difficulties.

Theirs is the important national duty of *PRESERVING AMERICA'S AUTOMOBILES* . . . of seeing that they are maintained in good, safe operating condition . . . and of keeping them running with maximum efficiency and economy until victory.

And it is a matter of record that they are fulfilling that duty in a truly magnificent fashion, *despite decreasing revenues, despite the difficulties of maintaining adequate staffs of skilled mechanics, supervisors, parts managers, etc.—and in face of the countless other impediments to normal operation that the war economy imposes on all business today!*

This, we hold, is a contribution to the war effort no less vital than that of direct arms production—because "*a man can't build a gun unless he can get from his home to the job*".

True, they have been able to carry on as they have largely by virtue of their management ability and their good standing in their respective communities.

But beyond that, it reflects a determination that nothing shall prevent them from keeping their facilities and specialized experience at the disposal of the civilian production army . . . *by whom they are needed now as never before!*

They call it "Doing their bit".

To which we add, "Well done!"

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

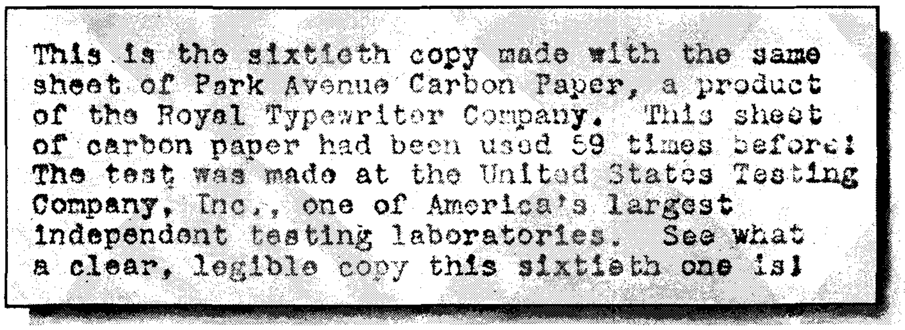
"And can you count up to 60?"

APPLICANT: *Of* course! *But what in the world . . .*

EMPLOYER: A little joke of mine. I merely wanted to impress on you the fact that—in this office—we often use one sheet of carbon paper *sixty* times before throwing it away.

APPLICANT: *My goodness! Don't the copies get awfully blurred . . . and hard to read?*

EMPLOYER: No, indeed. You see, we use Roytype's Park Avenue, one of the carbon papers made by the Royal Typewriter people. And each sheet of Park Avenue can be used—not just 20—but up to 60 times, cleanly and clearly. This test copy proves it . . .



This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This sheet of carbon paper had been used 59 times before! The test was made at the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this sixtieth one is!

Laboratory test No. 36092-NY. issued October 6, 1942

APPLICANT: *I'd almost swear that was a* first *copy! How ever do they do it?*

EMPLOYER: Their man tells me they have a special process called "deep-inking." It soaks the ink right down into the paper. Then, too, Park Avenue's extension edge lets you reverse the sheet, top to bottom, so all areas of the paper can be used.

APPLICANT: *Gee. I bet if* I'd *known that much about carbon paper, you'd have hired me right off, wouldn't you?*

Complete line of carbon papers

THERE ARE MANY different carbon papers in the Roytype* line, made by the Royal Typewriter Company. One of these . . . it may be Park Avenue, or it may be another . . . will exactly fit your needs, depending on the particular type of work done in your office. Your local Royal Typewriter Representative will gladly show you the whole price range of Roytype carbon papers and help you choose the weight, finish, and quality best-suited to your requirements.

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Carbon Papers and Ribbons
made by the
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something was wrong. They were very pale and disturbed.

"What now?" he exclaimed. "Has the American escaped?"

They shook their heads in unison. "He has gone mad," the elder guard said. "He is howling like a wolf."

"Stupid!" Shigo cried. "It is a trick."

The two guards looked at each other helplessly. Then the younger one spoke: "I ask to be put elsewhere."

"I also," the elder said, emboldened by the younger.

For answer Shigo darted from behind the desk and slapped first one man and then the other on the face. Neither moved nor put up his hand to his cheek. "Get back to your posts," he bellowed.

THEY went out without a word. And Shigo, left alone, sat down again with a great gust of a sigh. This story that she was writing so assiduously every day, what did it mean? He had ordered that Jenny be watched night and day, and so two holes had been bored into the decorations of the wainscoting. Through them, guards watched her constantly. She did nothing but write, they told him, and here was what she wrote, a novel, a strange, meaningless novel. No, there must be a meaning in it.

But what could it mean, this fantastic tale of a man and a woman alone on an island. Why a man and a woman? They were both Icelandic—why Icelandic? He had never been to Iceland—what sort of people lived in Iceland? But these Icelanders, the woman beautiful, the man handsome, had both been driven out of Iceland because of their crimes. They had met upon the wild seas, and had gone to the North Pole. Why the North Pole?

At the extreme pole they had found a strange uninhabited country, green and full of unchanging summer But this was absurd. At the pole there was neither summer nor green. Nevertheless—so she had written—the two had left Iceland as strangers to each other, driven out separately for different reasons. The man was a murderer, a homicidal maniac, the woman a kleptomaniac. They were not in love with each other. Then the woman having stolen all the man had except the clothes he wore, discovered that she loved the man, and there was the immense struggle of whether or not she would return his possessions. And the man who plotted only how to kill the woman, now had to struggle between his love for the woman and his wish to keep her alive, and his desire to kill her.

Shigo read of these two, each mad, and wondered why Jenny wrote thus and why he tortured himself to read meanings into what she wrote. Was there some resemblance to himself in this man, Dort? And was Keyna like Jenny herself? He was sure that Jenny had some meaning in the story. Did she suspect even that he saw these pages every day? Accustomed to plotting, he could not believe that there was not some plot in her mind, too.

He made a few careful notes of the points which might help him to decide these difficult questions and then he put the sheets together and struck the bell on his desk. The shuffling humble stenographer came in and bowed and took them, and when she was gone he sat with his head sunk in his hands. There had been a pretty scene at the end of the story—a very pretty scene, where the two mad people discovered they loved each other. He thought of it and suddenly burned with longing for Jenny. There was all this passion in her? Oh, why not for him? He sat, thinking of her intensely, and suddenly he sobbed. He rose abruptly, and banged his bell again. When the bent figure of the secretary appeared at the door, he shouted:

"My car, in five minutes!"

"So—" the figure breathed and went away.

He strode back and forth twice across the room, then stood and stared out of the window. A dark flush was creeping out of his collar and suffusing his cheeks. It was time for all nonsense to stop. He would go to Jenny and tell her so—and make an end of everything.

But when he came downstairs the American car would not move. Ling, the chauffeur, put his head out from underneath it and reported, "Car no go."

Shigo waited in the chill twilight, turning up the fur collar of his coat. He was burning hot and shivering at the same time. He felt ruthless and yet timid, and he was anxious to do quickly what he wanted to do. He could not endure delay. From under the car came the sound of tinkering, and he stooped and peered under it.

"So," he said in English, since he could not speak a word of Chinese, "are you mending it or not?"

Ling crawled out, a smear of oil across his face. "No can do," he said calmly. "My no savvy what for he no go. Suppose tomorrow my talkee galage."

"Tomorrow!" Shigo said impatiently. He longed to slap the Chinese across the mouth. If Ling had been Japanese he would have done so. But the other side of him was sensitive even before a Chinese—he would not behave in ordinary ways except before Japanese.

"Call the ricksha," he said shortly to the gateman.

He waited a few moments and he saw Daniel come out of his room between his guards and he stared at him, remembering what the guards had said. "The man looks no different," he told them contemptuously in Japanese. "He looks no more of a fool than ever."

They did not answer and he said to Daniel, "What's this about your going mad?"

Daniel grinned. "Never heard of it," he said.

"The guards told me you were howling like a wolf," Shigo said.

"They must have been hearing things," Daniel retorted.

He saw that little devil of a chauffeur standing there and he watched him closely out of the corner of his eye. Did the fellow want him to know something?

"Car no go," Ling said cheerfully to Daniel.

"Come, why are you stopping?" Shigo yelled at Daniel suddenly.

Daniel picked up the shafts and started at his usual steady walk.

"Faster," Shigo shouted. "I am in a hurry."

"I'm not," Daniel said shortly.

SHIGO threw a command to the guards and the bullets sprayed the slush of the road. Daniel did not look to the right or the left.

Car no go? What was up? Anyway, no use getting shot until he knew. He felt suddenly so cheerful that he broke into a lope that nearly overturned the ricksha and left the guards far behind. Shots sprayed the slush at his feet and he felt Shigo's stick in his shoulder belaboring his shoulder blades. He stopped so abruptly that Shigo fell out of the ricksha and upon him.

"You—you—idiot!" Shigo bellowed.

The guards came running up, panting and angry, and Shigo's face was twisted with rage. "I could have you shot—at this moment—" he panted.

"You told me to run," Daniel said simply.

Shigo threw him a look of bitter hate

and stepped into the ricksha again. "You know what you do," he said. "Do not do it again or I warn you that I shall shoot you."

"Where are you going, anyway?" Daniel asked.

"To the Cosmopolitan," Shigo said shortly.

The word sobered Daniel in a second. So that was where this rat was going—again!

SHIGO did not pause at her door. He did not knock. Instead he inserted his key, turned it and walked in. She was at the small desk, writing, writing. The sheets of paper were flung on the floor. She looked up when he came in and he saw her eyes absorbed and luminous, her lips red. But he did not hesitate. He went to her and bent over her and seized her in his arms.

She seized his head in her hands and twisted her face away from his. "Shigo—don't make me hate you—I don't want to—hate you."

In her clear voice the word "hate" struck him like a sword. He dropped his arms and she leaped up and put the chair between them.

"What has happened to you?" she demanded. She was sick with disgust.

"I—will not wait any longer," he said.

She did not move her eyes from his reddened face. "But you *will* wait," she said still in that silvery clear voice. "You will wait because you know that you can't do this sort of thing. It isn't you—Shigo."

God forgive me for a lie, she was thinking. But I'll save myself anyhow.

"When people have said the Japanese were—like this," she went on, "I have always denied it. I have thought of you, Shigo."

He stared at her blackly, the pulse in his throat beating, his eyelids thickening. Then without a word he turned and left her as she stood. She heard his footsteps harshly ringing down the flagged corridor.

She stood without moving until she could hear them no more. Then she went to the door and locked it, and sobbing and crying softly, she pulled the chairs and table against it in a fury of anger and fear.

DOWNSTAIRS Shigo leaped into his ricksha and shouted something to the guards.

"Ha," they grunted.

"You," Shigo muttered to Daniel, "go as you are told."

Daniel did not answer. He threw a sharp look at Shigo's pale face and went as the pricks of bayonets guided him, now to the right and now to the left. What had the scoundrel done to Jenny? He had only been up there a few minutes—not long enough to have harmed her. He had been just about ready to make a break for it into the hotel to find Jenny when the Jap came out. What was it all about? Why had Ling fixed it so the car wouldn't go? How could Daniel find out anything?

He went, it seemed to him, a very long way until at last the streets grew cobbled and narrow. He had never seen this part of the city before. He smelled the reek of cold canal water, and the stones were wet under his feet. Then suddenly the guards halted him before a gate. He lowered the shafts and Shigo stepped out.

"You will wait," he said brusquely.

It was a curious gate, he saw, with a Cape Cod fisherman for a knocker. Two Japanese guards stood on either side and they opened the gate obsequiously for Shigo. Daniel, following the disappearing figure, saw above the gate the letters carved in stone, Gate of Hope. They were English letters, he saw to his astonishment. Wasn't that—yes, that was where the old American woman had come from—Mrs. Shipman!

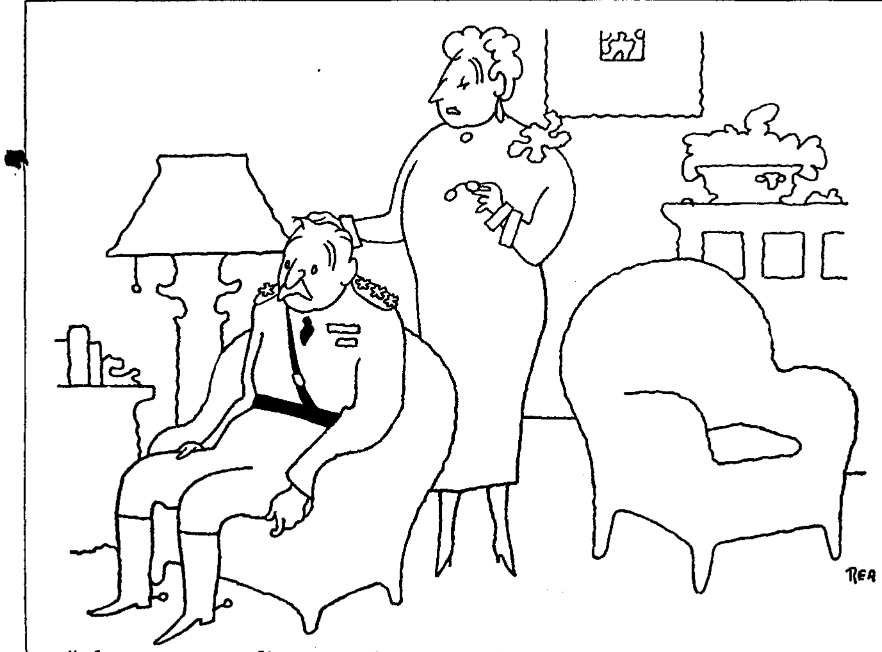
INSIDE the Gate of Hope, Leone sat with Mrs. Shipman. She had come here day after day, bringing Mrs. Shipman one day some rice, another day a bit of meat. This was a strange house now, full of prisoners. Forbidden to go outside the walls, the conglomeration of women inside grew sullen and quarrelsome.

"Tiger cats, dearie," Mrs. Shipman said sadly now to Leone. "I get them together twice a day, morning and night, for prayers, but it don't calm them. They're restless. And here I am, just tied, and I can't do a thing. I tell 'em we ought to be thankful for food. But I don't hardly put it beyond one or two of them to make up to these Jap guards, even. That sort of thing gets into the blood like opium. I watch 'em, but—" Mrs. Shipman sighed. "I kind of wish sometimes I had been put into jail with the lieutenant that day," she said.

Leone lifted her head quickly. "Do you think he is still there?"

"Why not?" Mrs. Shipman asked.

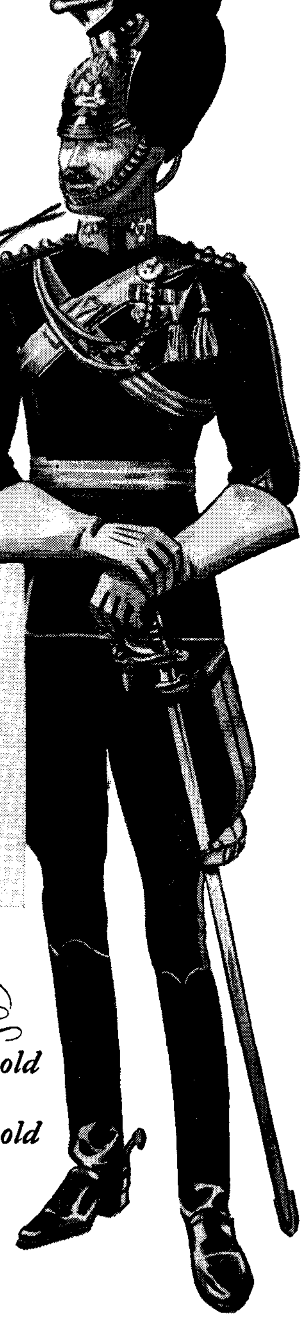
They were sitting in her small ill-furnished bedroom, whose walls were crowded with cheaply framed photo-



"I know you get discouraged at times, dear, but remember—it's a living"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

For Distinguished Service



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graphs of all the "girls" who had ever passed through her house.

"And what of the American woman?" Leone asked.

"You mean Jenny Barchet?" Mrs. Shipman asked in turn.

"If that is her name," Leone said, "the one you say is so pretty and blond, that you are afraid lest she be—"

"Dearie, I am worried to death about her," Mrs. Shipman said. "I haven't heard one word about her. I can't find out. Wang went to the hotel and he says they won't let him even inside the gate. There's Jap guards there, too. My, my, and to think I once liked the Japs because I thought they were a clean, neat kind of people! I guess only the Lord knew their black hearts. Well, I do, too, now. I'll never trust one of them again. Would *you?*"

Leone did not answer. Every time she came here she asked herself the same question: Should she or should she not tell Mrs. Shipman that she was in love with Daniel? But Mrs. Shipman was only so charmed to be able to talk that she sat back in the old wicker rocker, her gray worsted skirt sagging between her widespread knees, and talked on.

"Though why I should worry about any other girls than my own, dearie, and now you come home without your husband, is more than I can see sense to."

"Don't worry about me," Leone said, smiling her delicate melancholy smile. "I came home—because I could not go to Hong Kong, Mother Shipman. No, it is not easy for me to be the wife of a foreigner. And I do not love him. I think I shall never love him."

MRS. SHIPMAN'S face grew sorrowful. "Leone, don't begin on that again. You hold fast to what I told you. It isn't love that counts after a while—having your own house for shelter and a man in it that'll be kind to you. When you've seen so many poor girls as I have, going from man to man, and every man kickin' them down deeper, and hell at the end, then you know like I do, dearie, that if you can just get a man to marry you and keep you as his wife, you're wonderful lucky. It's what I always try to get for my girls, however poor the man. And Arnold isn't a poor man, dearie—he's very successful, and let me tell you it's very few white men you'll get to marry a girl that ain't *all* white. I know, for I've tried. 'Tisn't that they mind so much—men don't really care what color a girl is if they have a fancy for her—but it's the white women that make the men's lives miserable—their mothers and sisters and their friends, wives and all."

"I know that," Leone said in the same low voice.

"Leone, you do," Mrs. Shipman said vigorously, "for *I told you* before ever I let you marry Arnold Hatford. I said you weren't to get upset because those white women wouldn't come to see you. I told you just to thank your lucky stars you had a roof over your head and food to eat and clothes to wear and a good man's love. Let the other women come or not, you had all you needed."

Leone's head drooped. "I think I could—remember such things if I were a little older," she faltered. "But I am very young, Mother Shipman—I am not yet twenty-two. It is hard to think in such ways when one has never been in love—before."

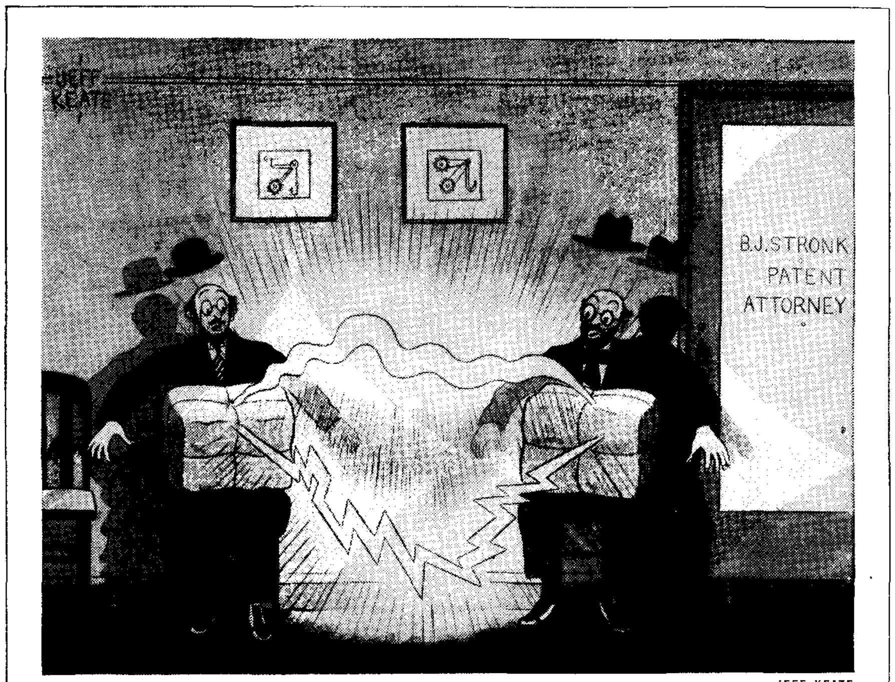
She lifted her head.

"I am in love—with the American," she said simply. "You will ask—how did I meet him? He came once or twice to our house—with friends. And Arnold invited him to go on the houseboat with us, for a week end. It was the week end of Pearl Harbor."

Had she told Mrs. Shipman that she had an incurable disease she could not have caused the kind old woman more dismay. She leaned forward and seized Leone's narrow hand in her fat, wrinkled one. "Oh, dearie," she said, "it's bad, bad news. We've got these Japs and the war and it's about all I can stand. Because, dearie, when a girl thinks about love, it's unaccountable what she *will* do. I've seen it. There's that Meri I have now—the trouble I have with that girl! French, dear—and there's two kinds of French girls. One is the kind hard as nails that thinks only of themselves and couldn't fall in love no matter what comes their way. The other kind it seems like they feed on love like a baby on milk. When they don't have it, they die."

LEONE drooped her head. "I, also, am half French," she murmured.

Mrs. Shipman's jaw dropped. "I guess I never remember it," she said frankly. "And as for that, I guess it's the first time you ever said it yourself to me. Always insistin' that you was Chinese—"



COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

The door opened suddenly and the girl Meri thrust in her dark saucy face.

"What is it, Meri child?" Mrs. Shipman asked. But the girl did not answer. Instead she came sidling in, a wisp of a creature with huge, tragic eyes and a mischievous mouth. Obviously there was something unbalanced in her, something mad. She came close to Leone and looked at her as a child does at a stranger, with frank and unashamed curiosity. Then suddenly she dropped at Leone's knees.

"You are so pretty," she breathed.

Leone smiled and drew back a little. This strange child!

"And who is your lover, Mademoiselle?" Meri said innocently. "For surely you are very well loved? You have on such a pretty dress—all silk."

"You see what I mean," Mrs. Shipman said sadly to Leone.

But Meri seemed not to hear. She put up her hand and touched Leone's soft pale cheek. The skin was fair, but there was the tone of ivory underneath it. "Are you not French?" Meri whispered. She spoke in French, the delicate syllables dropping from the end of her tongue. "I think you are French."

"My father was French," Leone said. In spite of herself she was speaking French, a language she had sworn she would never speak again, because her father had taught it to her, holding her on his knees and roaring with laughter at her baby talk.

"Ah, I know, I feel it," Meri said. She leaned her elbows on Leone's knees. "Shall we be sisters, you and I? See, I have no one—no mother, no father. I am very much alone. And now, no man comes here. We are not allowed lovers. She does not allow it." She threw a look of dark scorn at Mrs. Shipman. Then she laughed. "That one!" she cried and thrust out a little narrow red tongue, as quick as a snake's tongue, at Mrs. Shipman. "What does she know about love?"

Mrs. Shipman regarded Meri with eyes full of shrewd and patient common sense. "Now, Meri," she said, "you go back to your work, child. I don't believe you have got the living room all dusted. Everybody has to work around here, you know—we can't afford help now in wartime."

Meri leaped up with a whirl of skirts. "Oh, you old woman!" she shrieked and ran from the room and slammed the door.

In the silence Leone and Mrs. Shipman looked at each other. "French," Mrs. Shipman said sadly, "all the way through." She leaned over and patted Leone's knee. "Be glad, my dear, you're half Chinese. It gives you ballast."

"Yes, Mrs. Shipman," Leone murmured.

She rose a little wearily and buttoned her outer coat about her. "I must get home before it is too late," she said.

"That's best, my dear," Mrs. Shipman said.

OUTSIDE the gate Daniel had not moved. He was listening to every sound. He must not miss a trick. No, he would not go into the house. He would escape down the street—first escape and then? In the anxiety of his waiting, he felt himself grow tense and more tense. All the sounds of the night-muffled, captive city were magnified in his ears. He heard the low conversation of the guards and their yawns. A gate shut somewhere and there was the small screech of the iron bar being drawn. A child cried in a house across the street and was hushed.

He looked up cautiously and saw that only one guard was left at the gate. The others were tramping off down the street. Of his own two guards one was asleep and the other nodding as he leaned against the wall. Was this the moment? He remembered his afternoon's trick and how it had terrified his guards. He would pretend again and in the moment's dismay of his guards he would get away somewhere and find his luck.

And then, even as he was about to leap to his feet, he heard a girl's piercing scream. It came from inside the house. No—but was that Jenny? Had she been brought *here?* Quicker than he could draw his breath he had leaped up and was inside the gate. Before the slow-witted guards could wake to see what he did he had drawn the bar and the gate was locked and the guards were shouting outside. A startled old Chinese looked from a room across the court but Daniel gave him no heed.

He darted across the court and into the main door opposite. Where was she? He found himself in a large empty room and for a moment he looked this way and that. Doors opened and he saw the heads of half a dozen women look out. None of them was Jenny. Then somewhere in the back he heard the sound of a woman sobbing and he followed it as a guide. He stumbled across a high Chinese threshold in the darkness and pulled aside a curtain. There, in a room lit by a small oil lamp, he saw Shigo. He had a young girl by the arm, pulling at her, and the girl was twisting and turning. But she was not Jenny. Oh, thank God it was only a young thin creature whom he had never seen before. It was she who was sobbing in childish weeping.

Then he saw Mrs. Shipman. She was pushing between Shigo and the girl and she looked up and saw Daniel. "This fellow wants a girl," she said simply. "I don't know what he comes here for—he knows I don't run that kind of a place." She was so angry that she did not even wonder where Daniel had come from.

SHIGO'S handsome face was flushed. He stepped back abruptly. "I do not believe the girl is unwilling," he said coldly. "She is afraid only of you."

"This Meri," Mrs. Shipman said to Daniel, "she's crazy, poor child. Such terrible things have happened to her. I couldn't let her go—she doesn't know anything."

"The girl will come with me," Shigo said sullenly.

Daniel strode forward, fists clenched.

But with complete calmness Shigo put his hand into his hip pocket and brought out his pistol. For one second the two stood, staring into each other's eyes. Then Shigo began to back out of the room and the girl followed him.

Daniel leaped forward but Mrs. Shipman sprang at him from behind.

"Now then," she said firmly. He felt her two arms about his waist and suddenly she had jerked him across the room into another and slammed the door between and locked it.

"Save yourself," she said resolutely. "I'm going to need you a lot more than this. We'll have to let Meri go."

"I could have killed him," he said.

"So could he have killed you," Mrs. Shipman retorted. "Now quick—how many guards were at the gate?"

Before he could speak, someone came out of the shadows of the room, a slim figure in a Chinese robe, whom he did not at first recognize. "Daniel James," the girl said. He stared through the half twilight and saw Leone.

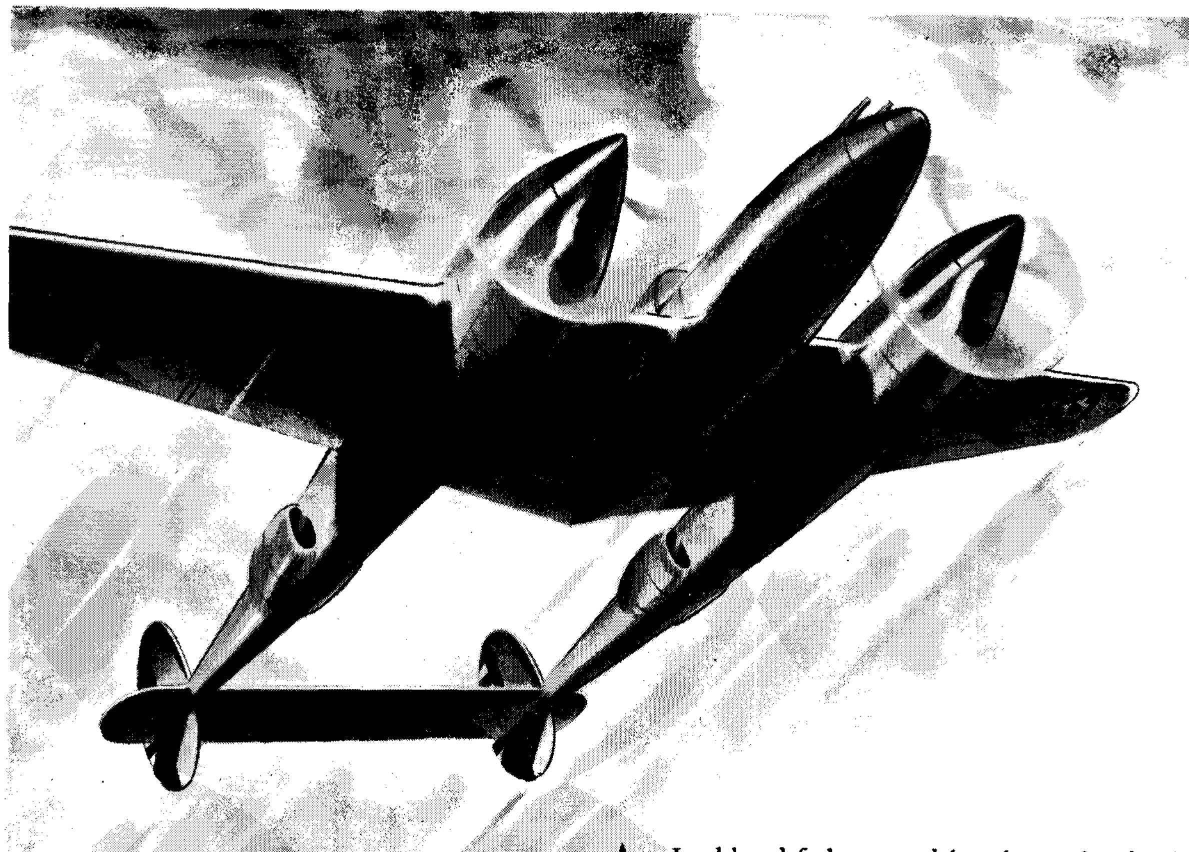
"You," he whispered, "but how did you—"

"We haven't a minute, you two," Mrs. Shipman said sharply. "That fellow will send the guards for soldiers, and the place'll be taken over. I have my other girls to think about. Leone, you go right on home this minute. I wish you hadn't been caught here by this."

"But you will come to my grandfather's house," she pleaded, "if I go and prepare the way for you?"

"He don't want us," Mrs. Shipman said.

"I'll *make* him," Leone whispered and



Lockheeds GET INTO THE AIR *Quicker!* BECAUSE OF TRUCK-TRAILERS

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That's because production is speeded at the big Lockheed plants on the West Coast by the faster inter-plant handling of material by Trailers. Minutes and hours gained here and there in production mean precious days and weeks gained in the delivery of these war planes.

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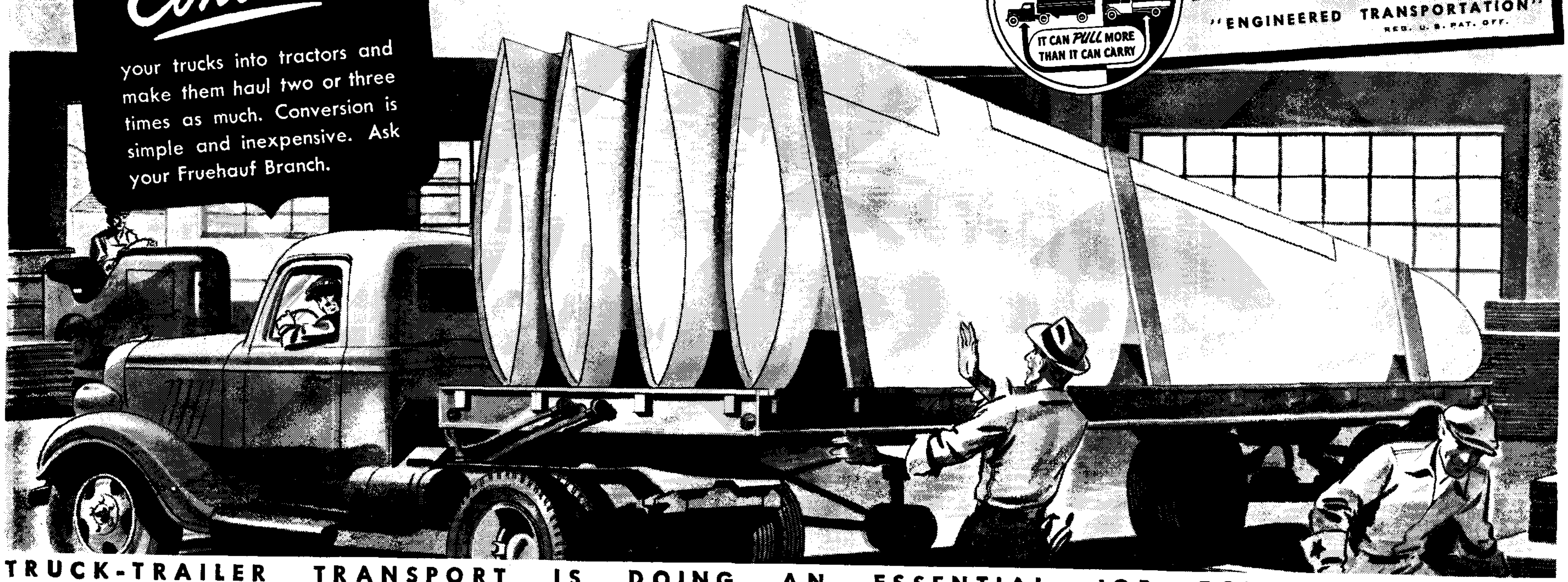

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disappeared instantly, her eyes clinging to Daniel.

Mrs. Shipman peered through a crack in the door. "He's gone," she said in a loud whisper. "But he'll be back."

She opened the door. Everywhere there was perfect silence. She stood for a second staring about her. "I guess he's taken that Meri," she said sadly. "Well, some man would have anyway, sooner or later. She was not even afraid of a Jap, poor child. It was true it was me she screamed at. I was just comin' out with Leone to see her started when I saw Meri makin' up to him. She makes up to any man, and don't know what she's doin'. I'll have to get her back as soon as I can. Come on."

And then standing beside her, he saw her, like an old general, marshal all her forces. She shouted and the girls whom he had seen came running out to her. They were all ages, all colors, but they looked at her with the same anxious eyes. She spoke in her broken Chinese, mixed with pidgin English, and he could not understand her. But they did. They listened, their eyes fixed on her face, nodding and murmuring, little bundles in their hands. In a moment they were flying toward the back gate and she was behind them. The old Chinese whom he had seen put out his head was there at the gate and one by one he thrust into each girl's hand a little money as she passed through.

"Goodby, dearies," Mrs. Shipman cried, "goodby and be good girls, every one of you, and do like I told you! Every girl go to where I told her. Mamie, you look after Dorothy like I told you because she is so little. You do what I tell you, girls!"

They cried back at her in a dozen languages and suddenly they were gone, like birds flying out of their nest. Daniel standing by Mrs. Shipman did not move in his astonishment. When they were gone he looked down at her and saw that she was weeping.

"There they go," she muttered, "and I have kind of a feeling I'll never see them under my roof again. God save the poor dears—I knew it was coming and I had old Wang ready to give them each a little something as they went. It was the last of my burial money, that Paul told me to keep."

But before she could wipe her tears they heard the sound of marching feet at the front gate. A second, and feet were marching across the court. Without another word Mrs. Shipman seized his hand and they, too, ran out of the narrow back gate.

OLD Mr. P'an sitting late in his study as he always did was astonished to see Leone push aside the curtains of his door. She who was always so neat, so beautifully dressed, looked as though she had been caught in a storm. Her hair was blown about her face and her feet were muddy.

"Grandfather!" she panted.

He looked over his spectacles at her.

"Grandfather, the enemy is after Mrs. Shipman and—and the American!"

Mr. P'an put down his book. The very sort of thing in which he dreaded being involved was about to happen!

"What has that to do with me?" he asked.

"Grandfather, they must come here," Leone said.

"I cannot allow it," Mr. P'an said clearly. "If I could save them, I would do so. But it would mean my death and yours and those of our innocent servants, who have devoted their years to us."

"Grandfather, it would be only for a few hours," Leone pleaded. "Until we could get them out of the city. Besides, why should they not come here? No one would think of this house. Besides, Grandfather, think of what Mrs. Shipman did for me—and for my mother. Grandfather, you are a good Buddhist. Will you not be responsible for their deaths if you refuse to help them?"

He looked at her uneasily. It was quite true that he was a good Buddhist and that, therefore, he hated the taking of life.

"What would I do with them if I saved them?" he asked her. "It may be they are ordained to die."

"I will take care of them," she cried passionately. "If you will let them stay only a few hours, Grandfather, I will soon take them away."

"Where?" he asked.

"I have a place," she replied.

She was very beautiful, he thought sadly. She had been a beautiful little girl and he had never denied her anything. Now, poor child, why should he deny her this, although he did not believe her? After all, what did it matter if any of them got killed? He was old and what had she to hope for, with her confused blood? "Well, let them come then," he said. "But I do not wish to see them."

"You will not," she promised him.

She was gone on the words, and he sighed and took up his book again. Underneath the quiet of this room at any moment the world might come to an end! And what could he do if this were his fate?

But already Leone was holding the gate wide open in the darkness. The gatekeeper was asleep and she had not waked him. If the two whom she expected could come in without his knowing it so much the better. She would take them to her own rooms and for the night at least no one need know they were there. Before dawn she would lead them out herself, disguised in any way she could devise. It must be before dawn, before the blue of their eyes could be seen in the sunlight. But for this moment she was only straining to hear the sound of their footsteps. She clung to the gatepost, listening.

And then after a long time, so long to her that she had no idea of how long it really was, she heard the sound of their feet and the sound of Mrs. Shipman's panting. A moment more and they were there. She drew them into the gate soundlessly, hushing them as she did so, and soundlessly she locked the gate and led them toward her own rooms. Then only when the doors were locked and the curtains drawn did she turn on the light.

Mrs. Shipman had sunk on the floor. "Oh, my," she was panting. "Oh, my—I haven't run like that—since I was five—"

They raised her, and she and Daniel led her to the bed and let her lie down, and there she lay, her eyes closed, her purple face gradually paling.

ONLY when she seemed able to breathe again did Leone turn to Daniel. She was very pale and over the beating of her heart her eyes were grave. He looked better than she had hoped he could, she thought. He was not too thin. But his unshaven beard made him seem older and very haggard.

And he looked down into her pale face and knew nothing of the beating heart. "How did you come here?" he asked her wonderingly.

"There is not time for me to tell you," she said unsmiling. "I must think only of one thing—how you—and she—are to escape from the city."

"Escape from the city!" he echoed. She saw a strange look come over his face.

"You are in danger of your life," she said. "There is no time to lose in getting you out of the city."

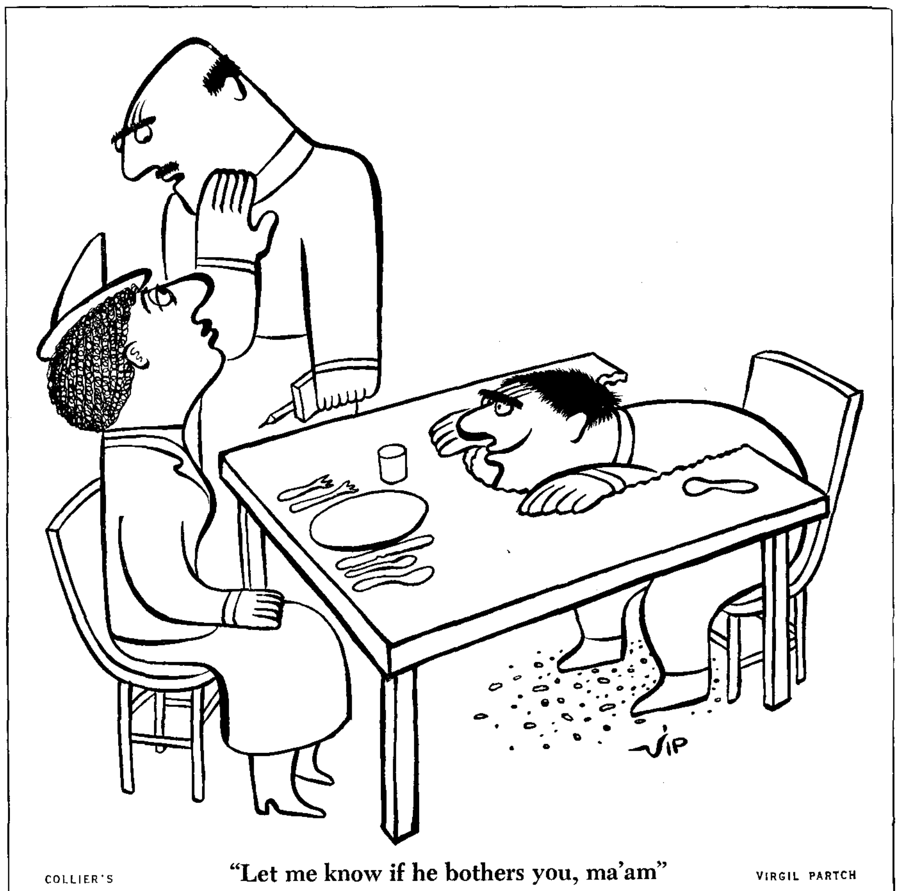
He met her eyes with sudden resolution. "Thanks a lot," he said abruptly. "But I can't go out of the city yet. There's a girl I've got to get out first."

As though he had spoken her name, Jenny Barchet was there in the room before Leone's eyes. She had never seen the American girl, but she seemed to see her now, beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed, the girl she could never be.

Mrs. Shipman sat up suddenly. "Oh, dearie!" she cried, in pity.

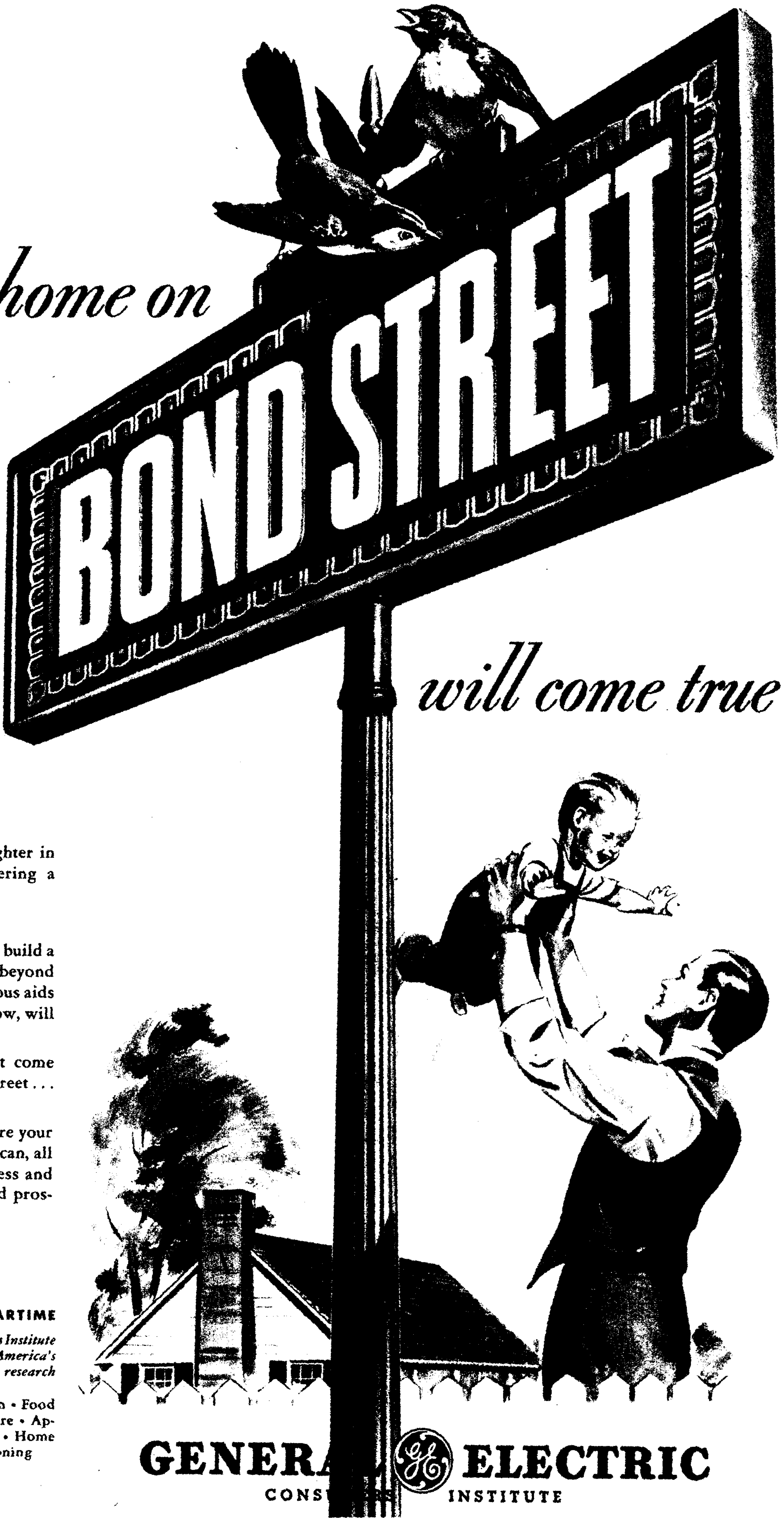
But Leone turned to her proudly. "Of course, he is right," she said. "We must find her and save her, too."

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "Let me know if he bothers you, ma'am" VIRGIL PARTCH

That dream home on



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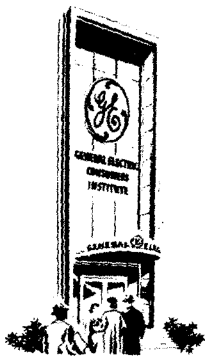

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GENERA ELECTRIC
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WAR BONDS WILL BUILD NEW VICTORY HOMES TOMORROW

Red Skelton says dunking is probably the oldest form of rationing. It combines eating and drinking in one simple operation and eliminates using sugar in your coffee, provided the doughnut is sugar-coated. The only real problem, however, is: Where are you going to get the coffee?

Deanna Durbin recommends this sauce for spaghetti. You begin with: one small onion, chopped; two garlic cloves, chopped; one half cup of salad oil. Cook together until onion is browned. Then add the following one at a time: one small can tomato paste; three and a half cups of chopped fresh tomatoes or one large can of tomatoes; three cups of hot water; three teaspoons of salt; one fourth teaspoon pepper; one fourth teaspoon cloves; one half teaspoon sage; two bay leaves; and one fourth teaspoon rosemary. Cook this mixture about one and a quarter to one and a half hours over a slow fire. Don't cover, stir often. Pour over thin spaghetti which has been cooked ten minutes. This makes enough sauce for one and a half pounds uncooked spaghetti or twelve servings

Barbara Stanwyck's favorite salad is a combination of lettuce, tomatoes, celery, and chicken or leftover bits of meat. She says you may fill in with fish instead of the chicken or meat, if you like. Mix ingredients together with your favorite salad dressing just before serving

WHAT'S COOKIN' IN HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

WITH shortages of meat, eggs, gasoline, rubber and whatnot worrying the nation, Hollywood came up with a number of bright ideas. Fortunately, indeed, each idea when properly executed is quite edible and, for a change (from the Hollywood point of view), quite economical.

Whether you are a movie star or John Citizen bucking a rivet gun in an aircraft plant, eating is pretty important, and eating well is doubly essential. With conservation a prime consideration, it isn't how much money you can spend, but what you are *able* to buy and what you can "stretch" that count.

Hollywood has done a complete about-face and banned the lavish, costly dish. But, of course, Hollywood wouldn't be Hollywood unless it put a few frills even on hamburger. In many of these dishes on the new "ration" menu, influences from South America and other corners of the world find their way into the kitchen.

These days when the inhabitants of Glamor Town take off their faces and sit down to dine, the taste may be varied, but every meal is eaten with the full knowledge that a quarter of a pound of butter or a pound of ground round steak is just as rare in Hollywood as in Wheeling, West Virginia. Rarer. ★★★

Lucille Ball stretches her butter by adding one fourth cup of milk, pasteurized sour cream, sweet cream or evaporated milk to one half pound of butter. She creams the butter first, then adds milk or cream gradually and whips in an electric mixer until blended. This method makes one half to three fourths again as much butter. This "whipped butter" can't be used for baking, but is fine for vegetables, and on breads, toast or rolls

Carmen Miranda came forth with two recipes à la Brazil. They're called feifoada and peadinho. Feifoada is made by soaking enough Brazilian black beans for four people overnight. Pour off the water, and add one clove of garlic, a piece of pork, two small sausages (cut in cubes). Add hot water, cover and cook over a slow fire for two and a half hours. Then add a chopped onion which has been browned in oil. To make peadinho, cook one pound of chopped spinach, add one half pound of chopped meat which has been fried. Then add one onion and a pound of small tomatoes which have been cooked slowly in drippings. Mix this sauce gradually with the spinach and meat. Try these two dishes and you'll know why Brazilians dance the Samba. Both recipes will serve four people

Charlie McCarthy shows Edgar Bergen how to remove the T-bone from a sardine. Charlie explains that you throw away the meat and eat the bone. "The bone is rich in roughage, you know, old boy," he says. Disliking waste, the solicitous Charlie will eat the meat himself

Veronica Lake makes Bell Peppers by boiling one cup of rice in salted water. Drain, wash rice in cold water. Add two cans tomato sauce and half-pound of fresh mushrooms which have been sautéed in ham drippings. Stuff six peppers, top with sliced pimiento cheese. Bake for half an hour

Loose Talk can cost Lives!

"Convoy sighted...our American agents were right"

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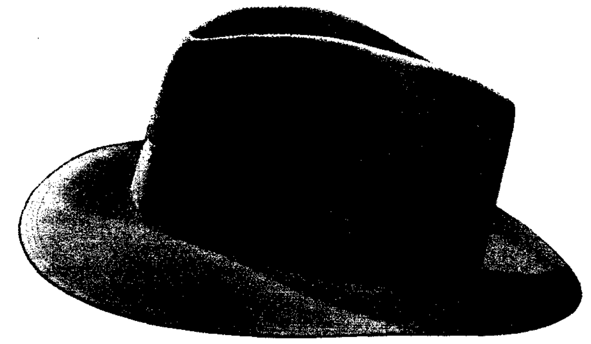

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Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

Continued from page 12

of Telepathy, appealed to him. He did not like to be pinned down. Yet in that dissertation—after she had been at him continually about it—he had wrung from himself some explicit conclusions. The true telepathist, he had maintained, could read the thoughts of others much more exactly and comprehensively than had been hitherto supposed. Also, this faculty was usually combined with a great power of suggestion—a good mind reader was almost always a good hypnotist. On the other hand, it was a silly superstition to assume that a gift of this kind was bound up with the power of summoning the dead, prophesying the future, or anything of that sort. Anybody who claimed to have such powers was a swindler.

"Thank you, Frau Tirschenreuth," he heard himself saying. He took her hand and pressed it. Her eyes, the practiced eyes of a sculptress, gazed at that hand and could not tear themselves away from it. She had modeled that hand, the way she had modeled his face. It was a white, well-cared-for, skillful, fleshy, brutal, violent hand.

He meanwhile was moved by the thought that she had done something for him, and not for the first time; something difficult and wearisome.

"I'm sure it wasn't easy," he asked, "to persuade Professor Hravliczek?"

"It wasn't easy," Tirschenreuth admitted without looking at him.

~~"What did you have to give him for~~ it?" he asked point-blank; he wanted to know how much he was worth.

"The Philosopher," she said, with the same frankness.

THE Philosopher was a small bronze statue; Tirschenreuth had had many offers for it, but she had loved the piece and had not wanted to part with it.

"What did Hravliczek pay for the statue?" he asked; his deep tenor, usually silken and caressing, sounded constrained.

"I've had higher offers," said Frau Tirschenreuth evasively. "But he paid quite decently," she added quickly.

Anna Tirschenreuth was not miserly—Oscar knew that from repeated experience—and it would have been a little thing for her to put at his disposal a sum on which he could have lived for three or four years, comfortably and without commitments. But for that she was too strict and pedagogical. That would not be good for him, she thought. She preferred to give him a secure foothold through the job, and to reach that end she had taken the painful roundabout way of sacrificing the statue.

It warmed his heart that Anna Tirschenreuth valued him so highly. He would prove to her and to himself that she had not overestimated him. Now that he was at last being granted the chance to devote his whole strength to his talent, he would live up to his mask. He would write the book. Would describe something unique, what he alone could experience: Possibilities and Pitfalls of Telepathy.

Having formed this solemn and iron resolution he did not hesitate to ask Anna Tirschenreuth for a loan on the strength of the contract he was about to conclude with Hravliczek. If she would lend him 250 marks—which would correspond to his first month's salary—he could escape the tedious conditions of living with Alois Pranner and return to his quiet retreat in Rumfordstrasse.

Frau Tirschenreuth gave him the money.

A FEW days later Oscar received a telegram from Berlin in which his brother Hans, or Hannsjörg as he now called himself, informed him that he had been released from custody and would arrive in Munich the day after next.

Before everybody, especially before Alois, Oscar had emphatically subscribed to Hans' version of the affair: that he had killed his opponent during a political fight, in self-defense. But in his secret ~~heart Oscar had known that the prosecu~~tion had been right: Hans had had a share in Garnet Lizzy's earnings and had shot Wiedtke the painter because the latter had stood in his way.

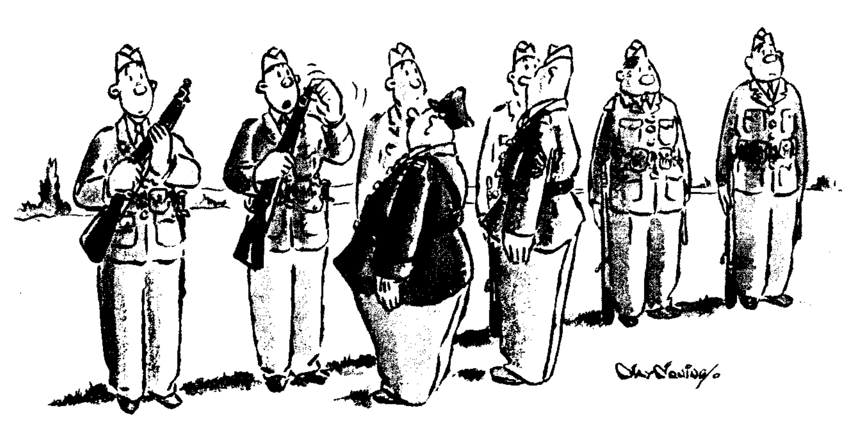
So it was with all the more relief that he read the telegram which brought him news of the happy turn of affairs. If there was any being in the world whom he loved, then it was Hans, his little brother.

On the evening of the appointed day, Oscar stood on the station platform, craning his neck, while his eyes searched the cars of the Berlin train.

There he was! He was climbing down, laden with baggage, and—look—from a first-class compartment. He seemed even slighter than Oscar had expected, pale, all his features sharper, his mouth narrower than ever; but he was grinning all over, cheerful, mischievous, crafty, confident, impudent.

"It's wonderful to have you back again," Oscar declared vehemently, several times over

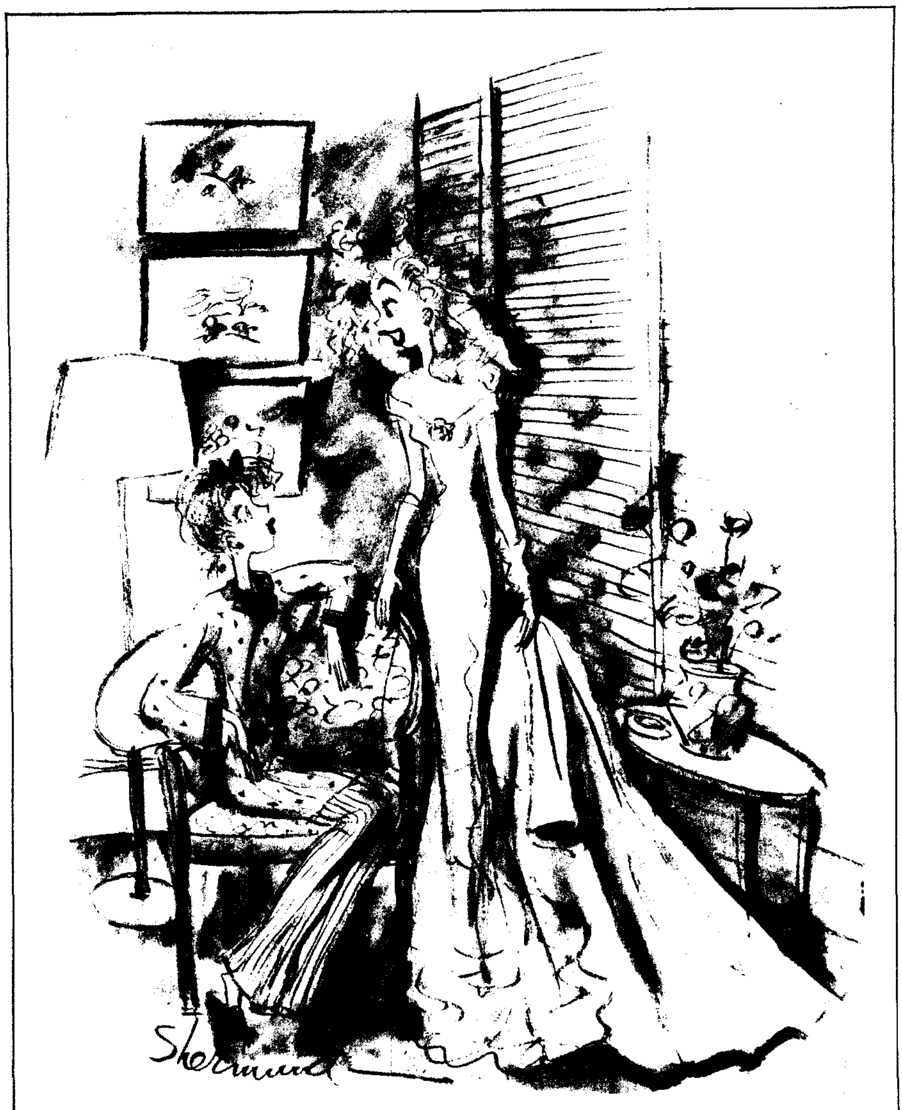
When Hans said he was going to stay at the Hotel Kaiserhof, Oscar's respect for his brother's ability to make his way increased. They covered the short dis-



"I tried to tell the sergeant, sir. It got stuck this morning, just after breakfast"

COLLIER'S

JAY IRVING



"And he kept singing, This Is Worth Fighting For—"

COLLIER'S BARBARA SHERMUND

tance to the hotel on foot, through the cheerful noise of the city's evening bustle.

Hans engaged a good room, registered. His baggage was brought up; he unpacked and washed. Oscar kept him company; with genuine emotion he looked at his brother's slight frame. The little shrimp, he thought. They chatted while Hans washed. Now he was talking, opening up more. He told how his position had fluctuated as the position of the Party, of the Nazis, had been more favorable or less. "But even when things seemed in a bad way," he said, "at bottom I never doubted that they'd turn out all right. I knew the Party would manage it. And they did manage it."

They ate their dinner in the room, and Hans went on with his report. He had become a hero of the Party, a great man. He was in Munich at the Party's expense and for the Party's purposes. Hence the good hotel and the first-class carriage.

Later, Hans told him that the next day he was going to be introduced to the Fuehrer at the big Party meeting in the Krone Hippodrome and receive the congratulations of the Munich party members. Manfred Proell himself was flying from Berlin to introduce him to the Fuehrer. Of course, Oscar must come too. Oscar was deeply impressed.

THE car in which the Lautensack brothers drove to the Krone Hippodrome, to Adolf Hitler's mass meeting, moved forward very slowly. From all sides people were streaming in; there were police everywhere. Expectation, excitement, was in the air. In the last elections the Party had risen to the position of second strongest in the Reich.

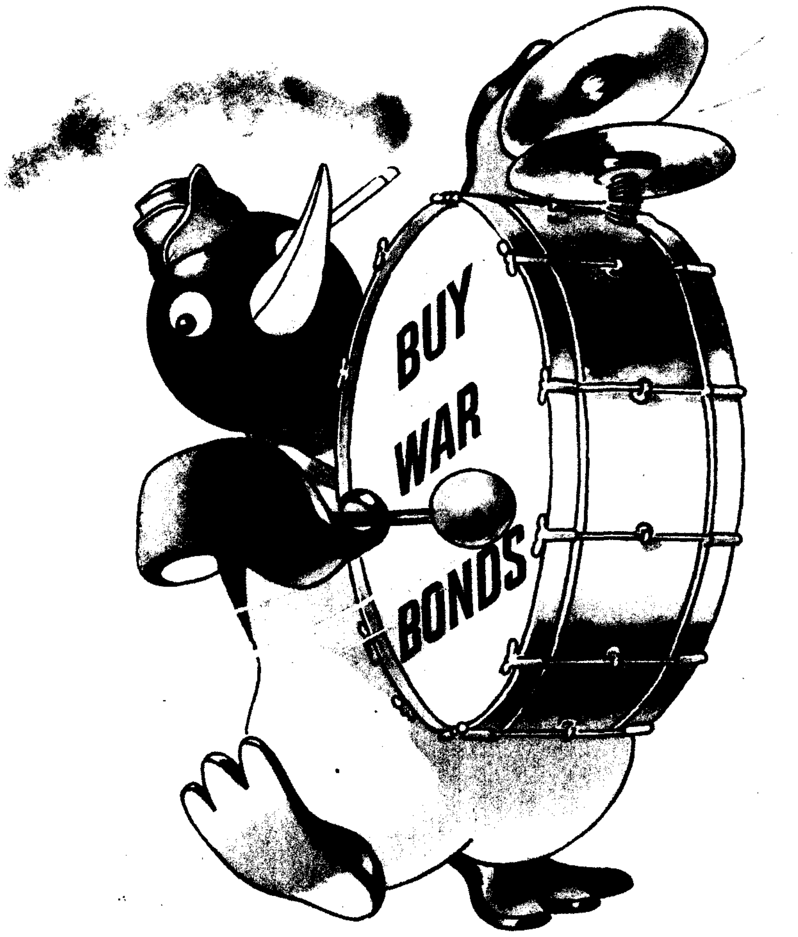
Oscar had applied for membership a few weeks before. But he was too late, now everybody was begging for it, and the Party leaders had ordered a temporary halt.

Hans scolded his brother affectionately for paying so little attention to such matters; it was important nowadays to be a Party member. Now, he, Hannsjörg, would have to spring into the breach again. But he'd manage it all right. He would get Oscar admitted to the Party. True, a membership number as high as the one Oscar would get through the regular channels wouldn't do him much good. But he would fix that and get Oscar a low number. And when Oscar just smiled, he assured him: "You can believe me. Your brother happens to be somebody in the Party."

Oscar did not contradict him; but his expression remained incredulous. Hans' smartness might get him just as far as it had in his best days, make him a successful pusher, a blackmailing journalist. So he might now he a well-paid political agent. But "a somebody in the Party"? No—the kid was certainly talking too big.

Yet when they came into the room where the notables of the Party were gathered together, Oscar realized that Hans had by no means exaggerated. With his own eyes he saw that his Hans, little Hansl, the son of the late city clerk, Ignaz Lautensack, of Deggenburg, was the center of this brilliant gathering. The leaders of the most influential political party in Germany thronged around him, they congratulated him, took pains to be introduced to him, asked him respectfully for his opinion on political problems. Oscar was stunned.

The person who seemed most friendly to Hannsjörg was a man whose face was known to Oscar from the newspapers: the chief of staff of the Party army, Manfred Proell. Hannsjörg was treating him, for all his subservience of manner, with



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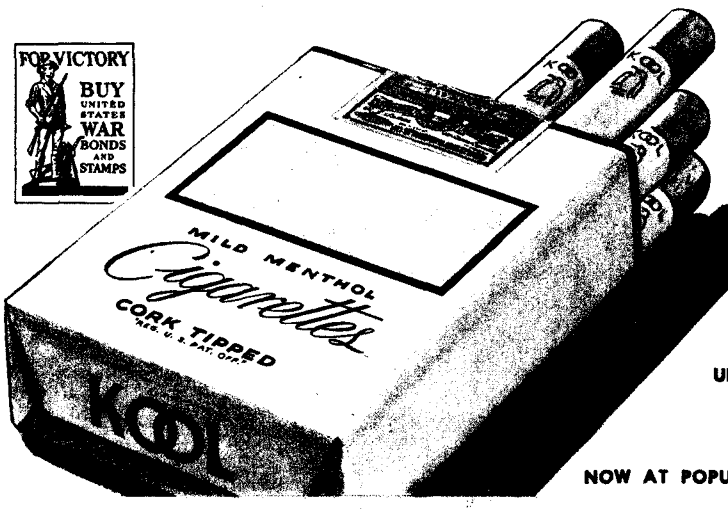

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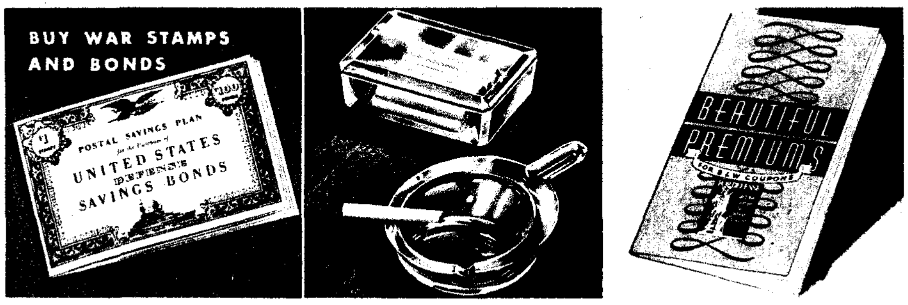

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COLLIER'S

"Do you suppose *you* could give them the hang of it? Gosh knows I've tried!"

GEORGE LICHTY

an intimacy which the other tolerated with a smile. Proell was not very tall, but smooth, well-groomed, rosy-skinned, with a tendency to stoutness. A pair of sly, light gray eyes were set in a round, almost bald head. His uniform was not unbecoming. He gave Oscar a white but nonetheless powerful hand.

"Ah, so you're our Hannsjörg's brother," he said. "Hannsjörg has told me a lot about you. You're just the way I imagined you," and he eyed Oscar with unembarrassed scrutiny.

OSCAR was not sure how he should interpret Manfred Proell's words. That powerful person obviously had a more than friendly relation with Hannsjörg, and was therefore showing him, Oscar, his favor. Yet in spite of his comfortable manner he had something arrogantly scornful about him. He was the first in the gathering, he felt himself as such, was treated as such, and Oscar could actually smell that he was destined for greatness. Yet he also gave out a sense of foreboding, of disaster, and much as Oscar was tempted to win his friendship, an inner voice warned him not to get involved with the man.

"The main reason I came to Munich," Manfred Proell told him, "was because I wanted to introduce your brother to the Fuehrer personally. Since Hannsjörg wants it, I'll help you make the Fuehrer's acquaintance, too, if you like." He smiled, and his light gray eyes looked almost with amusement into Oscar's dark blue ones.

Then they made their way into the circular hall of the circus. Oscar admired the magnificent technique with which the Party got up its public exhibitions. Everything contributed to a common effect: the threateningly sinister black swastikas against the white circles on the blood-red provocative banners, the brown uniforms, the thunderous music, the yells, the fumes, the dull avidity of the crowd, sitting in front of their beer-filled mugs and waiting to roar their *Heil* and their enthusiasm at the Fuehrer, the German messiah.

Now the Fuehrer was coming. He walked forward and stepped onto his platform to receive, with masculine composure, the acclaim of his faithful.

Then he spoke, in his practiced voice, filling the hall and their hearts. Oscar was an expert; it was his profession also to work on the masses. With the knowledge born of his training he watched the speaker's performance. Like the Fuehrer, he too sprang from the Bavarian-Bohemian border. Like the Fuehrer, he too had difficulty in speaking pure German instead of his native dialect and in avoiding errors in the basic rules of German grammar; for like the Fuehrer, he too had run away from school, trusting his intuition more than arid, scholarly training.

Oscar loved the man up there more profoundly than the others; he knew him more profoundly. He had his intuition in common with him, his "perception," his inborn knowledge of the souls of others. It made them one, the man on the platform and the man in the hall. Hitler spoke and Oscar listened, or was it the other way around: was Hitler listening and Oscar speaking? Bared to Oscar lay Hitler's most secret wishes and aspirations, his obscure, passionate, ferocious will.

Hitler was better than ever today. He surpassed himself. He derided, extolled, loved, hated. He set off a magnificent display of fireworks.

And to Oscar it seemed that this was happening for him alone. For him alone that man was working himself up until the long lock of hair and the short mustache were bathed in streaming perspiration.

Oscar was impelled to give a sign to that man up there, and receive a sign from him. The skin of his face grew taut, his pupils contracted, his fierce eyes grew more staring and at the same time more alive. He retreated into himself; he was pure will. "You, up there," his burning will commanded, "know that I am present! I understand better than all the others what inexpressibly great labor your achievement has cost, but also how exalting is its attainment. Give me a sign. Turn your glance upon me, as I turn mine upon you."

A shade of uncertainty came over Hitler; only Oscar noticed it—noticed how the man on the platform began to look for someone among the audience. With breathless suspense he followed the man's glances. Now it had happened! With almost sensual pleasure Oscar felt the Fuehrer's gaze sink into his.

From that moment on, the eyes of the two men did not leave each other. Hitler, in a powerful crescendo, outdid himself. He foamed, slavered, trumpeted, screamed, cajoled, jeered. And Oscar's face reflected the scorn, the cajolery, the love. Hitler and Oscar gave each other a magnificent spectacle.

AFTER the performance, the leading men of the Party met with the Leader in an Italian restaurant in the Barerstrasse. Proell took the Lautensack brothers along, and there he introduced the new Party hero to the Leader.

Hitler said a few cordial, hearty words to Hannsjörg, but even while he spoke his gaze wandered over to Oscar, who stood waiting at the side.

Then Proell introduced him also. "I know your face," said Hitler, "it is a significant one." The two men shook hands. They looked deeply at each other. They made an alliance. "If you betray me," said the Fuehrer's eyes, "you are lost. But if you cleave to me, you shall be my comrade and share in my booty."

Oscar, filled with his meeting with the Leader, accompanied his brother to his hotel. He asked if he should come upstairs with him. "Why not?" Hans replied.

He was tired and went to bed at once. He lay there in elegant, apple-green pajamas. Oscar sat beside him, as he had often done as a boy. Hannsjörg had left only one lamp on; Oscar in his chair sat in the light, Hannsjörg's bed was in the shadow. Oscar noticed how brightly his brother's little eyes shone in the dark. Like an animal's eyes, he thought.

"This evening meant much to me," he said.

The little fellow's bright eyes seemed like a wolf's to Oscar now. "I'll provide you with evenings, my dear boy, that will mean much more to you," he said. He lighted a cigarette, got himself settled ceremoniously, and invited his brother to give him a thorough account of his circumstances.

Oscar told about the suggestions made by Alois Pranner, called Cagliostro, and how he was continually rejecting them. He told about the contract which Professor Hravliczek wanted to conclude with him, not forgetting to make a point of the fact that Tirschenreuth, in order to get him the contract, had given away The Philosopher, for less than its proper price.

"My proposal is really along the same lines," Hannsjörg said. "I also wanted to suggest to you that you should appear publicly again. But not in vaudeville. I thought you should use your gifts in the service of the Party."

So that was it. That was all. That was Hannsjörg's great project. Oscar was disappointed.

Meanwhile, Hannsjörg was explaining. He told him about a certain Hildegard, Baroness von Trettnow. This Trettnow was one of the most influential women in Berlin, very well-to-do, of an aristocracy older than the Hohenzollerns; her house was frequented by everybody who belonged to Berlin society, and she was one of the few great ladies who were on the side of the Nazis, of the Party. Moreover, it had been this Trettnow who had saved him, Hannsjörg; without her he would never have got out of that mess.

"And the very first time," he said, "when she visited me in prison, it dawned on me: 'Here's something for Oscar!' " He became animated. "Now just imagine the situation," he urged Oscar. "You're sitting in jail; your life is at stake. Then somebody comes in of whom you've been told that she's your last chance; if it doesn't work you're done for. You're standing behind the bars and waiting for your visitor; she's a woman and everything depends on how you speak to her, what kind of an impression you make on her. And what does your Hannsjörg do in this situation? When I saw the woman—she's a smart dresser, good-looking, features a little sharp, reddish blond, with a bold nose—when I saw that woman's restless, rather crazy eyes, there, in the midst of the most extreme danger, in deadly peril, the idea came to me: 'She'll go for Oscar.' That means something, my dear brother," he said, preening himself, "that's a proof of devotion. 'The good Lord grew her just for Oscar,' I thought to myself!"

WITH cutting politeness Oscar answered: "It was very kind of you to think of me in prison. And I'm sure your suggestion's well meant. But I'm just not the kind of person—forgive me for being frank—who looks at a woman from the viewpoint of how far she can be exploited."

Hannsjörg listened amicably to his brother's outburst, a little smile around his narrow mouth. "That's just the high-sounding way Father used to talk," he answered. "But just the same, he only married our mother for her shekels. Well, well, one just doesn't get rid of the good old Deggenburg respectability so easily. All right," he broke off, suddenly very sharp, "let's not talk about it any more."

For a moment it looked as if Oscar wanted to make a forceful retort. Then he reflected and said, almost begging: "Well, go on."

Hannsjörg suppressed a smile and explained the project more clearly. He described Hildegard von Trettnow as always wanting to carry out some project. He described her house, where all the Party notables went in and out, as well as every other person whose word carried weight in Berlin. If Trettnow would arrange an evening for Oscar at her house he would be able to display his arts before all the people who mattered, he would have a real start in Berlin, an entrée.

In his imagination Oscar saw the unknown woman before him, very elegant, of very old aristocracy; he saw her house and the Berlin bigwigs who stared at him, conquered by his art. He felt the strength of the temptation. But aloud he only said: "And how do you know that your Trettnow won't just talk a lot but really do something?"

"She'll go for you, you can stake your life on that," Hannsjörg replied. "I can feel those things about a woman. She

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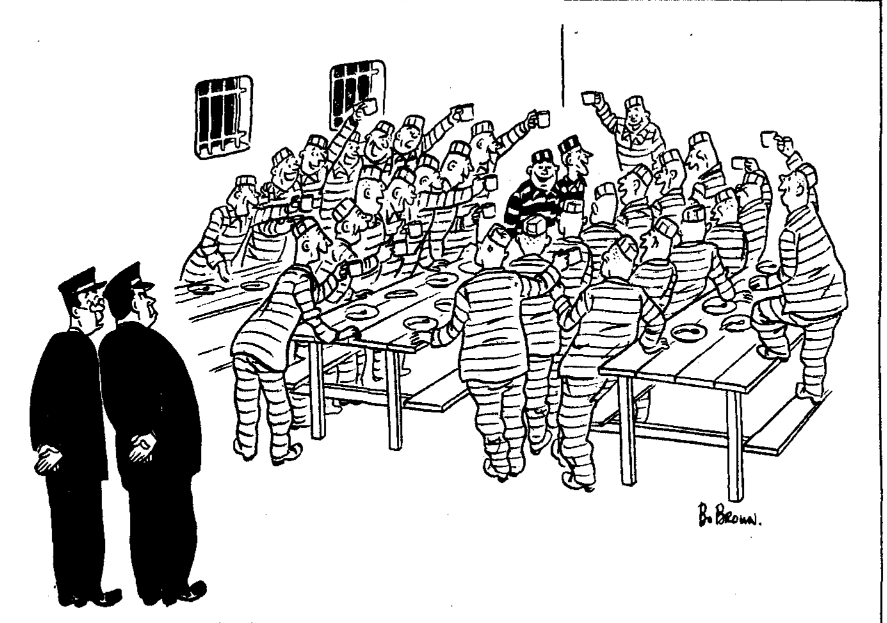


COLLIER'S "I don't like the looks of this—they're throwing a farewell party for Lefty and Slim" BO BROWN

knows your mask; she's curious about the original. I raved to her about you as an unworldly prophet. You don't have to do anything. You just have to stand there and keep your mouth shut."

"It would be kind of you," Oscar reproved him with acrid politeness, "if you'd drop your silly joking. Instead tell me in plain language what I'd have to do in your Trettnow's house. Do you really think that the Berlin notables would be interested in my manifestations?"

Hannsjörg dreamily lifted a shirt from the table, ran his hand over the silk, and laid it back. "Of course you'd have to add a little sensation," he said, "a little spiritualism, a little prophesying."

OSCAR put on his Roman look. "I'm not giving any more fraudulent performances," he declared. "I've already told you that." Hannsjörg was silent. Oscar dropped his pose and explained further: "It endangers my powers; I mustn't do it." And as Hannsjörg still said nothing he added, now quite honestly, desperately: "I can't allow myself to do it; I'd go to pieces."

Hannsjörg knew when his brother's scruples were more than affected talk, and he was careful not to react ironically. "I don't want to urge you," he said, "to do something that goes against your grain. But be clear about this, my dear Oscar, a chance like Trettnow doesn't come twice. Conquer yourself, too, Oscar. Make concessions. You simply owe it to your gift."

The words sounded sweet to Oscar. His brother believed what he was saying.

"You haven't been in Berlin for a long time," he heard his brother running on. "The city has changed a lot. The people in Berlin today don't want logic any more, or reason, or high-brow lectures. They want the irrational, they want miracles. And that's your strong point, Oscar; nobody can beat you at that. I tell you, there's never been a more receptive public for you in the whole world. You fit the Berlin of today like a glove. Be smart, Oscar. This only happens once; it won't come again."

Hannsjörg lay there in his elegant, apple-green pajamas, and his wolf's eyes were gleaming in the dusk. High society, wealth, all the riches of the world he spread before Oscar. He was the tempter, his little brother was.

"See," he said, "that's how we Nazis do business, too—by promising people miracles. You and the Party—it's a natural combination. I can see tremendous possibilities in it. The Leader is susceptible to the mystical, like all great men. You appealed to him. If we play our game cleverly, you can become his adviser. *The* adviser."

An enormously tempting dream of power and influence was stirring in Oscar's mind. There was music in his soul, wild, Wagnerian music. He saw himself guiding human destinies in a huge circle of influence with one soft word.

The dream was too beautiful. Suspicion seized him. "Why should the Party help me anyway?" he asked. "What do they get out of it?"

"I could imagine," Hannsjörg replied, "that Proell, for example, might strengthen his influence over the Fuehrer indirectly through you."

"Then it would be to your Proell's advantage," reflected Oscar.

"Manfred Proell is the Party," said Hannsjörg with unexpected sharpness. Perhaps it was because he was irritated by that sharpness that Oscar's fierce, dark blue eyes became almost threatening. "And what do you get out of it, little brother," he asked, "if I and the Party join forces?"

Hannsjörg met his gaze. "Quite right. I'm not making you this proposal from pure brotherly love. I expect to get something out of the deal, too. I am convinced," he said, and his voice gained in warmth, "that the Lautensack brothers can accomplish more than Hannsjörg or Oscar Lautensack alone. The brilliance of one will reflect on the other. But the main advantage, if we combine, will be yours. Your gift is rare. That's just why it's not easy to find the right person for it. Up to now nobody's appeared who could have given it the right presentation. I'm telling you a fact. I'm the only one who can help you."

There's something to that, Oscar thought to himself. The Lautensack brothers. Joined together. In mystic union, from sources of being primordial, from the waters of the deep. "You're right," he said, deep in thought. "I shouldn't hide my light under a bushel. I should reveal it, in your interests and mine."

"Good," said Hannsjörg. "I'm glad that you don't want to be in such a daze any more."

"Wait a minute," said Oscar, "we aren't there yet."

"Now what is it?" asked Hannsjörg.

"After all it will take some time before your Berlin plans bring in something," Oscar said. "And unfortunately I can't wait. I have no money," he confessed.

"You're an idiot," Hannsjörg said amicably. "I've got money, and as long as I have it you have it too."

These simple, generous words warmed Oscar's heart. "All right," he said, "I'll do it," and he held out his hand to Hannsjörg.

Gestures of that kind were not customary between the brothers; Hannsjörg grinned as he laid his small, slim hand in Oscar's large, white, brutal one. "You took a long time," he said. "You're pretty slow on the uptake. Well, finally!

"I think," he went on to elaborate his plans, "I'll be busy here for about three weeks more. Then we'll go to Berlin together, and then I'll introduce you to Trettnow."

"No, my dear brother," Oscar said emphatically. "That wasn't our agreement. I'm to go to Berlin. I'm to run after your Trettnow woman. That's not my style; I've told you that already. I'm not going to offer myself to your fine lady." He stood there looking warlike and imposing. "If she wants anything," he said, "she can be so kind as to come to me."

Hannsjörg looked his brother up and down expressively. "You're crazy," he said comfortably. "You've gone out of your mind."

But Oscar stuck to his point. "If she cares as much as you say," he said quietly and stubbornly, "then she'll come. And if not, it's no loss." He turned away, and took a few steps through the room.

Then something strange happened to him. Midway in his progress through the room he stood still. His eyes fastened on a spot on the wall, or perhaps only in the air, and clung to it, but not for long. Then his face became empty, slack; his red lips parted; his strong white teeth became visible. He walked backward with an uncertain step, fell into a chair, remained there, relaxed, removed from his surroundings, looking inward, listening, with a lost, even somewhat foolish smile. Hannsjörg knew that now Oscar was having another one of his attacks.

It was a fact. Oscar had felt, in his head—or was it his breast?—a very faint tearing, a faint noise as when one tears a piece of silk. The objects around him faded away, he felt lifted out of himself, and he "saw." For a little while he sat thus, slack and at the same time with a masklike rigidity, his face almost idiotic with inner strain. Then, as if awakening, he ran his hand over his forehead and said smiling, very confidently, but in an everyday tone: "Don't worry. She'll come. I've 'seen' it."

Skeptical as Hannsjörg was, his brother's vision had impressed him. It was always like that. Something in Hannsjörg laughed at Oscar's visions, but a stronger something believed in them.

While Hannsjörg was thinking this over, his quick mind was already calculating how to persuade Trettnow to make the trip to Munich. He would write to her that same day. Would describe to her how seeing his brother again had put new life into him. Would describe how impressed the Fuehrer had been by his meeting with Oscar. "You're right," he admitted. "She must come here. I'll write her."

"I knew you'd understand me," Oscar said.

But Hannsjörg smiled: "Yes, we belong together, we Lautensack brothers."

"Then I'll be going," said Oscar. "One more thing," he added with a rush, "you were kind enough to offer me money."

"Oh, yes, of course," replied Hannsjörg, "how much do you need?" Oscar reflected. His brother seemed to be well off. So Oscar could easily ask for a large round sum, say for a hundred marks. Judging by the style in which Hans was living he could even ask him for more, two hundred. "I'd need about three hundred marks," he said; and his heart stood still at his own boldness.

Hannsjörg got up and fished three blue notes out of his wallet. "Here, take it," he said. Oscar thanked him and withdrew. I could really have asked for five hundred, he thought, as he rode down in the elevator.

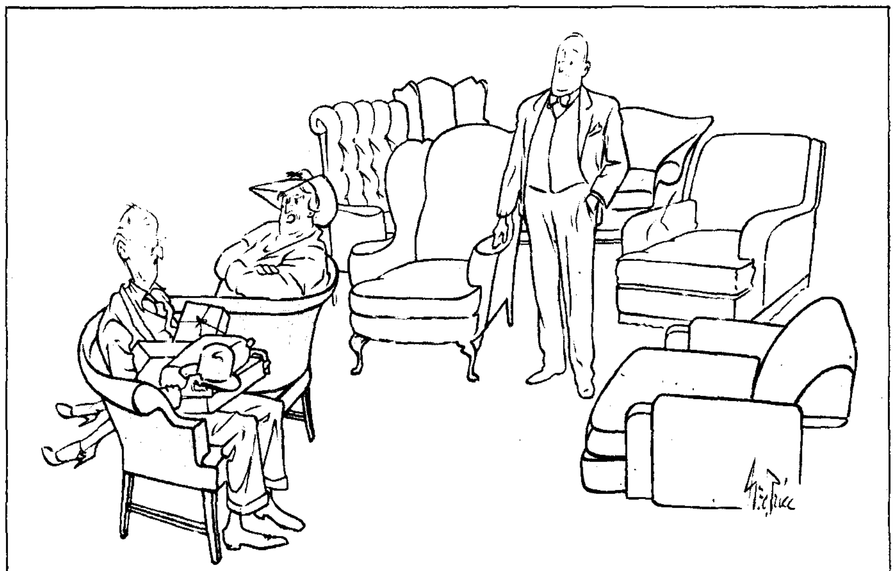
THE next morning a letter from Professor Hravliczek arrived. He sent the contract and requested the return of a countersigned copy.

Oscar was sitting at breakfast when he received the letter. With a small, malicious smile, he studied the professor's clear, neat, slightly pedantic handwriting. Then he tore up the contract. And later, when Frau Lechner announced that Frau Tirschenreuth was on the telephone, he said: "Tell her I'm not in."

His understanding with Hannsjörg grew better and better. Everything was going well. The very same week that Hannsjörg had made him the proposal about Trettnow he had handed him, with a proud smile, a membership card in the National Socialist Party. It bore a low number, one of the much-coveted numbers in the first thousand, the number 667.

Perhaps Oscar would have been less happy if he had known that the former owner of Party Card 667 had met a miserable end. Condemned by one of the Party's secret courts, and foully murdered, he was now moldering away in a wood in the vicinity of Munich. But no inner voice told Oscar Lautensack about this, and so he was heartily grateful to his brother for the distinction which he had procured him.

(To be continued next week)



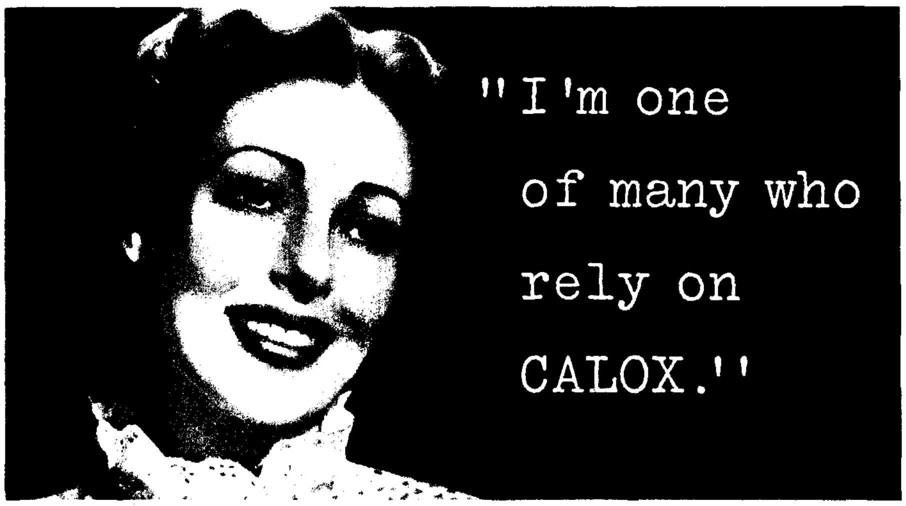
COLLIER'S "Well, how do you like it?" GEORGE PRICE

LORETTA YOUNG speaking:

... lovely star of the Paramount picture "CHINA."

"Here is where Hollywood is smart.

"Stars have to flash a radiant smile.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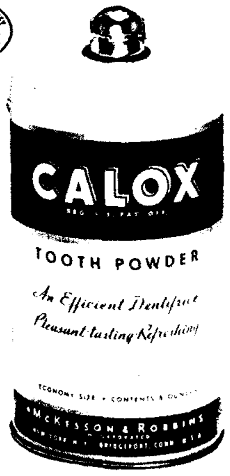

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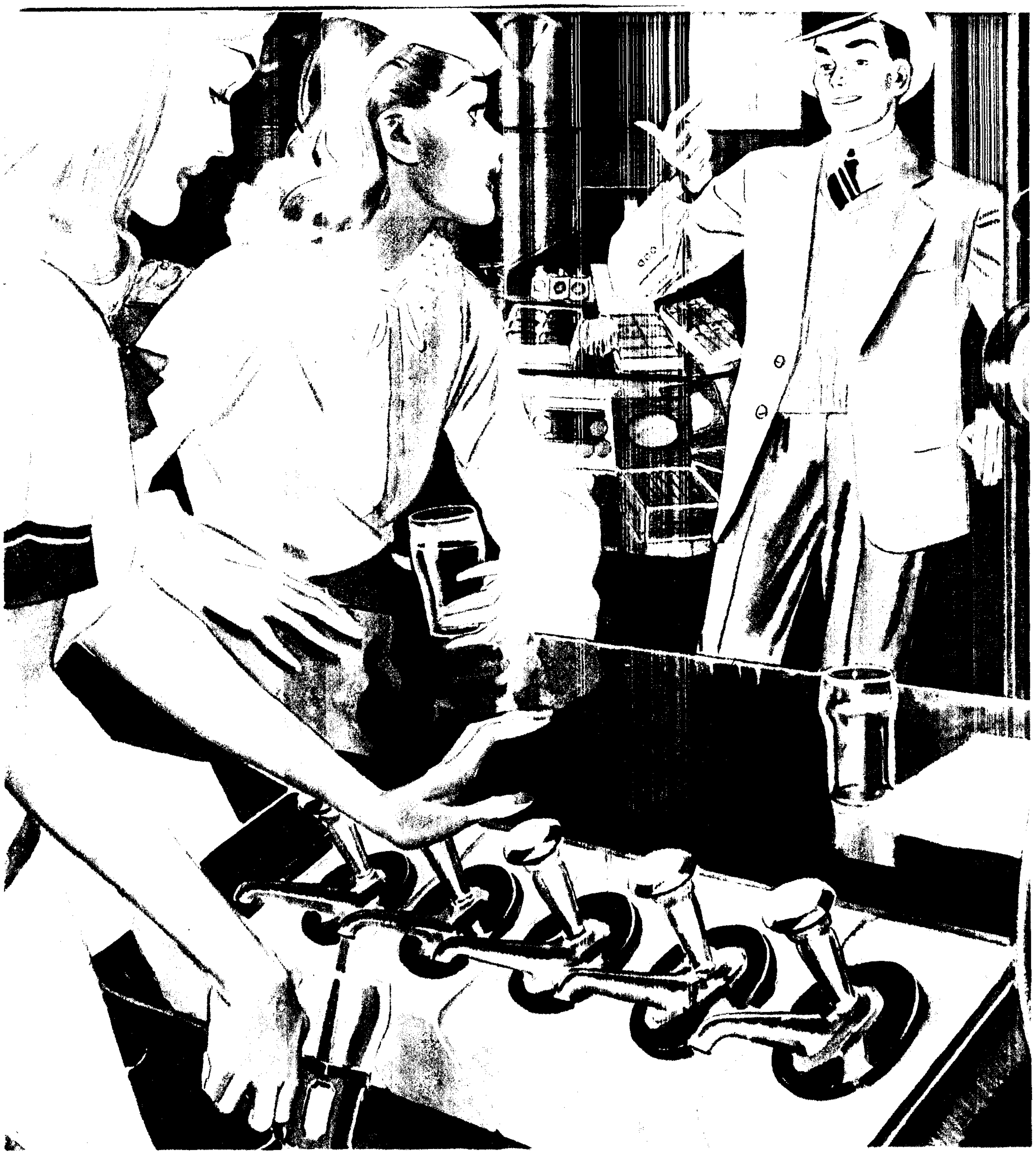


A philosopher once observed that it is easier for a man to adjust himself to sudden poverty than to sudden riches. Young Phil Akers was a case in point

Paycheck

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

WHEN he had worked at the Save-Rite Market, they had agreed to meet at the corner drugstore, which was halfway between his house and her house; in this way they always managed to get into the neighborhood movie at the beginning of the main feature. In those days he had no car, but now he did and his new job at the shipyard gave him plenty of time. Still, the habit remained. She hadn't asked him to pick her up at her house and it never occurred to him to do it. Fifty-fifty was good enough for Phil Akers.

He came into the drugstore ten minutes late, a chunky boy with a round, solid face and gray eyes underneath eyebrows which were extraordinarily black for an eighteen-year-old. He had a little bit of a swagger to him and his hat was back on his head, signifying that he felt good. He grinned at her and crooked his finger, not mentioning anything about being late.

They walked half a block to his car and got in. He started the motor, roared down the street in low gear, made a sudden shift into high and began to use his horn at the traffic.

She said, "You've got a new tie."

"Got it today. Genuine twill, the clerk said." Then he casually added, "Two and a half bucks."

"Oh, Phil."

It pleased him to have her be shocked. He said, "These clerks give me a pain. I walk into the store in my work clothes and they think I'm a cheap skate and let me stand around. So I got hold of a girl and I said, 'Sister, maybe you can show me some ties if you ain't going out with Gable tonight.' She picks some funny ones at a dollar a throw, giving me the eye like she was doing me a favor. So I laid five bucks on the counter and I said, 'What you got for that money?' She pulled out this one. I guess she thought she was putting me in my place but I took it—and then I gave her somethin' to think about. When she handed me the change I said, 'Keep it for Social Security.' You should've seen the look she gave me."

SHE sat grave and still while Phil jockeyed the car in and out of traffic. She wore a brown skirt and a pink blouse that had small ruffles on its collar. She was pretty and she had used her lipstick lightly and her perfume was only a suggestion. Working at the Paris Gown Shop, she watched the customers and saw which ones had taste—and from those she took her lessons. She was a sweet and ambitious girl and she liked things to be right.

Phil came into the store ten minutes late. He had a little bit of a swagger to him and his hat was back on his head, signifying he felt good. He grinned at her, and crooked his finger

"How much did you make this week, Phil?"

"Seventy-four fifty. Remember the eighteen bucks I used to get at Save-Rite?"

"Four times as much," she murmured. "Four weeks for one week. Where did you cash your check today?"

"At the beer parlor. Sure, I had a couple beers. You got to drink a beer or two for the favor of gettin' the check cashed."

"Don't they charge twenty-five cents for cashing checks?"

"What's two-bits?" he said. "Look, Edie. You got to lift your sights. I'm making dough now. We don't have to haggle with the pennies like we used to."

"You're driving a little fast."

"Some of these dummies," he said, "don't seem to know a war's on. Things move fast."

When he crossed the bridge he turned up Broadway toward the center of town instead of going down Third Street to find a vacant place to park. She said, "I don't mind walking five blocks, Phil. We can save thirty-five cents."

"If other guys can roll up to the front door," he said, "so can I. Don't keep thinking hard times."

"All right, Phil."

THAT was one of the things he liked about her, the way she gracefully surrendered. Because she was a cashier she thought she knew about money. In the old days when he was getting eighteen dollars a week she had held him down, making him save, making him take her to places that were free. She had even figured out how long it would take them to build up four hundred dollars in the bank; and that was when they were to be married. But sometimes this was pretty slow, pretty dull; and then he had to set her right, whereupon she would smile at him and say, "All right, Phil."

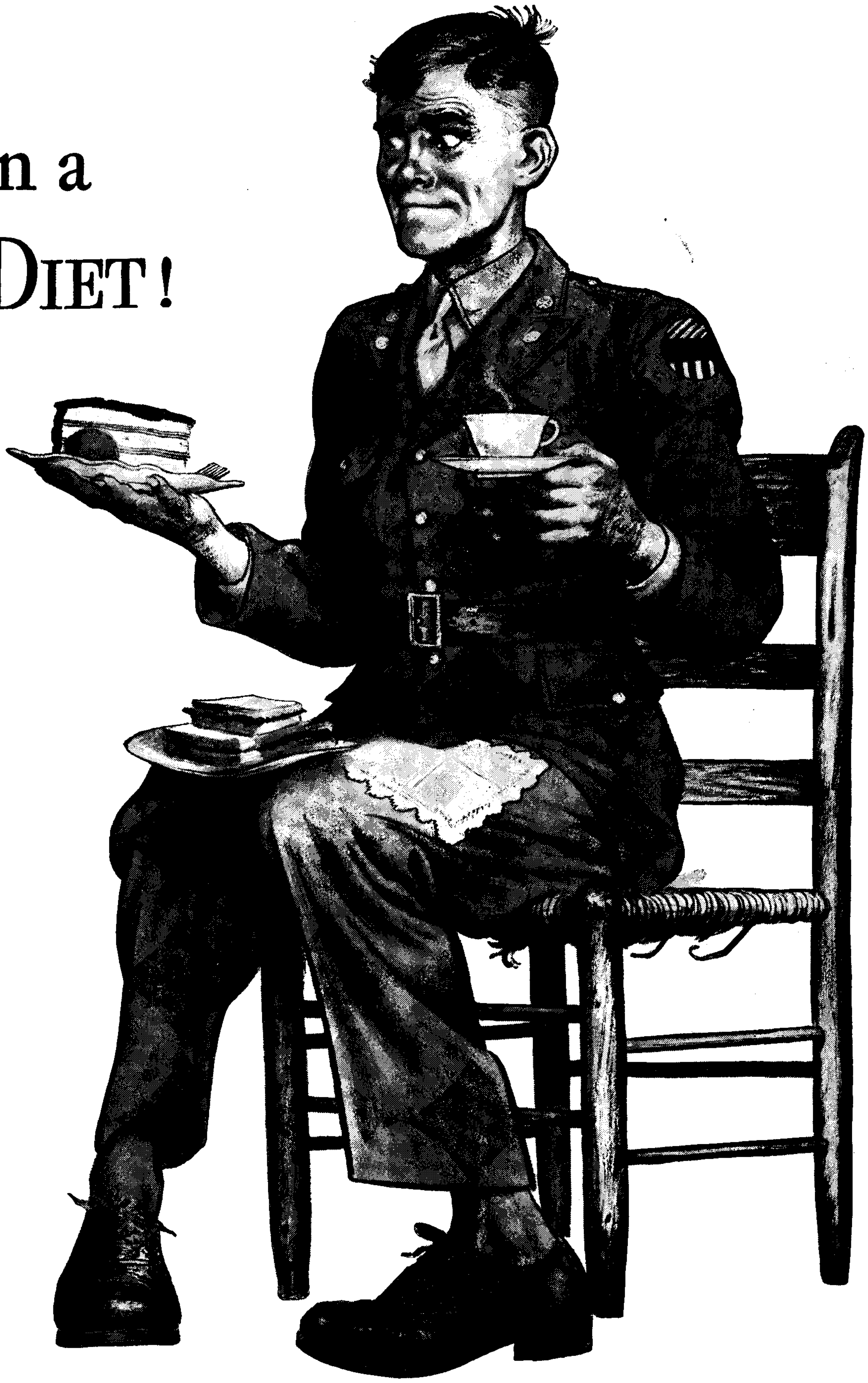
He parked in a lot and went across the street with her. There was a line in front of the box office and he knew they'd have to stand up inside and wait for a seat; so when his turn came he got a couple of loge seats, a dollar ten cents extra. She had drifted on to wait for him and when he came up he saw her looking at a soldier. The soldier was giving her one of those looks, just waiting for a break from her. Phil took her arm and said gruffly, "All right," and peeled his eye at the soldier as he went in. He pushed his way through the crowd with his loge tickets and flagged an usher. Edie murmured, "I wouldn't have minded waiting, Phil."

"We're entitled to the breaks."

It was another war picture and the hero was an American flier in China—one of those tall fellows with a tough face and a soft voice. He thought, irritably, "This war stuff is getting pretty thick." He got Edie's hand and held it and he bent his head to touch Edie's head. She sat still, all wrapped up in the picture.

Afterward they went to the Silver Grill and he tried to persuade Edie to have a steak. He said, "I'm always hungry these days. It's the work." But she stuck with her root beer while he had a clubhouse. She took his olive and his pickle and once she smiled at him, little lights dancing in her eyes and her

Butch is on a BALANCED DIET!



THIS situation isn't covered by Army regulations. But we're betting that Butch will find a way to handle it without spilling a spoonful!

In fact, we electric companies know just how he feels. We have the same problem. Right now, we're being called on to balance good service and low, regulated rates against fast-climbing costs and tremendously increased demands for electric power.

We're doing it, too. Filling all our war orders. Giving America far more power than all the Axis countries combined. Pushing production *up* and *up*. . . . And besides that, we're balancing a big plate of taxes.

Don't get us wrong. We know the need of wartime taxes. We're proud that business-managed electric companies paid $620,000,000 in taxes last year. That was 23c out of every dollar you paid us—8c to local and state governments—15c to the federal government—enough to outfit 1,687,762 buck privates.

How is it possible to make so much power and meet so many taxes *at the same time?* Because of sound business methods and long experience—because men, women and management worked together as a *team.*

But while we're doing all this, *government and municipal power systems are not paying a penny in federal taxes to help win the war.*

Shouldn't every one do his full share?

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**Names on request from this magazine.   Not listed for lack of space.*

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A PRIVILEGE

We all look to the American Red Cross to take care of the men in our Armed Forces when care means so much to them.

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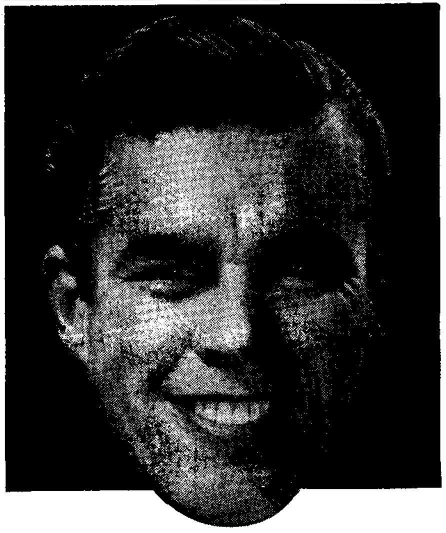

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lips curving. It was the kind of smile that always stirred him up. They went back to the car and bucked the homeward traffic.

In front of her house he turned off the engine and switched out the lights. "Edie," he said, "everything's swell," and waited for her head to turn. But her kiss was quick and light and left him on the wrong foot. Then she slipped out of the car.

"Gladys wants us to drop in for a moment. Ben's home on leave. He's a corporal now. Come on."

"All we'll do is sit around," he said. He remained behind his wheel, expecting her to come back, but she stood on the sidewalk and waited for him until he said, "Okay," and got out.

IT WAS the house next to her house and Ben was a big blond guy who had enlisted as soon as he got out of high school. He was a sergeant instead of a corporal; women never got that stuff straight. He said, "Hiya, Ben, how's things?" He was introduced to some other Army guy, a friend of Ben's who was also a sergeant.

Except for the new guy, they were all old-time friends. Edie seemed pleased to see Ben and put both hands on his chest. She said, "Ben, you look wonderful."

"Why," he said, "they work us like dogs. I'm twenty pounds heavier."

"What's that badge on your shoulder?"

"Mountain regiment. Pack mules, skis, all that sort of stuff."

Gladys said, "Last week he marched forty miles through eight feet of snow. His captain says maybe he can take officer's training in another six months. If he were just a year older—"

Everything was Ben and this other sergeant. Phil sat in a chair with nothing much to say. This other sergeant gave Edie a look which sent its growling wake through Phil, and Edie had a smile for the sergeant. Pretty soon Phil got up and said, "I got a day's work tomorrow. Be seein' you, Ben."

"Sure," said Ben. "Sometime. But not soon. We'll be leavin'."

"You never told me that," said Gladys. "Where?"

Ben and the other sergeant swapped grins. "We wouldn't know," said Ben. "But what you suppose we've been training in snow for?"

Edie said, "When you get to Kiska, you take care of a Jap for me, Ben," and she gave him a nice light kiss. Phil was in the doorway, waiting for her, and he saw it. They walked back to her house, never saying a thing; they stopped at the steps.

"Edie," he said, "what are we waiting for? Let's get married now."

She said, "You know what we're waiting for."

"I'm making money. What's the difference whether it's in the bank or in a paycheck?"

"How much did you put away this week, Phil?"

"Well," he said, "I had a payment on the car and the old man needed something extra. But we got plenty. The foreman said I'd be a leadman in a couple of months."

"What did you put in the week before?"

"I had to get some new clothes for the job. This leather stuff comes high. Edie, I wish you'd quit thinkin' hard times. People don't pay cash for things. You can get a house full of stuff on time."

"No," she said, "that's not safe. Maybe your draft board will put you in the Army. What would I do with furniture payments then?"

"I'm in 3-A for the duration. The old man can't work. I got to support my family. You're hipped on this safety stuff. That was all right when I made eighteen dollars. But we don't need to be afraid any more and we don't have to do things cheap any more. People have got to take chances and step out, Edie."

He waited for her to smile and say "All right," but she didn't say it. He thought of the way the sergeant had looked at her and the way she had kissed Ben. It got under his skin. He said, "Well, Edie, if that's the way you feel about it—"

He walked back to his car and kicked it up to fifty miles an hour. He parked in front of his house and found his father sitting in the front porch shadows.

His father had been night watchman until he got hurt a year ago; and now his father was fat and easy and smoked his cigars all day long. The old man murmured, "Trouble? Well, women make a man trouble. I had it when I was your age."

"She keeps putting me off," Phil said. "I'm making plenty. She's scared of everything."

"Women," said the old man, "want things their way. They don't know men. They always want to put a harness on him and a clock in front of his nose. You got to be firm about that. Well, it is a fine thing for an old fellow like me, crippled and good for nothing, to have a son to lean on. Phil, I'd like about twenty dollars."

"I gave you twenty yesterday."

"It is for the groceries."

"Yeah, that's what I gave the last twenty for."

"I had to use it on another bill, son," said the old man blandly. "Durin' my sickness I got a long way behind."

"Sure," murmured Phil. "I guess you did." He pulled his roll of bills out of his pocket and peeled off two tens and gave them to the old man. "You been to a doctor lately to see how your back's getting along?"

"Ah, what does a doctor know? A man's the best one to judge if he's good or poor. My spine's always going to be disconnected. I can feel it grit where it is broke."

EDIE said to herself, "He's mad and he was hinting that maybe I'd better do it the way he wants." She went into her house and up the stairs to her room. It was a nice room, made over according to a picture she had seen in a magazine. She had paid for the furniture out of her own money, she had made the bedspread, she had shopped for the pictures. All of this would go into the new home when she and Phil were married; she would be like a girl in France, bringing something to her husband.

The show, with the extra loges, was $2.20, the parking lot thirty-five cents, the meal ninety cents. That was $3.45 for the evening. "When he was working at the Save-Rite," she thought, "we never spent that much all month." She got ready for bed; she sat in the middle of the bed with her chin resting on her doubled fist. Every Saturday he had brought his check to her and she had banked it for him at the same time she banked her own money; but somebody had heard about that and had kidded him. He didn't bring her his check any more, and he didn't talk about the house and furniture any more. He was tired of it because it was too slow. That's what his new job had done.

"It made him big too soon," she thought. "He's not the same Phil and he's tired of all our plans. I thought I knew him. Maybe I don't. Something's gone away."

She turned out the light and lay awake, thinking of the way he had told the story of the five-dollar tie. She hated the tie and the clerk who had sold it to him; for she knew what the clerk had thought about Phil. She had thought Phil was a fool. She said to herself, "It all started from that paycheck."

SATURDAY was a half day at the Paris Gown Shop. Directly after lunch she took the bus to the drugstore corner and turned to Phil's house. Mr. Akers was on the porch, half asleep in his chair. Edie said, "Hello," and went into the house. Mrs. Akers was in the kitchen, ironing.

Edie said, "I was wondering if you could tell me how much Phil's saved?"

"His passbook is in his bureau drawer. A hundred and sixty-five dollars."

Edie said, shocked, "It was that much last April."

"Ain't you seen it since then?"

"He doesn't bring me his check any more."

"Ah," said Mrs. Akers, "that was his father's advice. His father said to him that a man shouldn't start letting a woman run things. Sit down a minute." Mrs. Akers leaned her arms on the ironing board. She was a small woman, wiry and gray; she was a soft, quiet woman. She had gray eyes and her mouth was firm. She looked at Edie so neat and pretty; she saw Edie with an appreciative eye. "Edie," she said, "you've been thinking, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"He's got good in him and he's got bad," said Mrs. Akers. "He can be a fine man or he can be shiftless. You know that. You been goin' with him two years. You're a smart girl. Why don't you find another boy you don't have to worry about?"

"You know why."

"You're in love. But a woman never gets so far in love she can't see ahead. What do you see ahead, Edie?"

"He doesn't care about the nice things we had planned. That was what put us so close together and made everything wonderful. The light just went out in him."

"You've made up your mind to do something?"

"Yes," said Edie, "I've got to bring him back."

"What if it doesn't work?" asked Mrs. Akers. "Will you give in and take him as he is and let him have his own way?"

"I don't know."

"Listen to me," said Mrs. Akers. "Before you start, make up your mind to lose him. Make up your mind you'll never go back. Make up your mind he's got to come to you. Not halfway, Edie. All the way. A man must come to a woman. A man must hold up a woman. It is the only way she ever knows whether he loves her or not. If he comes all the way to you, then you're sure. But if you give in and go to him, you'll never know and you'll spend the rest of your life full of doubt and regret."

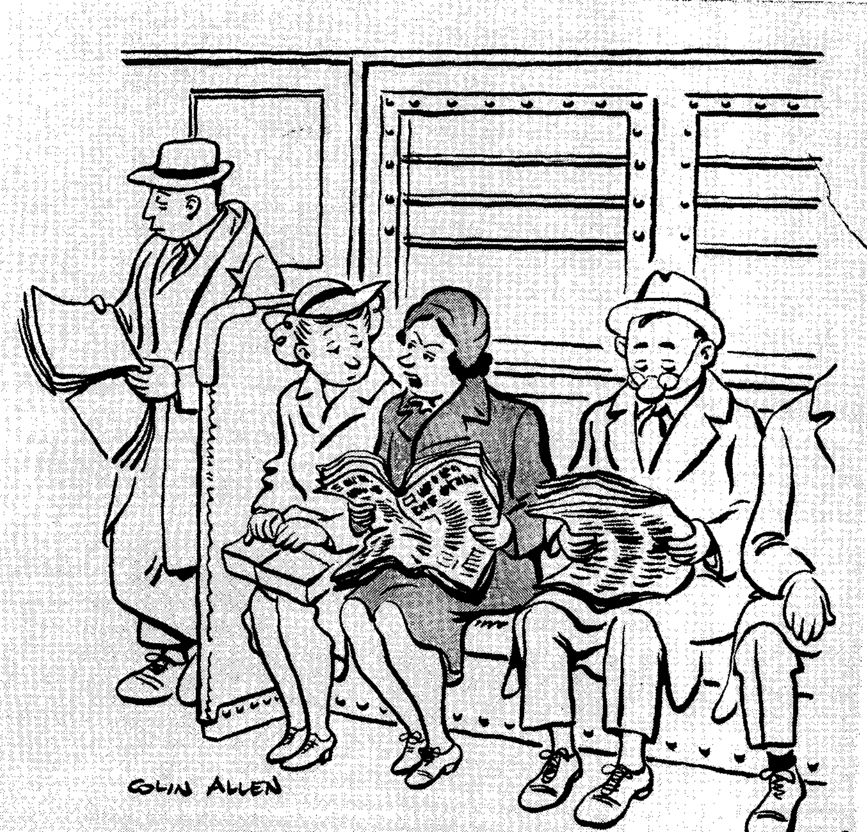
"That's hard to do," said Edie and gravely watched the tips of her gloved hands.

Mrs. Akers sent her iron back and forth. Her lips were pressed together, her face was dark-set and stern. "You're thinking I'm old and have forgotten about being in love. No, I haven't. No, I haven't! Love isn't a girl giving up everything she wants to let a man grow careless and set in his ways. You have got to make a man run fast and strain his bones and rack his mind. That's the way a man becomes a man, and that is why a woman loves him. You don't want less than that, Edie."

Edie got up. Mrs. Akers, she saw, could cry; and she could cry. She said, "Goodby, Mrs. Akers."

"That's the way," said Mrs. Akers. "Goodby, daughter."

HE WAS twenty minutes late when he got to the corner drugstore. He looked around and didn't see her and he sat on the edge of a stool, kidding the counter girl for five minutes. Then he thought: If I'd gotten here on time I'd been waiting half an hour, and he felt irritated at the delay. He ordered a malted and drank it, a little at a time; at a quarter of eight the counter girl said, "You're stood up, Phil," and he grinned to cover his resentment and walked out. When he



"The same old story: He showered her with gifts—canned fruits, soups and vegetables, steaks, chops, coffee . . ."

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN

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Frying Pan to Firing Line!

Count on America's mothers and daughters to do their bit. And trust them to look for *real value* in the things they buy these days. Millions *Rely on Reliance* for smart, fresh, practical Happy Home dresses—the choice of modern homemakers the country over! Distinctive in fade-proof fabrics, new colors and patterns. Priced from $1.75 to $2.50 at better cotton wash dress departments everywhere.

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1. It protects against damage suits due to injury to members of the public at your home.*

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7. It can be extended to pay automatically the medical expenses of visitors who may be injured on your premises.

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* Farms, business properties and premises rented to others are specially treated under other policies.

HARTFORD INSURANCE

Hartford Fire Insurance Company • Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company

THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE *HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT* got home he sat down by the phone, but he thought, "Let her call me," and went out to the porch. His father came through the gate and stopped and bent down to pick up a throwaway paper. It didn't seem to cause his broken back any trouble. But when the old man got to the porch he seemed to remember his injury and let himself into the easy chair with a little groan.

"I been thinkin'," said the old man. "Ain't you due for a raise pretty soon?"

"I got a promise as leadman."

"A big corporation will diddle you with promises. You got to watch out for your rights. They'll work the life out of you if you let 'em."

"Oh," said Phil, "I'm doing all right."

"Edie was here this afternoon to see your mother."

Phil said, "What for?" and went inside. His mother was in the kitchen, late ironing. He said, "What did Edie want?"

"Nothing," said his mother. "Just to talk."

It was nine o'clock and he had nothing to do. He thought, "Funny she wouldn't let me know." He went up to his room and lay back on the bed; he thought about his job and he thought about Edie and he thought about the sergeant who had looked at her. Then he remembered the other soldier in the theater lobby who had looked at her. Ten o'clock came. He got up and went to the phone and called.

"I was at the drugstore," he said.

"I wasn't," she said.

"Well," he said, "if I'd known, I'd come on to your house."

"I wasn't home."

He waited a minute for an explanation. The silence hung on. He said, "Tomorrow night, then."

"I'll be at the USO evenings."

"Entertaining soldiers? For the love of Mike, Edie. That's for old women."

"Maybe they'd like to see a young one," she said.

It ended like a road coming up to a wall. There wasn't anything more. He said, "You should see the suit I bought today," and waited for her to say, slightly shocked, "You shouldn't spend so much, Phil." But she didn't say it, and in a sudden whirl of irritation he said, "Well, good night," and hung up.

HE WENT back to his room and slammed the door. He sat on the edge of his bed. He thought, "Where do I come in? She's gone nuts about the uniform, or something. Well, if she wants me, she knows where I live."

He stayed away from the drugstore on Monday. On Tuesday he stopped by at the usual hour for a malted, and made it last for fifteen minutes. Then he went home. "Mom," he said, "are all women funny?"

"Look in the mirror and see who's funny."

"I just asked a civil question," he said. He went up to his room and looked in the mirror. "What's wrong?" he wanted to know. He lay back on his bed again and he got to thinking of her down at the USO, dancing with some guy in a uniform. It hit him across the stomach like an ax handle and a sharp stinging broke over his face. He felt a great anger, a terrible injustice; and then he felt afraid. Presently he rose and got ready for bed. He left the lights on and when he heard his mother go down the hall he called her in. She stood at the edge of the bed, soberly watching him; it occurred to him that she didn't smile much.

"Mom," he said, "you see anything changed in me?"

"No."

He said, "It's tough to have things kicked right out from under a fellow."

"You've got everything you want. You've got a job. You're making a lot of money. You've got a car and plenty of new clothes. You used to complain about our treating you like a kid. You're grown up now and you do as you please."

After his mother left he thought, "Edie's sore about the money. She don't understand there's a difference between a kid sellin' groceries at eighteen a week and a fellow doin' man's work for man's wages. A woman can't change her mind. A woman always holds back." He thought of his passbook and that made him think of his old man. "Why can't he work?" he thought.

HE HAD never intended this at all; and he stood outside for a quarter hour, looking through the USO doorway. Then he went in and saw her dancing with a guy in uniform, the music coming from a jukebox. He watched the guy hold her and talk to her, his mouth near her ear. She was a keen dancer; she could always follow and her body was smooth under the lights, like water flowing. By and by she saw him and came over. She had been smiling but she wasn't now; she looked at him as though he were a stranger, and he felt foolish in this place. He said, "Thought maybe you'd want to go home."

"I'm on here until ten."

"I'll stick around."

She said, "This is just for soldiers, Phil."

He gave her a black, astonished glance. "Make it tough," he said. "Rub it in."

She opened her mouth to speak; she saw how badly it hurt him and the expression on her face softened. But a soldier put a nickel in the juke box and came up and asked for a dance and she went away with him.

He left the USO. He walked around the block and then he walked around two blocks, and then around four; he stopped to look into a jewelry store window but he didn't see a thing. He was flat inside. He went back and waited in front of the USO. She came out at ten o'clock, with a soldier, but she gave the soldier a little smile and came on to Phil. He opened the car door for her and waited until she had settled herself. He swung around the block, heading home. He said, "I don't get it, Edie. What's in it for me? Am I supposed to stick around outside from now on until the war's over?"

"No, Phil. You've got other things to do."

"Edie," he said, "what's happened to us?"

She sat still in her corner of the seat, her hands on her lap. She was a sweet and warm presence in the car and it made him want to stop and kiss her, but something had happened and she didn't want to be kissed. Edie had a way of telling a man, without saying a word. She said, "These boys gave up their girls. They're a long way from home. Maybe they won't get back."

"What about us? What about everything we've got in mind? We ain't talked about our house for a couple of weeks."

"We haven't talked about it since April."

"I've had a lot of things on my mind. Taking care of the old man. Buying stuff. Times change."

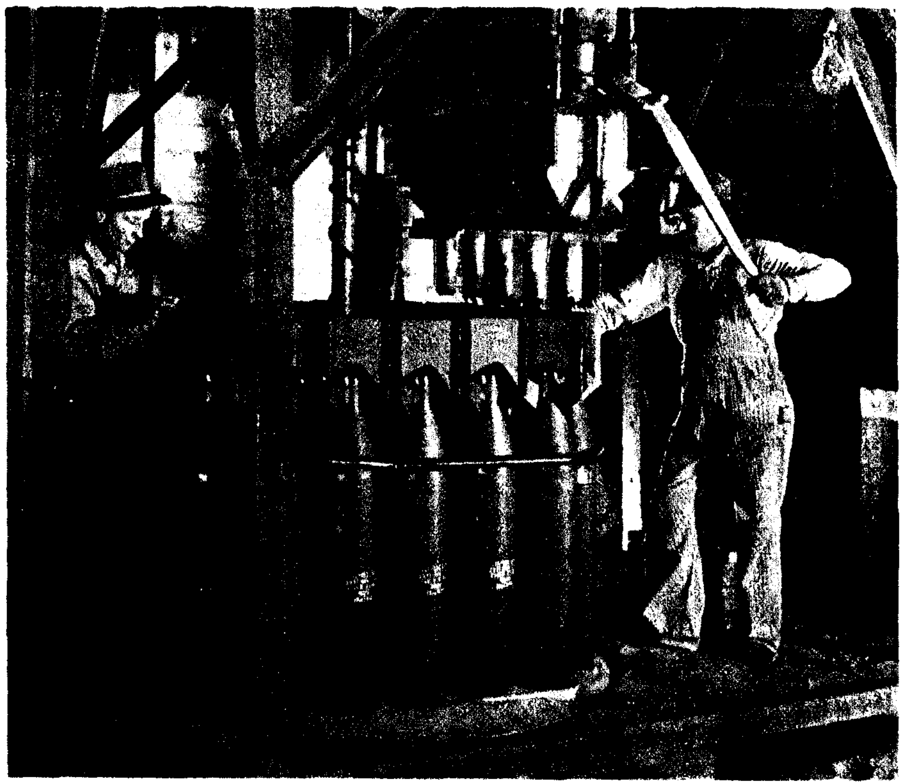
"Times change," she said, very quietly.

"Listen, I don't mean it like that. I'm just as sold on everything as I ever was. But a man—"

"When you were making eighteen dollars it was kind of important to put away ten dollars a week and dream of when we could buy a kitchen set. It isn't important any more. It's too easy to get

LT. THOMAS C. DILLARD, ARMY AIR FORCES

How they used to fill practice bombs with sand at the Midland Army Flying School, until Bruce Goode and Paul McHargue devised the faster method below



PFC. DOUGLAS MAC DONALD, FOR ARMY AIR FORCES

This machine now does the job fifty times as fast. Inventor Goode (left) and Operator H. W. Humphrey are both civilian employees at the flying school

Anti-Japanese Sandman

ONE morning some months ago Paul McHargue and Bruce Goode of Midland, in west Texas, watched several dozen future bombardiers at the world's largest bombardier school laboriously shovel 73 pounds of sand into each of the hundreds of practice bombs used daily by the Hell From Heaven Men.

"That," observed McHargue, "is a pretty dismal waste of man-hours."

"Let's do something about it," suggested Goode.

They did, and today their Anti-Japanese Sandman—an automatic loader standing 20 feet high—is proving such a success that other bombardier colleges are interested in the blueprints.

The McHargue-Goode machine takes processed sand from a jet-flame drier and pours it into a large bin, whence it is dropped into smaller bins holding exactly 73 pounds each. Slots are opened and in less than a minute the sand fills five bomb shells at a time. Twenty cases, mounted on a disc, rotate automatically under the bins. Later the blue eggs are charged with five pounds of powder, sufficient to provide a flash which can be photographed from the air and used as a basis for scoring target-range hits.

The Anti-Japanese Sandman can load more than 2,400 blue bombs in eight hours, giving the men who used to grunt over them with shovels an opportunity to learn more important anti-Axis tactics.

—BILL COLLYNS

Loaded for War

Take a good look at the picture below. It shows a Santa Fe train loaded for war.

That war train is ready to roll. It is *going through*.

In railroad language, it has the right-of-way over everything else on the line.

So it must be with *all* American transportation until this war job is done.

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For this is essentially a war of rolling wheels . . .

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Stop the wheels that move them, and we stop all that floats and flies as well.

That is why, on the Santa Fe, movements essential to the war effort are topping the greatest transportation job in all our history. They *must* come first, beyond argument or selfish interest.

★ During 1942, *with 26% fewer locomotives,* Santa Fe moved 122% *more* freight ton-miles, and 79% *more* military and civilian passenger-miles than in 1918, during the First World War. The Army and Navy, the ODT, and civilian shippers and travelers everywhere are cooperating 100% with the railroads of America in making records like this possible.

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Santa Fe

now. I'm not blaming you. It's just that things change."

He didn't say anything more until he stopped the car before her house. He cut the ignition and he turned to her. This was always a nice time, this time when they sat together in the darkness. When he held her it was swell. It made him feel different, it made him grab at big things all around him. It was a nice time. But tonight she opened the door and said, "Good night, Phil."

"Wait a minute," he said. "Don't you want any of this any more? All of what we used to do. I mean, all those things."

"We don't want the same things any more. Good night, Phil."

HE WATCHED her move up the steps in her quick, light stride and go into the house. He heard the door slam. He put the car in gear and he nursed it along a little and put it in second, and jockeyed it into high. He stopped for the red light by the drugstore and the sight of the drugstore reminded him of when things had been different; it hurt him inside. He parked before his house. His father sat in the porch easy chair, smoking a cigar. Phil thought, "Ten of those things a day at a nickel a crack. He's doin' all right for a cripple."

He went on upstairs to his room and he sat down and got the passbook out of a drawer and looked at it. Then he found a pencil and a paper and got to figuring how much he had made in the ten weeks he had been at the shipyard and what he had done with the money. The list got long but it wasn't long enough to account for all he had spent and then he dropped the pencil. "What's the use of figuring it? I spent it. I haven't got any of it."

He sat back, one arm hooked over the chair and his dark hair dropped down on his forehead; and he grappled with a problem that was new and hard. "I did better than that when I was at the Save-Rite. How can a man get by on eighteen dollars and then go broke on seventy-five?" He put the passbook away and went back to the porch and sat on the steps, crouched over, and he tried to figure out just where the change had started. He said to himself, "I liked all that figuring about the house. I still do, *only that ain't the point.* We could have it any time without waiting." He remembered a lot of things he had said to Edie and things she had said to him; he remembered meeting her in the drugstore, he remembered kissing her good night in the car. At that point the cold, dead feeling went through him, knowing it was over.

The old man got up and moved by him to the gate; the old man stooped and picked up a throwaway and grumbled, "I wish they wouldn't drop these things on the lawn." He had bent and lifted himself like any other man. Suddenly something went through Phil like a bullet.

"Pop," he said, "you go out this week and get yourself a job."

"Ah, son, if I didn't have a broken back—"

"Your back's all right. You just got out of the habit of workin'," said Phil and went into the house. It made him sick to think of what had happened just then. Pop had been the law for nineteen years; now Pop wasn't the law. It broke something in him and it couldn't be mended. "Well," he said, "I guess that's another thing when you grow up."

He had a day off on Friday. He got his two new suits out of his closet and he took his new five-dollar tie, and his radio and a revolver he had won on a punchboard, and a pigskin traveling bag and made the rounds of the neighborhood, peddling his possessions to fellows he knew. He sold his equity in the car to Skid Toomey and he thought, "Skid doesn't need it any more than I did, but I guess he's got to be a fool like me." He put the money in the passbook and that evening walked ten blocks to Edie's house and sat on the porch until she came home shortly after ten o'clock.

She was tired and she didn't smile at him. She stood at the foot of the steps *and he looked hard at her, searching her* eyes for the familiar look that was no longer in them. He stood up and handed her the passbook and the money. "Maybe," he said, "you'd like to take care of it again."

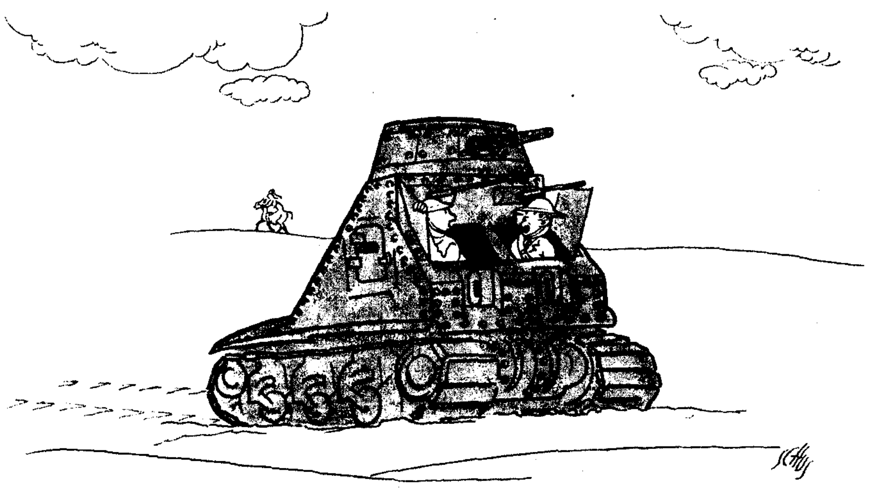
THEN he knew it wasn't the same; he knew it just couldn't be picked up and carried on. She looked at the passbook and then lifted her face and he saw a funny expression on her mouth and in her eyes, as though she were afraid. It was a bad moment; it made him cold and sick all over. He reached out and took the passbook and put it in his pocket. "Sure," he said, "I know the score."

"Phil," she murmured, "do you? Tell me what it is."

"I sort of slipped up on the deal, I guess. A couple of people have to stick together and see the same thing all the time. When one of 'em looks somewhere else it breaks up everything."

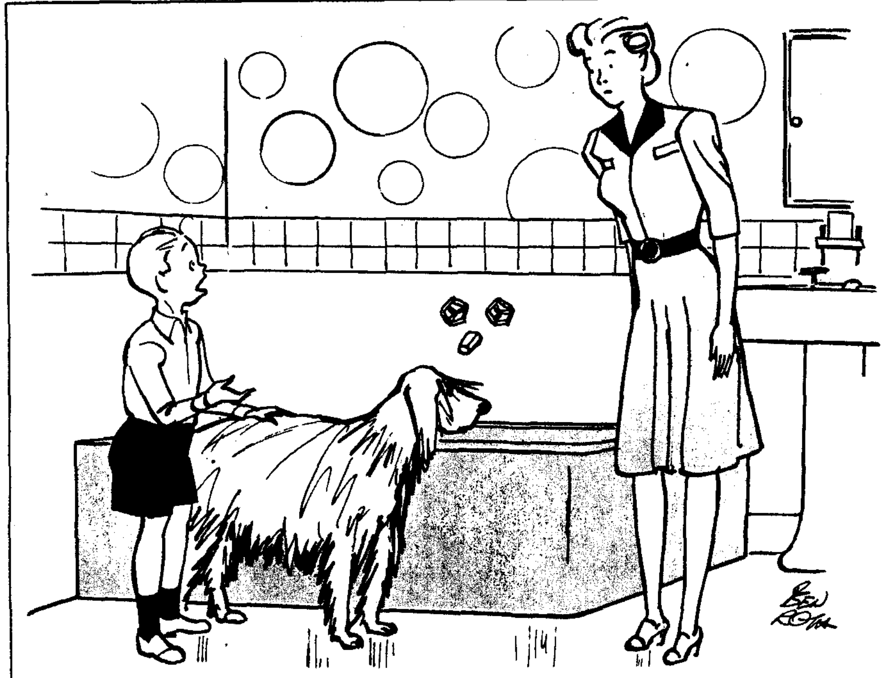
"Oh, Phil," she murmured and he knew her well enough to understand that she wanted to cry. It hurt him to stand off and see it; but it wasn't like old times. He couldn't touch her. He was a stranger, just as though he never had kissed her. He said, "Well, see you sometime, Edie," and walked down a street turned black.

She watched him until he was all the



"Remember all the fun we had back home smashing through walls, and knocking down houses and trees?"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS



COLLIER'S "I have to fill the tub twice. He soaks up the first tubful" BEN ROTH

way to the drugstore corner; and then she went up to her room and sat on the edge of the bed and looked sadly at the truth. When you made up your mind and hardened your heart to possible loss, something happened to you. She had been terribly afraid of losing Phil. All she had ever wanted was to bring the old Phil back; but when he came back she had done something to him—and to herself.

HE GOT up early the next morning and dressed in a good suit. His mother said: "Have you changed shifts?"

"No," he said, "I'm going over town." He looked at his father and he said: "I wasn't foolin', Pop. You better oil up your flashlight." He was gone all day and came home for dinner; but after dinner he left again. He looked at the drugstore as he went by it, but he didn't stop. She wouldn't be there any more. Last week she was the kind of girl to meet him at seven o'clock on the corner; this week she was a girl who stayed home and waited for a man to ring the doorbell.

He had only figured to walk by her house, thinking she would be at the USO; but he saw a light in her bedroom window and he went up to the porch and he rang the bell one long and one short—which was his signal. He stood back in the shadows, listening to the slow way she came down the stairs, not with the light, skipping run she once had used. He felt embarrassed when she came out to the porch; he didn't want her to think he was a fellow hanging around after his welcome had run out. He didn't want her to be kind to him. So he said, "Nothing in particular, Edie, except goodby."

Her face had been quiet, a little watchful; she had been wondering what he would say and how she would answer. Now he saw a queer expression tighten her lips.

"Where are you going, Phil?"

"I enlisted today."

She stood with her back to the wall, hands behind her, tall against it. She had long legs and he remembered how well she could dance and how easily he could make her laugh when he teased her. A muffler backfired down on the arterial street, sending a harsh sound through the quietness of this back section. Somewhere inside, Edie's mother walked back and forth and somewhere a radio made a racket. He heard these things over the long silence.

She said, "Do you remember graduation day at high school, Phil?"

"Yeah."

"It was a long time ago," she murmured. "Nothing's the same. I hate the war. I hate the shipyards. I hate everything that's changed us."

"Well," he said, "it would have come. Or something else. Edie, I guess this is the last time, and maybe you won't mind—can I have a kiss?"

"Yes," she said.

He never had been so awkward, so unsure. He trembled a little when he felt her lips. It was different, it was sharper and it was something new and it hurt him with everything it did to him. He stepped away, reaching for his cigarettes. He had never remembered Edie being so beautiful, so tall and so quiet; she was a woman with lights in her eyes. She was somebody he didn't know.

"Edie," he said, "if you should get married while I'm gone, write and tell me. Because if it doesn't happen, I'd like to walk down here when I come back. I'd like to say, 'Hello, Edie,' and maybe see you smile at me."

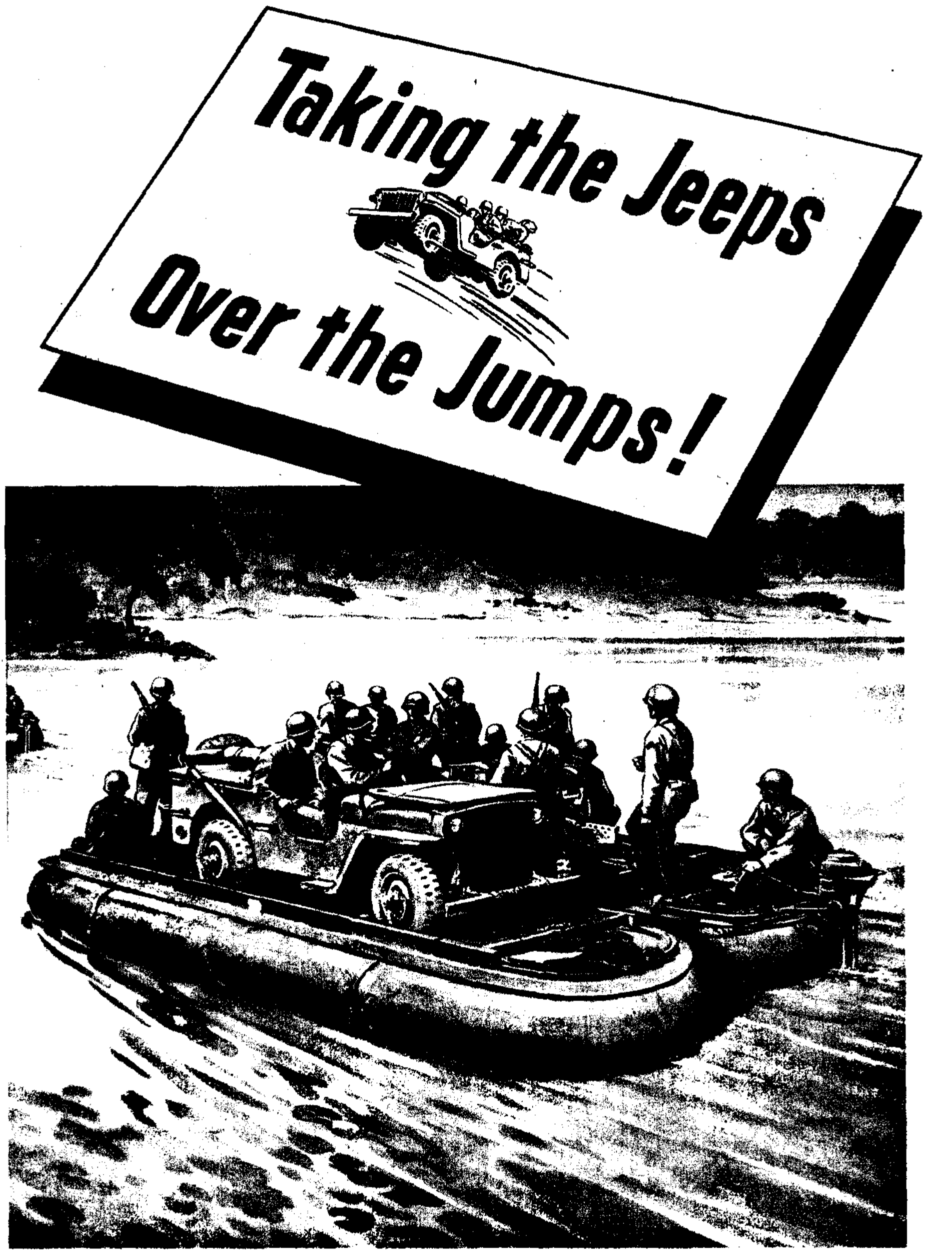
SHE put her hand on his coat. She saw some of the old Phil there, in the way he held his head, in the way he looked so sharp and straight at her, in the way he admired her. The rest of him was new and there wasn't anything now to take them back to their little dreams, their little plans, their little world. All that was gone. He was a man looking at her and loving her; and it made her sad and excited to think of where he might go and what might happen to him. They were two new people and it was nice to have him there with all that it might some day mean, if he didn't change and if she didn't change; it was nice to think about, and suddenly it was very hard to have him go.

In the old days she would have put her arms around his neck and cried and held him back; and he would have said, casually, "Pull yourself together."

Now she said, so softly: "I'll think of you. I'll be here."

He smiled at her, made hopeful by the promise. "All right, Edie," he said. "So long till then," and moved down the steps. She heard him whistle a little bit; and suddenly cease to whistle. She stood still and watched him reach the street and go across. She watched him until his shadow moved into the shadows far down the street and she saw him no more.

THE END



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EVINRUDE OUTBOARD MOTORS

TREASURE TRAIL

By John Faulkner

ILLUSTRATED BY VERNON GRANT

The most formidable host on the North American continent does a piece of historic entertaining. The good-neighbor policy as interpreted at the Hotel Siete Pistolas

HENRY and George won a map in a poker game. A treasure map. From two Mexicans they had never seen before, and hoped earnestly they'd never see again. In fact they were trying their best at the present moment to keep from seeing them again.

They had to win the map twice. The first time was when Henry topped the full house of one of the Mexicans with four deuces that he had been saving up. The second time was when he and George, with the map and a young Mexican who had been watching the game, got out the back door of the saloon just ahead of two thrown knives. They had the map on purpose; that they carried José along was an accident. He just happened to be in the way and they didn't have time to go around him. And he was glad enough to go along with them too. A knife sticks just as far in you if it hits you whether it was meant for you or not.

The door they came out was on the side of the saloon toward José's home, so he just kept on going the way he was headed. And Henry and George, with no particular direction in mind but only distance between themselves and the knife-throwing Mexicans desired, followed José through the breaking day.

Their pace soon slowed to a walk and they came at last to a halt before the one-room adobe house that was José's home. The sun was fifteen minutes past directly overhead.

It was ten miles to José's home from the saloon. They had plodded steadily through a small dust cloud of their own making all the morning. Henry and George were sweat-soaked and the dust had caked on their boots and clothes. José, standing almost wholly in the shadow of his wide sombrero, was coated with dry dust. He was barefoot.

"This is it," José said, gesturing toward the closed door. "This is the hotel of my father. See?" He pointed to a sign that hung above the door. On it was RITZ HOTEL in straggly faded letters on a weathered board. Through RITZ was a wavery line in new black paint, and above it, also in new paint, was SIETE PISTOLAS.

Henry and George looked at the sign and Henry said, "Well, let's get inside out of this sun."

"We cannot enter the hotel of my father now," José said. "My father, he is taking the siesta."

"I don't see any lock on the door," George said. "How come we don't just push the door open and walk in?"

"The door, she is barred from the inside, so the siesta will not be disturbed."

"This is a lousy hotel," George said.

"Sure, she is one lousy hotel," José agreed. "Just like in the movies, with a long bar in one end and sawdust on the floor. My father, he is a smart man. He saw the movie one time in El Paso. That was the time he found the paint to paint the sign. It was in a store."

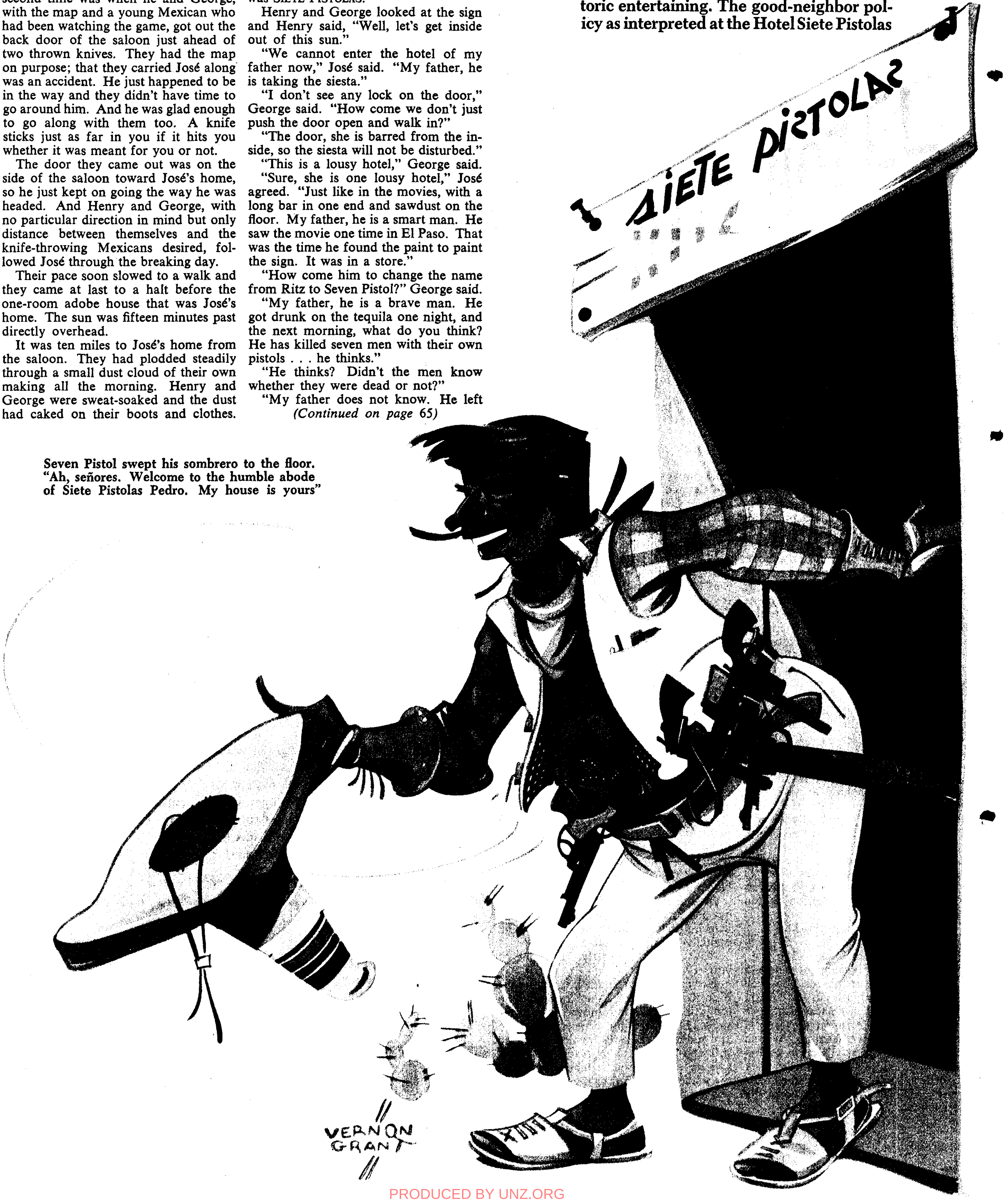
"How come him to change the name from Ritz to Seven Pistol?" George said.

"My father, he is a brave man. He got drunk on the tequila one night, and the next morning, what do you think? He has killed seven men with their own pistols . . . he thinks."

"He thinks? Didn't the men know whether they were dead or not?"

"My father does not know. He left

(Continued on page 65)



Seven Pistol swept his sombrero to the floor. "Ah, señores. Welcome to the humble abode of Siete Pistolas Pedro. My house is yours"

PERFECT FOOL, JR.

By Arthur Mann

Ed Wynn was the proudest man on Broadway as he watched his madcap son disprove, to loud applause, the ancient adage that there is no fool like an old fool

ED WYNN interrupted a comedy routine in the Passing Show of 1916, went to the wings at stage left, and returned with a bundle of humanity only a few months old. He held its wobbly head in full view of a puzzled Winter Garden audience.

"You might as well start now," he said, with a beam of paternal pride, "because you'll see a lot of him from here on."

Thus he launched the stage career of Francis Xavier Aloysius James Jeremiah Keenan Wynn, which reached a sudden and belated apex on Broadway in a madcap mixture of Army decorum and extreme décolletage called Strip for Action. Therein, "Ed Wynn's boy" held forth with such skill and personal triumph that the Perfect Fool will probably be better known as "Keenan Wynn's old man."

Which label would be okay with the old man, for, until recently, the inane antics and kaleidoscopic interests of his free-wheeling son forced him to profess the futility of fatherhood. When his unbridled heir wasn't cracking up in airplane solo flights (three crashes to date), he was inviting the undertaker in big-time speedboat races with souped-up motors. At odd intervals he invited paternal bankruptcy with purchases of high-powered foreign automobiles and clashes with highway cops, as he checked the efficiency of his investments against natural and man-made laws.

Only a Spoiled Brat

Growing up, he seemed to have less sense and purpose than many of his father's more fantastic stage contraptions, but at least Pop's contraptions made money. Far from becoming a minor edition of his humorous father or a dramatic counterpart of his celebrated maternal grandfather, Frank Keenan, the unpredictable youth developed into little more than a spoiled brat. Eventually the situation became tragic.

"You're nothing," the despairing father announced at the dinner table. "And you'll never be anything but a comedian's son!"

No erring soothsayer was less disappointed over a cockeyed prediction than Ed Wynn when he watched his 26-year-old headache recite 112 sides of sparkling farce as star of the Lindsay-Crouse hit that recorded the incongruous tale of Nutsy Smith, a drafted burlesque comedian who invites his former showmates to honor the camp with an unauthorized presentation of Flugel Street comedy and unmitigated strip tease. Keystone of the plot and two hours of uproar, the kid did it without mirrors or any of the historic Wynn hats, inane giggles or impossible inventions. The boy gave out so well with his own interpretation of haphazard thinking that the producers couldn't find a suitable understudy or top comedian to replace him when he left for Hollywood, which, of course, had "discovered" him.

"This is not surprising," said Ed Wynn, hiding his delight under a bushel of modesty, "and certainly no dependable gauge of his acting ability. My son, left-handed from birth, is merely playing a screwball character, for which he has had a lifetime of preparation."

Like all fathers, Ed felt that somewhere he had been responsible, and in this case he had something. Young Keenan was allowed all kinds of freedom backstage during the Ed Wynn musical extravaganzas at home and on tour. He enjoyed enough interest and opportunity to become a child star, but he had distorted dramatic ideas that defied regimentation. Dignity was something people mentioned when speaking of Grandpa Keenan, a fine old-school actor. It had no place in any of Pop's shows, where anything crazy or unrehearsed was preferred.

During the run of The Perfect Fool at the Globe, young Keenan decided to give Pop a chance to ad lib by letting his pet Scotty wander out from the wings.

"My, my!" Ed exclaimed, welcoming the break. "Here's another critic from the New York ——" as he squared accounts with the least enthusiastic of the metropolitan press.

The gag was great, but had to be abandoned suddenly when the unabashed Scotty refused to differentiate between

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Funnyman Keenan Wynn and family. His wife is Eve Abbott. Son Edmund proves that a Wynn can have a serious moment—if you catch him young enough

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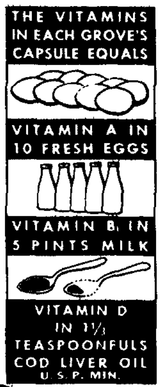
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stage scenery and his favorite woodland haunts in Central Park.

Another prank was quickly substituted, such as cutting the support rope of a cyclorama during a slapstick scene, or rushing across the stage as a short cut to somewhere else. But the promising career in extemporaneous abandon reached a climax during the run of The Grab Bag, which featured a stable of Ed Wynn "horses." Each was composed of a couple of humans and a comedy horse head.

One night Keenan prevailed upon Joe Schrode, front half of the most important horse, to let him occupy the after portion. When Pop brought out the prize of his stable, the audience screamed and broke up the scene. The horse resembled a giraffe, as it should have, with a seven-year-old kid occupying the hind end.

Forthwith, the elder Wynn packed the kid off to become the youngest student in the Harvey School, a decorous little institution in Westchester which had done nothing to deserve such a hellion.

"How was I to figure it?" Keenan demands, reviewing the horror of his early incarceration. "I went from the wildest backstage freedom to a peaceful asylum I never thought existed. Because I was the only actor's child in the place, they thought I could act, and so I was rushed right into the annual production. My job was to hold an ermine-trimmed cloak, trailing from the neck of a king as he marched somewhere. The sight of an audience paralyzed me. I stopped dead in my tracks. The king toppled backward, a victim of near-strangulation."

An Unusual Student

Denied the care and comfort of his mother, who was an invalid the greater part of his life, Keenan did just as he pleased. The Harvey School condoned his pranks for seven years, and then he was foisted upon the unsuspecting faculty of Horace Mann School, to whom he was a constant source of amazement as the only student who could average 42% for the year and turn in the highest marks for examinations.

He failed to show up for the finals in mathematics, and they didn't know what to do. He appeared two days later with an apology. There was a motorboat race, he explained, from Albany to New York.

"But examinations are more important than watching a motorboat race," the teacher gasped.

"I wasn't watching it," Keenan said. "I was *in it.*" He paused for dramatic effect. "Not only in it, but I almost won it. I left the trophy down in the gym for the kids to see."

He had cut Saturday classes to pilot his boat to Albany for the big Sunday race down the Hudson River. It was a death-defying contraption (entered in the unlimited class), which he had put together with his mechanic, Hector Alexander. They "souped" a 400-horsepower Liberty motor to a mere 550 by inverting the cams of the intake manifolds and feeding twelve V-type cylinders not only from the outside, but from four carburetors instead of two. Exhaust manifolds were centered between the cylinders to resemble smokestacks. Competitors gasped when they heard the monster roar. Powered by a batch of six-volt batteries, there was scarcely standing room for mechanic and pilot.

They zoomed into the lead of the unlimiteds (which start last) and almost swamped the little outboard motorboats in overtaking them down the river. It was a breeze until about thirty miles from the finish when—*kablooey!*

Vibration from the supermotor jarred loose the assortment of heavy batteries which, placed off center because of limited space, had shifted and ripped out their connections. Becalmed, Wynn and Alexander frantically set to work replacing the batteries and rewiring connections. Minutes flew by, and so did competitors. Just how many of each, Wynn doesn't remember, but he and his partner finished the job, zoomed downriver again, past Ossining and Yonkers, and finished a close second.

With a heavy sigh, the school gave him a special exam in mathematics, which he passed quite easily, and so he graduated.

Interest in motors had long been his obsession. Less than a year before, he had fixed up another craft to compete in the Around-Manhattan race for the Hearst Trophy. He drove a Baby Gar type with the skill of Gar Wood himself. Keeping to the center of the rivers all the way, he completed the thirty-seven miles in thirty-nine minutes flat, clipping twelve minutes from the best record.

Always provided with a chauffeur and a swanky foreign car in his early youth, Keenan's idea of a swell time was to dismiss the hired man for the day and spend it in the fascinating garage of Charlie Stich, a mechanical genius who serviced foreign cars. In no time, the brat had learned every angle of internal combustion and he astounded chemistry and physics teachers with an enviable knowledge of octane gas, compression, valve-grinding, greasing, and tuning up Dusenbergs, Hispano-Suizas, Mercedes, Bentleys, Rolls-Royces, Bugattis, Invictas, or Maseratis.

"A garage mechanic," the older Wynn sighed. "A fortune spent on education, so he can be a grease monkey!"

But the auto-fixing provided a great alibi the day Keenan came home with his face and hands swathed in bandages.

"A carburetor," he explained and struggled to smile. "I . . . I flooded it too much, and it went *kablooey!*"

Pictures in the next morning's papers branded his explanation a lie. A wild kid in his 'teens was flying a plane with a 220-horsepower Hispano-Suiza motor at about 2,000 feet. A T-connection in the oil line was severed just enough to permit a drip to the hot exhaust pipe. The oil ignited and then came the trouble. The whole mess blew up in his fresh puss. The flames melted the rubber of his goggles, seared and scarred his face and hands. But he brought the plane to earth with a slight thud in the midst of the tennis courts at Jackson Heights, Long Island.

More Knowledge Needed

As his preoccupation with motors increased, so did arguments between father and son about college, but Keenan said, "Find one where I can major in motorboating, and I'll go."

Only when Pop hinted that unlimited cash was no longer available did the kid placate the old man by attending Ned Wayburn's school.

"But even that was a mistake," Keenan admits. "At Wayburn's, all the pupils danced, tapped their brains out, and I couldn't dance on a hot stove. After four months, they had one of those show-off recitals. Everybody danced, except me. I gave out with some lines from They Shall Not Die—the defense attorney's speech in the Scottsboro case. After that, nobody could possibly claim I was Ed Wynn's son, and Pop, sitting there with Mr. Wayburn and Melville Burke, wanted to least of all."

But Burke, who ran the Lakewood Players at Skowhegan, Maine, saw something. "You had a lot of nerve, kid, chewing scenery like that," he said, after the recital. "I'll give you a job at Skowhegan. Ten bucks a week and your meals."

Playing a Princeton boy in the third act of Accent On Youth was the first of 78 parts Keenan memorized for summer theater productions. Add to this, parts in twenty-two Broadway shows and fourteen that never reached Broadway, and you have a fair idea of what he has endured trying to convince people that he is more than just Ed Wynn's son.

"I've lived a whole stage career in seven years," he moans. "Money from doing voices on the radio kept my career from ending in death by starvation. I've had shows close after a week and after a day, and one show closed before the end of the first performance, an undernourished turkey called The Black Widow—full of murders and Lucille Laverne. About thirty people showed up on opening night. Half of them left at the end of the first act. During the second act, the spectators kept shouting, 'No, no, don't shoot him, too!' At the end of the act, they went out for a smoke and failed to return. We never played the third act."

Boy Meets Girl Backstage

Late in this dismal apprenticeship came a part in Hitch Your Wagon To a Star and a backstage meeting with Eve Abbott, a cute little trick who had steady and serious jobs with Evans, Cornell, Gielgud, Meredith, Gish and the Fredric Marches in such offerings as Romeo and Juliet, St. Joan, The Star Wagon, The American Way, Key Largo, etc., and he said, "She's for me." Miss Abbott didn't mind, but she insisted that he consult Pop.

She was at dinner the night the distraught father staged the great denunciation scene from indignation. With that, she was determined to help straighten out the bewildered maverick who had suddenly found himself corralled. She talked Keenan Wynn to producers until both she and the producers were blue in the face. But the result was better parts and a chance to do his own type of comedy, which is a smooth and breezy interpretation of his hapless attitude toward life and living it.

Marriage and a son, whom he has named Edmund Keenan Wynn, have made him slightly serious; just enough to work out a plan for the future. He'll return to Hollywood, where they threatened to bury him alive with meager parts. His best, though small, was the spitting machine gunner in the Gable-Turner picture, Somewhere I'll Find You. He worked with Judy Garland in For Me and My Gal, and finally in a hair shirt called Gambler's Choice. The situation drove him to seek a leave of absence to appear on Broadway and be discovered. It worked.

Promised a raft of heavy work and heavier money by Hollywood, he will remain in pictures only long enough to build a bank balance for the protection of his wife and son. That will require only a few months.

"Then it's the war for me," he declares, without a trace of brag. "And I'll head straight for those PT boats that whisked MacArthur from Bataan to Australia. I'm dying to get my paws on one of them. All I'll want then is my old mechanic, Hector Alexander. He's flying planes now, but I'll bet he'd get transferred if I asked him. Can you imagine what one of those scows could do after Hector and I got through soupin' it up?"

THE END

Pay-as-You-Go Ruml

Continued from page 13

Ph.D. at the University of Chicago in record time. He ran the Dartmouth literary paper, played just enough football to get athletics out of his system forever, won a Phi Beta Kappa key, had an awfully good time. In Chicago he met Lois Treadwell, the girl he married. She was studying for a psychology Ph.D., too, but, Ruml says, "she got her Mrs. instead."

In 1917, after a few months of teaching at Carnegie Tech, he went to Washington to serve in the War Department's committee on classification of personnel. His task was to work out trade tests, to tell whether or not a man was a good carpenter, say, in a ten-minute session of oral questioning. And Ruml, not one to hide his light, comments, "I proved it could be done."

Then, with some fellow psychologists and industrialists, he started the Scott Co., to advise private industry on personnel. Because he had a flair for mathematics, he did the statistical work.

Doctor James R. Angell, who had watched Ruml's limber mind at work in classes he taught at Chicago, now was president of the Carnegie Corporation. He called Ruml away from the Scott Co. to be his assistant and gave him his first chance at big-money thinking.

Soon he was asked to head the $80,000,000 Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, whose trustees were striving to promote the welfare of women and children. When he took over, the Memorial's chief interests were the Y.W.C.A., the Girl Scouts, the Henry Street nurses, some women's colleges in the Far East, and other direct-benefit philanthropies.

Ruml soon expanded that program. How, he asked, could you help women in any permanent way unless you improved the setting in which they lived? How could you improve that setting unless you understood the psychological, economic, political and other sociological problems of the times? The thing to do, said Ruml, was to aid research in the social sciences and thus get at the root of human evils.

New Fields for Research

And so the trustees docilely did. Endowment funds were settled on some of the previous beneficiaries, and their Memorial connections were severed. Others were incorporated into the new program. Ruml actively threw himself and Rockefeller's money into finding out what ailed the world.

Surprised universities received gifts for social science research. Ruml distributed scores of generous fellowships to men and women here and abroad who gave promise of contributing new knowledge in the fields of anthropology, international relations, law, psychology, sociology. He approved selection of a Swedish woman to study child care, birth control, parental education and other family problems in the United States, partly because he considered Sweden more advanced than this country in its handling of such problems.

Ruml traveled around Europe a good deal during this period, from 1921 to 1931. He picked up that Russian blouse collection on one of his trips, and developed innumerable new enthusiasms—for modern French art, for Italian meat sauces, for English parliamentary procedure and for Swiss scenery.

"But I did not go for skiing in the Alps," he says.

GLANDULAR DISTURBANCE

WHILE in 21-day quarantine for mumps at Camp Hood's Tank Destroyer School in Texas, New York's Private Robert Fuller had time to figure out a dismal prospect.

If, he calculated, one man in his company broke out with mumps on the twenty-first day, the rest of his pals would go into a second three weeks' quarantine. Then, if another man came down with the disease on the last day of the second quarantine period, the gentlemen remaining would start another twenty-one-day stretch.

Well, Private Fuller estimates dolefully that if this went on to its worst possible conclusion, the last guy in the company would be cooling his heels in quarantine for no less than eighteen years.

He frankly and loudly abhors all forms of exercise, considers it worse than useless for city dwellers.

His classic remark on the subject is: "If you ever hear of me dropping dead on a tennis court, you'll know it was because I was crossing it on my way to a Scotch and soda."

Ruml, during this period, had had several offers of jobs from business firms, including a handsome proposal from Percy Straus of Macy's. But he still was wedded to the social sciences, and in 1931, when his good friend Bob Hutchins asked him to head up a bigger and better social science department at the modern-minded University of Chicago, he gladly accepted.

But all was not rosy, for once in Ruml's smooth-flowing career. He and Hutchins hoped he'd be able to integrate the various courses in his department, or, as Ruml somewhat cryptically puts it: "We wanted to achieve unity in the several disciplines included in the social science field. But I had trouble with a handful of distinguished professors, and after three years of effort, my progress was microscopic. Those professors wouldn't work together. They wouldn't even play together."

When Straus again approached him, he allowed Macy's to ensconce him and his comfortable thinking chair in a plushy office on their exclusive 13th floor.

"I guess they hired me for a counter-irritant," says Ruml.

"We hired him for his breadth of vision," says a Macy executive. "We didn't care whether he knew anything about being a treasurer or not. We knew he could learn. What we wanted was stimulation. We got it."

Ruml likes the job, but neither he nor Macy's can imagine his giving up his other interests, for they contribute to, rather than detract from, his vitality.

From the time he first journeyed down to Washington during the last war, he has had a continuing interest in governmental affairs.

He served on Hoover's Employment Commission in 1930.

"They were cagey then," he chuckles, "they didn't call it unemployment."

He had another "plan," almost as far-reaching as his current production, in 1928. It later became the agricultural domestic allotment plan, which is generally regarded as the father of the New Deal's farm program.

At present, he's adviser to the National Resources Planning Board, director of the National Board of Economic Research, a trustee of the Farm Foundation, and a problem-sharing friend to many of the men who make governmental plans. All this takes him to Washington about once a week. He gets a sitting room as well as a bedroom in his Washington hotel when he can.

"I have to pace around," he explains; "and a bed gets in my way."

An Unconventional Young Man

In politics, as elsewhere, he's an independent. He says he registers Republican, then votes Democrat "to even things up." He voted for Roosevelt three times.

He is able to accomplish so much because, apparently, he is engaged in purposeful thinking so long as he is awake. He requires only a stingy six hours of sleep. He never bothers with details. He'll go to an important conference, deposit a startling idea, and depart, leaving others to lengthy discussion. He works on a project only until the ball starts rolling, then moves on.

He works from the particular to the general. He may start out by worrying about the little tax problem of a friend who's going into the Army, but his expansive mind soon has encompassed the tax problems of millions, with a side glance at the economic health of the entire postwar world.

Ruml can't understand why people say you shouldn't talk shop at parties. "Why not?" he asks. "Shop's the best entertainment in a man's life. If it isn't, he's in the wrong job."

His idea of fun is to gather together a group of dinner guests who are interested in discussing the very problems he's been dealing with all day.

A Macy official said, "He forces us all to think. There you are just sitting around talking, and the first thing you know his mental gymnastics have stung you into real thought on your own account."

People who know him well describe him as "the warmest-hearted economist," "the most earthy sophisticate," "the best friend" they ever knew.

The Ruml Plan has affected the lives of many people—including Ruml. A private person heretofore, in spite of wide-ranging interests, he's a public figure now. He'd never made a public speech until the Plan forced him to. He had rarely seen his name in the newspapers. Now he's an experienced speaker and his name is known to millions.

What will he do with his sudden renown?

He could use his advantageous position to put some more of his many plans before the public, he could . . .

"Plans," says Ruml facetiously, "will be announced later."

THE END

Blind Men Drive Cars!

True or False?

You're right! It's true! Remember . . . last time a passing car splashed a puddle of dirty road muck against your windshield?

Your old dull wiper blades can't clear that smear. They even make it worse. You're caught...splash blind . . . in tons of moving traffic. Can't see to steer.

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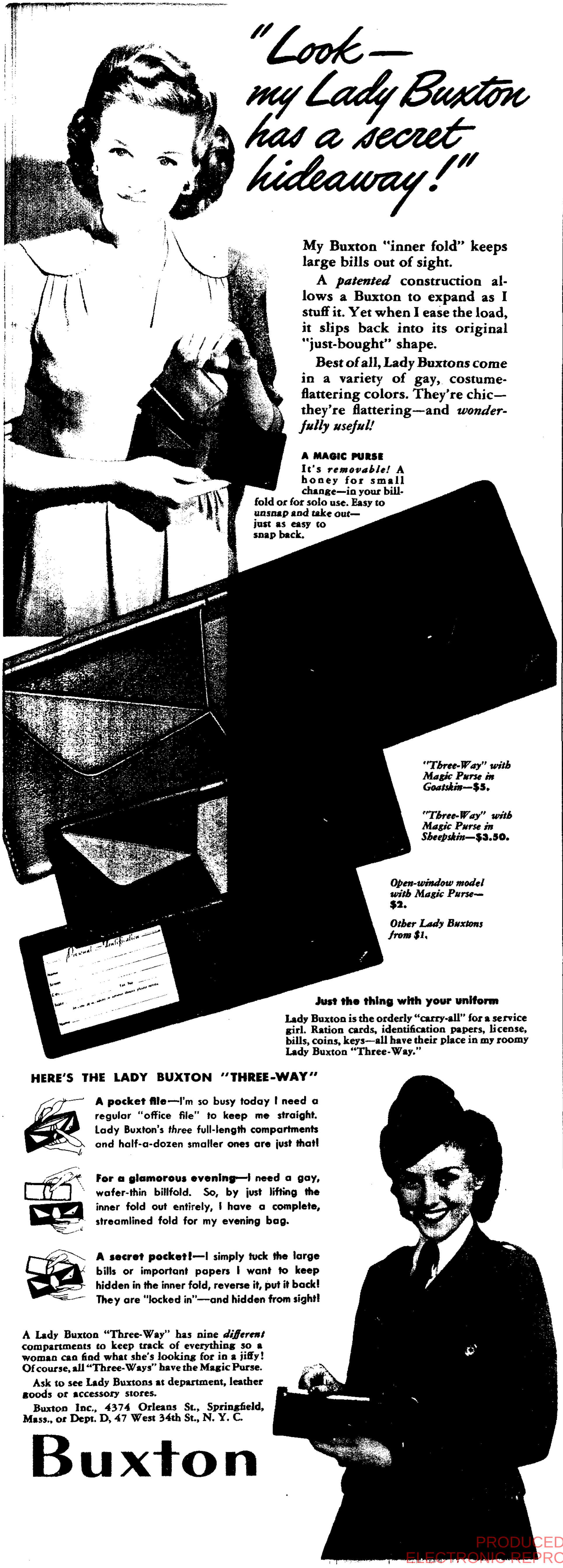

My Buxton "inner fold" keeps large bills out of sight.

A *patented* construction allows a Buxton to expand as I stuff it. Yet when I ease the load, it slips back into its original "just-bought" shape.

Best of all, Lady Buxtons come in a variety of gay, costume-flattering colors. They're chic—they're flattering—and *wonderfully useful!*

A MAGIC PURSE
It's *removable!* A honey for small change—in your billfold or for solo use. Easy to unsnap and take out—just as easy to snap back.

"Three-Way" with Magic Purse in Goatskin—**$5.**

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Other Lady Buxtons from $1.

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HERE'S THE LADY BUXTON "THREE-WAY"

A pocket file—I'm so busy today I need a regular "office file" to keep me straight. Lady Buxton's *three* full-length compartments and half-a-dozen smaller ones are just that!

For a glamorous evening—I need a gay, wafer-thin billfold. So, by just lifting the inner fold out entirely, I have a complete, streamlined fold for my evening bag.

A secret pocket!—I simply tuck the large bills or important papers I want to keep hidden in the inner fold, reverse it, put it back! They are "locked in"—and hidden from sight!

A Lady Buxton "Three-Way" has nine *different* compartments to keep track of everything so a woman can find what she's looking for in a jiffy! Of course, all "Three-Ways" have the Magic Purse.

Ask to see Lady Buxtons at department, leather goods or accessory stores.

Buxton Inc., 4374 Orleans St., Springfield, Mass., or Dept. D, 47 West 34th St., N. Y. C.

Buxton

What Happened to Leon Henderson

Continued from page 19

Henderson log, so as to miss no word.

Even as Leon rushed forward to the fight, offering Bill and Phil the first two bites, word wafted down from the All High that wages must be excluded from any price-fixing bill. In the wake of the word, came the politicos and choice members of the palace guard, massaging Leon's shoulder blades with practiced touch, and pressing murmurous lips against his quivering eardrums.

Politics, they argued persuasively, was a game that had its roots in compromise. Give and take, while entailing some sacrifice of principle, was a fixed rule of the game, approved by experience and honored by all officeholders. They knew how he felt about wage control, and their hearts bled for him, but the Party must come first. Don't rock the boat, Leon. Be a good soldier!

Old stuff, but Master Henderson, loyal soul, fell for it with a bang that changed his voice from bass to soprano. To be sure, he did mumble something about the impossibility of curbing a price inflation "if wages or any other cost is allowed constantly to rise," but after this one rebellious squeak, he accepted wage exclusion. Straightway, the farm bloc swung into action, encouraged by the consideration shown labor, and while Leon gaped helplessly, the bill incorporated a provision that farm prices should not be set below 110 per cent of parity.

With piecemeal price fixing the order of the day, chaos followed inevitably. The Dutch boy who stopped a leak in the dike with his thumb had only one hole to plug. Starting off with a score of leaks, poor sweating Leon soon had hundreds. Wage boosts, backed by strikes and threats to strike, led to instant demand for higher farm prices, and these increases were followed no less quickly by clamor for new wage hikes.

Poisoned by fatigue, Leon now suffered an attack of Washingtonitis, a disease that manifests itself in a passion for size. The bigger the organization, the more efficient. Contemplating a force of 98,000 men, women and Phi Beta Kappas, his first request was for something like $200,000,000, and loud were his protests when Congress cut it down to $120,000,000. Existing divisions of the OPA doubled and trebled, and new divisions came into being overnight.

Descent of the Parasites

Busy with his leaks, Leon had no time to pick and choose. From every nook and cranny, rushed briefless lawyers, social planners, theorists, crystal-gazers and congenital unemployables, pushing and jamming until shoehorns had to be used to get them in. Headless and footless, the jitterbug crew cried, "Good hunting!" and plunged into an orgy of directives and questionnaires that left the country a shambles.

If Mr. Brown has not already done so, it will pay him to visit the OPA Chamber of Horrors maintained by Senator Byrd in the basement of the Senate Office Building. Report 1-1071 PL OF NOBUCOS-WP. One book of regulations with 300,000 words. One questionnaire on vitamins 11 inches wide and 18 inches long, and after being filled out, four feet wide and twenty feet long. And a new report of equal size to be returned whenever the manufacturer, in response to an order from WPB, changes from cartons to bottles or from tin caps to corks. How many times do you expect to wear your rubber boots in the next year? A statement from one firm giving $100,000 as the amount spent on questionnaires in twelve months.

In the late summer of 1942, when it was finally realized that an amended price-fixing bill must be asked of Congress, Leon was given a second chance to show independence and courage, and again he let himself be persuaded to play the role of "good soldier." Farm parity was reduced from 110 to 100, but wages, no less the cause of price leaps, were excluded as before, and no Henderson bellow was raised in protest.

With Leon punch-drunk by now, what had been forcefulness degenerated into bluster and acrimony. His wrangles with Ickes reached a point where he would not sit on the same board with Honest Harold. At his first meeting with Rubber Czar Jeffers, he pounded the table and told the big, jovial railroad president where to get off.

Coup de Grâce for Leon

Crowning achievement of all, Leon even irritated amiable Claude Wickard by persistent attempts to evade the provision of the law that all price controls over farm products must be approved by the Secretary of Agriculture. Senators and representatives, complaining piteously about appointments in their states, were bawled out as "patronage hounds," and public protests against questionnaires were answered by accusations of slackerism.

When, therefore, the election returns convinced the alarmed politicos that a goat must be offered up, what more obvious selection than Leon Henderson, the Ready Rationer and Big Questionnaire Man? Of course, it was in his power to have pointed out that actually he was not to blame. He could have shown that the real fault lay in the cowardice that exempted wages and farm prices from control in the first instance, and impelled the politicians to continue purring against the legs of labor in the second instance.

And, too, he might have stressed the lack of an honest, courageous tax program for the absorption of surplus buying power, and the manner in which both agriculture and industry were drained of essential workers by draft boards under strict orders to meet their quotas. Also, the great triple transfer—Ickes to Manpower, McNutt to Labor and Madam Perkins to Federal Security—that held up organization of the Manpower Commission for weeks. Instead of that, Leon Henderson continued to be the "good soldier"; he even stuck his chin out for more punishment.

So much for the stout fellow who went down with the boat rather than rock it back to an even keel. What Washington now waits to find out is the exact goat content of Prentiss Brown. Will he have the courage to clean house, changing the Office of Price Administration from an overstuffed WPA project into a sensible, efficient working organization? Profiting by a study of the Henderson voyage, will he rear up on his hind legs and demand that a skewer be run right through the *whole* price structure, ending piecemeal stuff? Or will he, like poor Leon, fall for the "good soldier" line and meekly ready his back side for the boot that is bound to come?

THE END

Treasure Trail

Continued from page 60

[illegible]efre he found out. H[illegible]n his burro almost home when he wak[illegible] and hah! What do you think? He has [illegible]seven pistols in his pants. And he h[illegible]ever seen those men since. From that [illegible]day he has called himself Siete Pisto[illegible]as, like in the movies he saw that da[illegible]y he found the paint. He is one brave man. All the people get under the knuckle to him. Everyone is scared of Siete Pistolas Pedro. The hotel, she is named for him."

"Seven Pistol Pete," George mused.

"Sure. My father, he is brave-looking too, with the seven pistols in his pants."

"I bet he is," George said. "How does he keep his pants up with all that weight in 'em?"

"He has the pistols tied to his shirt with pieces of string."

"That must be some job untying all of 'em every time he changes shirts."

"Why should he change the shirt? The one he has on is not worn out yet."

Henry had been looking about at the sandy waste with two or three other adobe houses scattered beside the trail.

"Can't we go in one of the other houses until your father wakes from his siesta?" he asked José.

"Everyone takes the siesta," José said. "At the foot of the east wall of the hotel of my father we can find the shade so wide as the rump of the burro." He measured a foot of space with his hands. "That should be enough."

He walked around to the east wall, and Henry and George followed him. He lay down in the narrow strip of shade with his back against the wall and wrapped his serape around his shoulders and covered his face with his sombrero. Henry and George sat down against the wall and tried to pull their feet up into the shadow. They sat there slapping at sand fleas and twisting and cursing until three o'clock when they heard stretches and grunts of awakening from inside the house. They rose and went to the front door and knocked and shouted and at last heard the sounds of the bar being lifted from the sockets.

The door swung slowly open and Siete Pistolas stood before them yawning. His mustache, long and greasy, curled fiercely upward above his gaping mouth like the horns of a Texas steer above the open end of a nail keg. His pants sagged with the seven pistols. His sombrero was still tilted over his eyes but on seeing the two strangers in the door he closed his mouth with a snap, pushed his sombrero back, and glared at them.

"Gosh!" George said, staring at the pistols, thinking until now that José had made up the story about his father. Henry spoke quickly, eying the pistols too, "Siete Pistolas Pedro?"

"Who seeks Siete Pistolas Pedro?" Seven Pistol demanded.

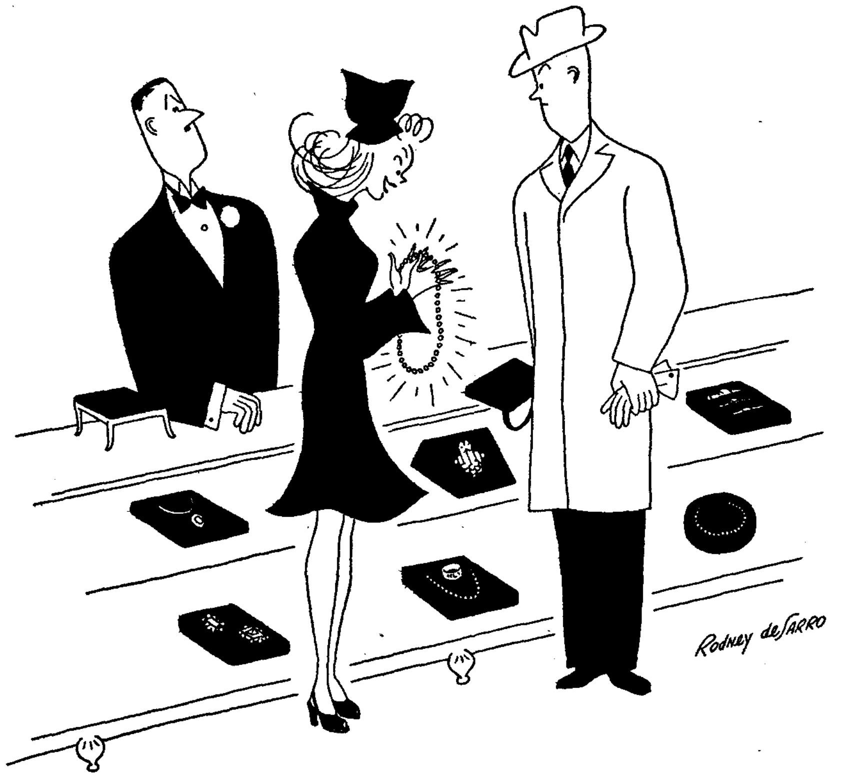
José came around the corner of the house just then, stretching. Seeing his father glaring at Henry and George he called, without quickening his pace, "Father, these are two friends of mine that I have offered the hospitality of the Hotel Siete Pistolas."

SEVEN PISTOL relaxed his fierce stance, the thunder cleared from his brow. He bowed.

"Ah, señores. Welcome to the humble abode of Siete Pistolas Pedro. The friends of the son of Siete Pistolas are welcome at the Hotel Siete Pistolas. My house is yours."

Seven Pistol swept his sombrero to the floor. He moved aside, bowed again, and swept Henry and George inside and up to the bar. José came in the door behind them and moved, still stretching and yawning, around the end of the bar and set a stone jug before them. Seven Pistol swept his sombrero back on his head and removed the corncob stopper from the jug with a flourish. He extended the jug to Henry. Henry took it, sniffed the open neck, shuddered, then turned and braced his shoulders against the bar and closed his eyes tightly and drank. He passed the jug, sputtering and gasping, to George.

George drank and handed the jug to Seven Pistol. Seven Pistol wet his lips, sniffed the mouth of the jug and rolled



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his eyes upward, then raised the jug and drank slowly, and smacked his lips. Henry held to the edge of the bar and coughed, and George said, "Whush. Ain't that stuff hot?" José drank after his father.

They spent the rest of the afternoon drinking and by nightfall they were all pretty drunk. Seven Pistol roared toward a door in the back of the room for food and soon his wife came in with a platter of tortillas and beans and set it on the bar. She withdrew and the men closed in on the platter and scooped beans into their mouths with broken-off pieces of tortilla and washed it down with tequila. After a while they set the platter on the floor and sat down in a ring around it. This was more comfortable than standing, and too, their legs were beginning to get tired. Seven Pistol made José bring the jug so they wouldn't have to get up to get a drink.

About nine o'clock Henry said, "Siete Pistolas, we would like to stay at your hotel for a while."

"Certainly," Seven Pistol said. "You will remain as my guests until our grandchildren and our grandchildren's children are as numerous as the fleas in the sand."

"We only want to stay a few days," Henry said.

"What! Only a few days? You think then the hotel of Siete Pistolas is not good enough for you, what?" Seven Pistol roared out, pushing his sombrero off on the floor and trying to get to his feet. He got to his knees, then fell forward on his hands with one of them in the now empty platter. Several of his pistols had worked out of his belt and hung suspended from his shirt by the strings. They swung together with flat metallic clanks and Seven Pistol reached for one of them. With all his weight on the hand in the greasy platter it slipped, and Seven Pistol plunged forward on his face.

HENRY and George and José picked Seven Pistol up out of the platter and seated him in his former place and José wiped the grease off his face with a handful of sawdust. He got some of this in Seven Pistol's mouth and when Seven Pistol began spluttering and blowing the sawdust out, Henry handed him the jug. A good drink washed the sawdust down and restored Seven Pistol's humor. He passed the jug and they all drank.

A pencil had fallen out of Henry's pocket. Seven Pistol saw it and focused his eyes on it, and thought for a while and said to José, "Get the book. It is time for our guests to sign their names in the book. Bring the pen and ink."

José got to his feet and, staggering slightly, went around behind the bar. They heard him moving bottles and boxes about under the counter and he returned at last with the book and a pen and ink. The book was a leather-bound ledger with gold writing on the back. The pen had a rusty nib in it, and the ink bottle was dust-coated and half full. He placed these on the floor, with the ledger in the platter, and Seven Pistol said to Henry, "You will please to sign the name in the book of the hotel. Everyone signs the names in the book. Observe."

He opened the ledger, wet his thumb and tried to turn the first page. His thumb slipped, leaving a smear across the page and ripping it part way loose from the binding. He ripped it all the way loose and threw it aside. The page now showing had several wavery marks across it, and some blots. Seven Pistol slapped it lightly with the flat of his hand. "Observe," he said again. "Everyone signs the names in the book. We keep the record."

Henry had the pen in his hand and now he dipped it in the bottle of ink that José held open. Then he bent over the ledger.

"What is that on the page?" he said, looking at the marks and blots.

"That is where the other guests have signed the names in the book. Cannot you read the English?"

"That's not English. That's not anything but some crooked lines and a couple of big blots. Whoever did that must have been drunk."

"What? You think that the guests of the Hotel Siete Pistolas cannot write the English? You think that drunkenness is allowed in the hotel of Siete Pistolas Pedro?"

Seven Pistol tried to get to his feet again but this time he only managed to raise himself a few inches from the floor, then his hands gave out and he dropped back with a soft thud. His loose pistols clanked, and he fumbled at them with his hands, pulling one of them loose when the string ripped out of his shirt. The pistol fell to the floor and when he felt for it with his hand, he covered it with sawdust. He turned to look for it and fell over on his face.

This time Henry brushed his face off when José righted him. George staggered over with the jug and kicked the ink over where José had set it on the floor, and stepped in it. Then he stepped on the open page of the ledger and after Seven Pistol's mouth was washed free of the sawdust this time and they all had a drink around, José happened to look down at the outline of the foot on the page. There were flecks of ink-soaked sawdust stuck to it, and the cracks in the soles of George's boot made trails across the outline.

"Look," José said, pointing. "We have another treasure map."

They all looked, and George said, "It's a plainer one than the one we already have."

Seven Pistol leaned forward. "What is this about the map of the treasure?" he asked.

"Gimme that map, George," Henry said.

George felt around in his pockets, found the map, and handed it to Henry. He opened it and they seated themselves around the platter again and compared the map with the footprint in the ledger.

"The marks are about gone from that one," José said, pointing a finger to the map in Henry's hand. "The one in the book though, she that one, is good and plain. Where did you get d," Seven Father?" Pistol said.
"I am undecide get the other one?" said.
"Where did [illegible] won it in a game of
"George night. That is why we came
poker. he the few days. We are afraid
he won it from in the game of the
those poker might try to win it back with
knife in the darkness. We left in the
p[illegible]ntil those we won it from are
the [illegible] ve lost it."
hurry [illegible]
sure they ha[illegible]

"You did right, José," Seven Pistol said. "Siete Pistolas will see that no one wins the map of the treasure from you with the knife." He patted himself about the waist and the guns clanked. "Siete Pistolas will go with you to the treasure to protect you from those who do not yet know they have lost. No one would dare take the map of the treasure from the hand of Siete Pistolas."

HE REACHED over and took the map from Henry's hand. He did not straighten up. His head dipped lower and lower. He began to sag to one side and Henry reached across the ledger and gave him a shove backward. Seven Pistol toppled over without waking and lay in the sawdust on his back, snoring. The map slid from his hand to the floor and lay in spilt tequila and ink and damp sawdust beside him.

"I believe I'll turn in too," George said.

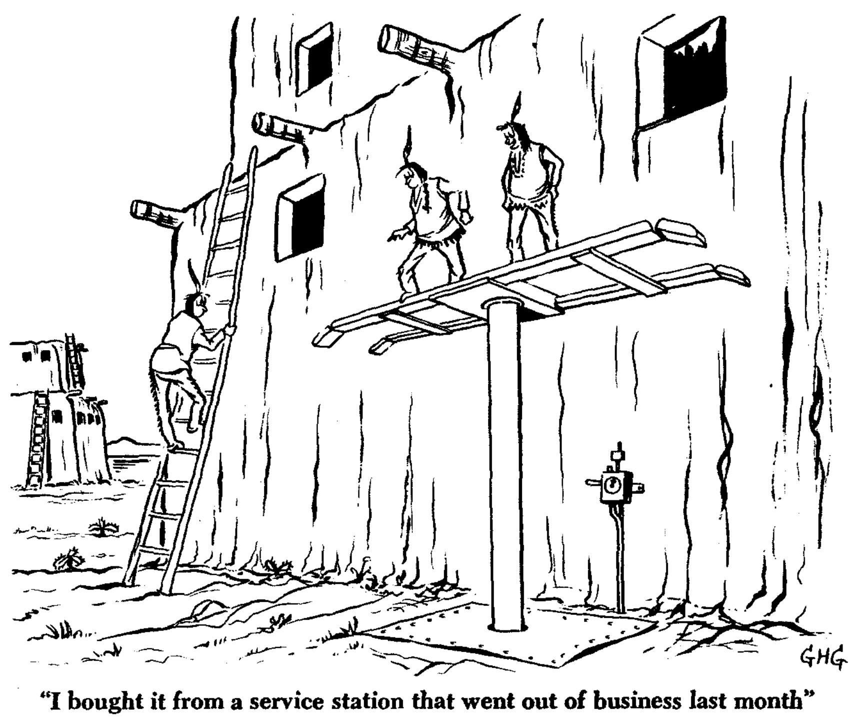
"The sawdust, she is thicker in the corner where my father takes the siesta," José said.

George looked over at the corner. "It ain't thick enough to be worth going that far just to sleep in," he said as he lay back on the floor and closed his eyes.

Henry got up and went over to the thick sawdust in the corner and lay down. José set the jug on the bar, blew out the one light, and went through the back door into the lean-to behind the room.

They woke about nine o'clock the next morning when José came in with another platter of tortillas and beans. They got up and George and Seven Pistol both went to the jug on the counter, but Henry shuddered and turned his back.

After breakfast Seven Pistol kicked his toe against the pistol he had lost in the sawdust. When he saw what it was, he remembered he had lost it. He got a splinter from the bar and punched new



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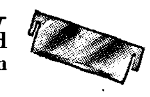

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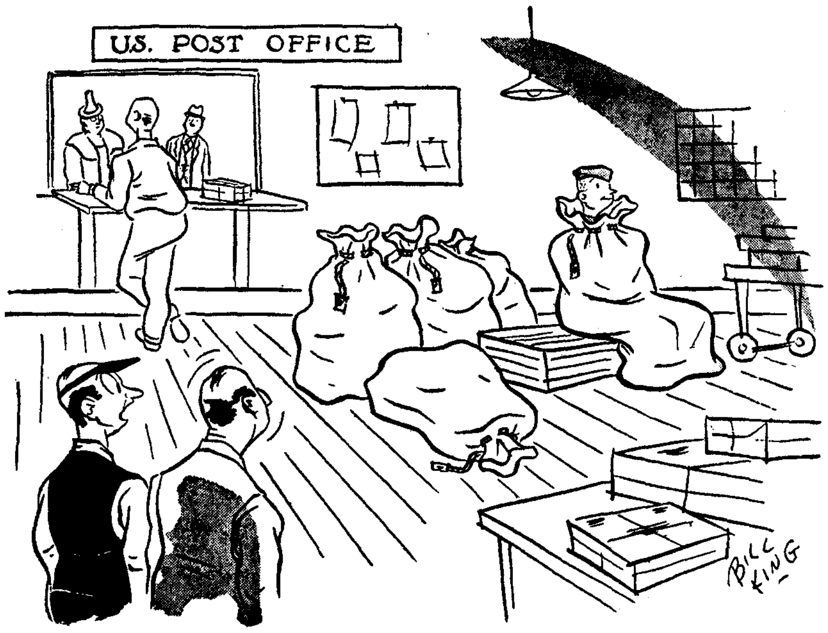

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holes in his shirt and tied the pistol to him again.

They were ready to leave for the treasure hunt now and José went out and brought a burro around to the front. He had already packed it when Seven Pistol made him take the pack off so he could put in two jugs of tequila. That made the pack too heavy so they left out a sack of flour and one canteen of water.

"It is bad to be lost in the mountains and be thirsty," Seven Pistol said, "but it must be horrible to be lost in the desert and be thirsty and not have the drink to quench the thirst."

"We won't get lost with this map to follow," Henry said.

"Where is this map?" Seven Pistol asked.

"George has got it. It's his map."

"George," Seven Pistol said, "where is this map?"

"You had it last night," George said. "You said you would protect it for us."

"What! You tell Siete Pistolas he has the map? Phwaw. What do you think Siete Pistolas is? A thief in his own hotel?"

"Here," Henry said, reaching last night's jug from the counter and thrusting it at Seven Pistol. "Drink this and see if you can remember what you did with it last night."

Seven Pistol took the jug and tilted it to his lips. He drank, lowered the jug and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and absent-mindedly passed it to George. George drank and handed the jug to Henry. Just as Henry was about to tilt the jug to his lips, Seven Pistol grabbed it from him.

"Quick," he said. "I almost have the idea. One drink and I think I have it." He drank and let the jug down at arm's length by his side as he stared at the floor with a frown of concentration on his face. "One more," he said after a moment. "I get it this time." He tilted the jug but it was dry. "Quick," he said to José, dropping the empty jug to the floor. "Get one of the jugs from the burro before I lose the thought." He stood with his eyes shut and one hand over them, the other hand outstretched. José had to take the pack off to get the jug of tequila, and as soon as the burro felt itself relieved of the weight of the pack, it wandered off.

When he came back in with the jug, Seven Pistol took several drinks, then George took the jug from his hand and drank and passed it around. When noon came they had both jugs with them, one on the floor by Seven Pistol, who could think easier when he didn't have to stand, and the other on the counter in front of George and Henry and José.

At last Seven Pistol looked up at José. "Go out and see how close the shadow is to the wall," he said.

José went out the front door and soon returned. "She is about like the burro across the rump," he said.

"Close the door and drop the bar in the sockets," Seven Pistol said as he got up from the floor and, taking the jug with him, staggered over to the corner where the sawdust was thickest.

"What the devil?" Henry said.

"It is the siesta," José said. "We rest, then we think about finding the map some more. My father, he thinks better when he is rested."

José went through the door at the back of the room, and Henry and George looked at Seven Pistol in the corner, his serape wrapped around his shoulders, his sombrero over his face, and the pistols tied to his shirt lying about him in the sawdust. They sat down on the floor with their backs against the counter and their jug between them.

PROMPTLY at three o'clock Seven Pistol awoke. He yawned, sat up, and took a drink from his jug. He rose, and with the jug hooked onto one finger, crossed to the door.

"I have the fresh mind now," he said as he lifted the bar down. "With a few of the drinks, I will have the idea surely."

He set the bar to one side and swung the door open. Standing in the door were the two men George had won the map from. Seven Pistol looked at them in surprise, then bristled as he swept his hand across his mustache and then patted the guns dangling about his waist.

"Who is this that confronts Siete Pistolas?" he said.

"We wish to come into the hotel, Señor Siete Pistolas," one of the men said. "We follow the gringo whom we have tracked here. We did not disturb the siesta. Now the siesta is over. We have come for the gringo."

"Say—it's the ones we won the map from," said George, rising.

"So it is," said Henry, coming to his feet beside him. "Let 'em in, Seven Pistol. Let's see if they can take us."

"I wish they would find the map," George said. "It's more than we can do."

"What?" said one of the newcomers. "You have lost the map?"

Siete Pistolas swelled his cheeks out

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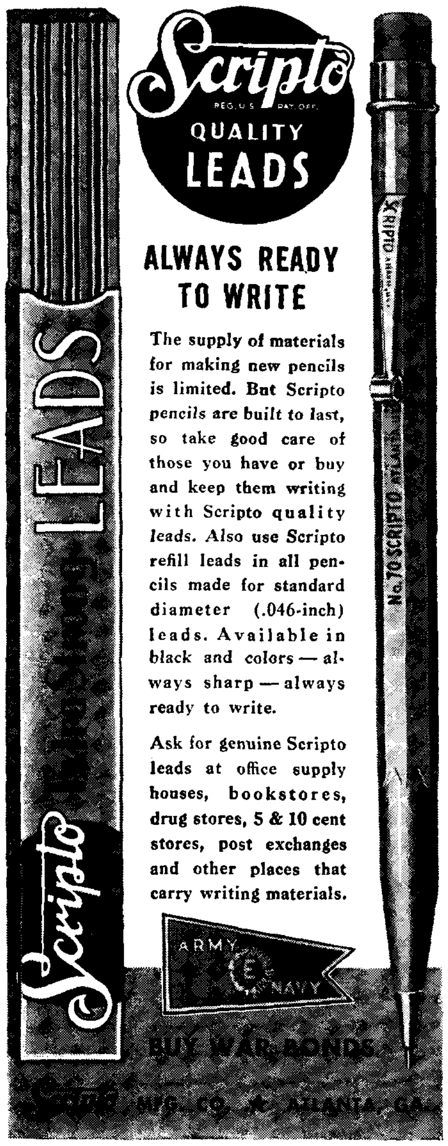

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until the ends of his mustache jumped up and down. "What do you mean, lost?" he bellowed. "You insult the house of Siete Pistolas when you think *one of his guests have lost something.*" Seven Pistol's face flushed darkly as he raised both hands, one with the jug still hooked to the finger, and waved them in the faces of the newcomers. The newcomers' eyes followed the waving jug and they swallowed thirstily.

"The journey here has been long and hot, Siete Pistolas," one of them said. "The mouth gets dry like the desert sand, and the spit is like the cotton."

"Give 'em a drink, Seven Pistol," Henry said. "You don't aim to turn a thirsty stranger away from the house of Seven Pistol with his thirst unquenched, do you? Anyhow, they can't take the map if we haven't got it, can they?"

"That is so," Seven Pistol said, his cheeks deflating and his face returning to normal color. "Come in," he said to the two men, bowing and motioning to the inside of the house. "Welcome to the house of Siete Pistolas. What is his is yours."

The two men came in with a wary eye on George and Henry and sidled up to the bar. Seven Pistol set his jug on the counter before them and they drank thirstily. Seven Pistol roared toward the back door and soon José came bringing the platter with more tortillas and beans.

BY THE time the food was eaten the jug was about half empty and everyone was on friendly terms. One of the newcomers turned to Henry and said, "Where do you think this map disappeared to?"

"Durned if I know," Henry said. "Seven Pistol had it last."

"So!" said the newcomer, whirling on Seven Pistol. "You have made the map to disappear, hah?"

"Who dares to say Siete Pistolas has made anything to disappear? You insult the house of Siete Pistolas."

"This for the house of Siete Pistolas," the newcomer said, crossing his fingers and drawing them across his throat as he made a spewing noise with the side of his mouth.

Seven Pistol swelled. Foam appeared on his lips. Sputtering words tumbled through the foam in an incoherent jumble. He clawed at the pistols dangling from his shirt, and the newcomer whipped a knife from his sleeve and let fly with it. The blade nicked Siete Pistolas' throat on the side, and in surprise he stumbled backward and went down, hitting his head on the corner of the bar as he fell and knocking himself out. They all stared openmouthed as he failed to rise from the floor, then crowded around and looked down at the blood oozing from the side of his neck.

"My father, he is dead," José pronounced finally.

"That is very sad," the stranger who had thrown the knife said. Then, "Let us then offer felicitations to the new head of the House of Siete Pistolas." He took his sombrero off and bowed to José, and the other stranger followed suit, and Henry and George took their hats off too.

They picked the unconscious Pedro up and laid him on the bar and placed candles at his head and feet, then drank to his departure and to a long and prosperous future for José. Seven Pistol's wife came in and sat in the corner where the sawdust was thickest and threw her apron over her head and wailed. George placed the platter on the floor, since the bar was now crowded, and the men all sat around it with the two jugs in easy reach. In deference to José, as the new head of the house, the others waited until he had scooped beans into his mouth on a piece of tortilla and washed it down with tequila before they began to eat. Seven Pistol's wife watched the platter from under the edge of her apron so that she could refill it each time it became empty.

The men did not have much to say at first, but when the platter was empty, José said, "My father was a brave man."

The stranger who had cut Seven Pistol's throat said, "He was a good man. He was a friend to everyone."

"I'll miss old Seven Pistol," Henry said.

"The place won't seem the same without him," George said.

"I wish now we had not killed him," the second stranger said. "Now, we will never find the treasure."

Seven Pistol's wife saw the platter was empty and dropped her apron from her face and came across the room and got it. She took it into the lean-to and refilled it and brought it back, then she went back to her corner and put her apron over her head and began wailing again.

After they had eaten some from the platter and drunk some from the jug, George said, "I reckon it's about time to *sign the book again, ain't it?*"

"What book is this?"

"The hotel register where Seven Pistol keeps the record of who comes here. Where is it, José?"

"The book, it must be on the floor somewhere where we put it away last night."

They looked about for the ledger and Henry found the map.

"What do you know about that?" he said as he held it out for them to see. "Here's the map."

One of the strangers took the map from his hand and his companion peered over his shoulder at it.

"This is no map," the first stranger said. "It is all of a color. There is nothing on it but some—some—" He raised it to his nose and sniffed. "Something very damp and strange. The paper has swelled. It comes to pieces in my hand."

"Seven Pistol must have dropped it when he went to sleep last night and it's been lying in tequila and ink ever since. No wonder they ain't no marks left on it."

"That Siete Pistolas. I wish his throat was not cut, so that I could cut it again," *the first stranger said.*

"No one could cut the throat of my father two times," José said, glaring at the stranger and trying to get to his feet. "He was a brave man. He was Siete Pistolas Pedro. He killed seven men one night . . . he thought."

"Here. Drink up," Henry said, pushing José back to the floor and passing the jugs around.

They all drank, ate some more, then drank again. The one who had cut Seven Pistol's throat said, "Siete Pistolas was a brave man. It is too bad he [illegible] dead [illegible] is the way of things."

At this last mention of his name Siete Pistolas came to. He sat up on the bar and swung his legs off the edge and said, "Who is this that calls the name Siete Pistolas?"

THE men on the floor whirled toward the voice and the one who had [illegible] Seven Pistol said, *"Madre de Dios!* He has risen from the dead." He scrambled madly to his feet and, followed by his companion, fled out into the night.

Siete Pistolas slid from the bar and winced as the jar of his movement carried to the lump on his head. Rubbing his head with one hand he clanked over to the jug of tequila and raised it and drank. George and Henry and José *stared up at him* as he lowered the jug and smacked his lips and said, "Hah! Even to see Siete Pistolas is to make men fear, to make them run. You see how those under Siete Pistolas' protection are safe from those who would harm them?"

"My father," José said as Seven Pistol took his seat on the floor and scooped a mouthful of beans from the platter. "He is a brave man. You see?"

Siete Pistolas' wife stopped wailing and dropped her apron from her face and went to the kitchen to prepare more beans.

"Your father didn't do much of a job of protecting that map," Henry reminded José.

"What is that of the map?" Seven Pistol said.

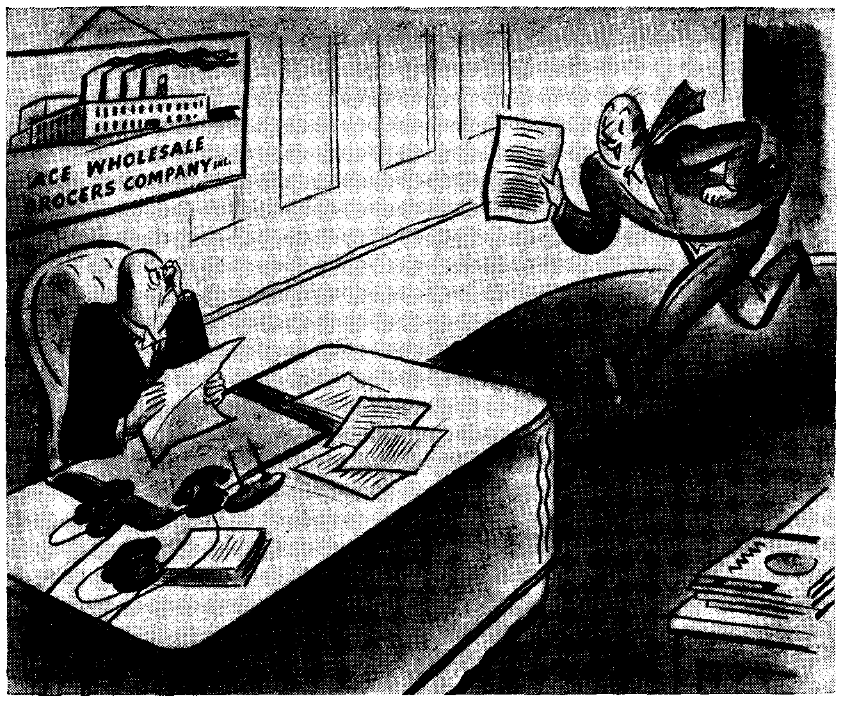
"Here's the map you were going to look after for us," Henry said, scooping the sodden pieces from the floor and handing them to Seven Pistol.

Seven Pistol took them, stared at them a moment then let them fall from his hands to the sawdust, and brushed his hands.

"Ah well," he said as he reached for the jug. "This treasure. What if we do not find it? We did not lose it in the first place."

He drank and passed the jug around.

THE END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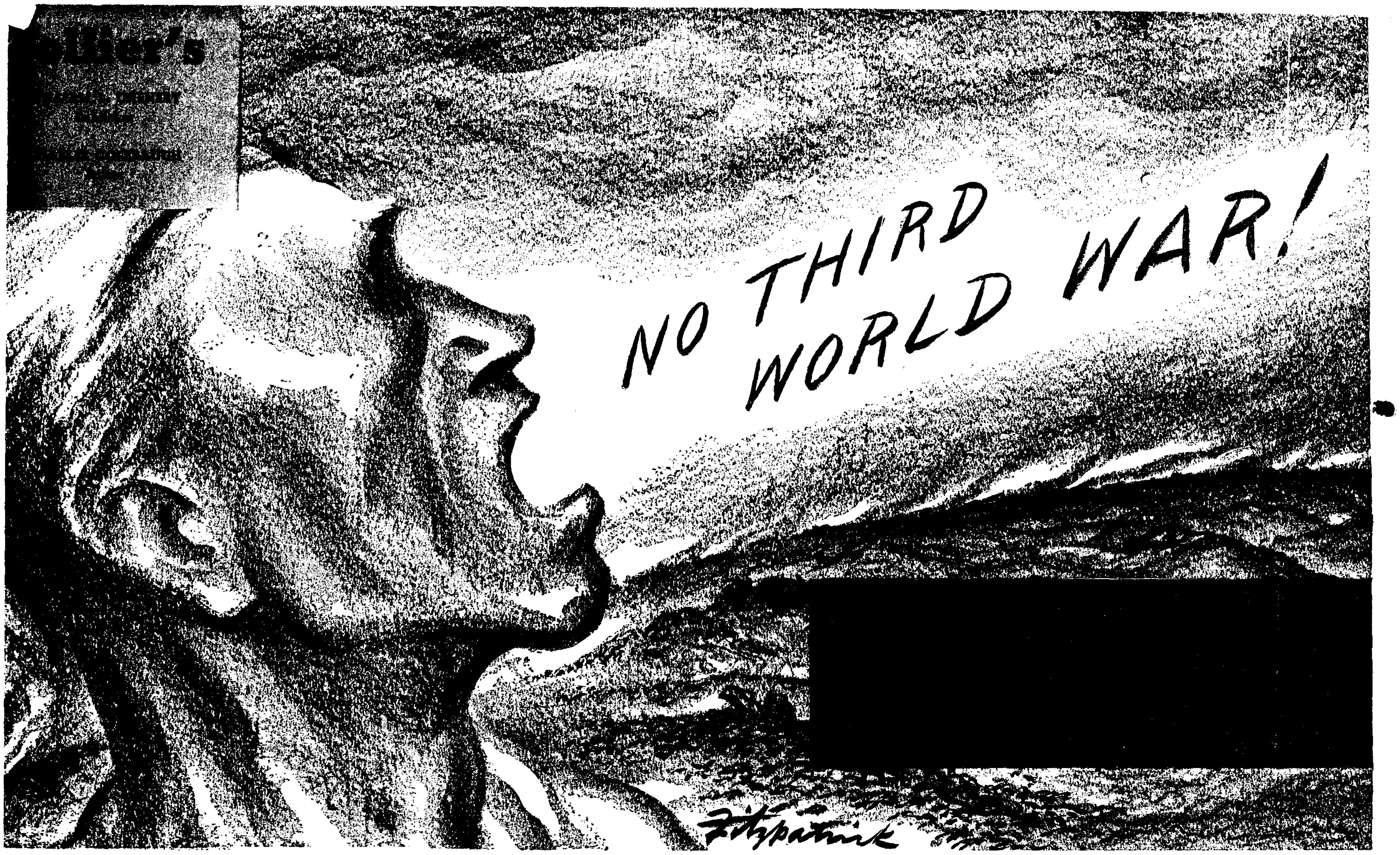


[redacted]

THE President rang in 1943 by asking Congress for 100 billion dollars to spend on war during the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1943. As the request is argued in the press, and as Congressional committees behind closed doors give the gimlet eye to the proposed expenditures, we take it that Americans are gradually realizing just what modern war costs.

Not that anybody can visualize a billion units of anything, let alone 100 billions. Various illustrations, though, can be cited.

For one, this amount which the President proposes to spend in one year for war is one third of the United States' estimated total gross value, as real estate plus its numerous improvements, of 300 billions.

For another illustration, the entire national income of the United States for the year in question is expected to come to 145 billions. Of this amount, it is suggested that we toss 100 billions, or 68.96 per cent of 145 billions, into the war—into the destruction of human life, the smashing of cities, the extermination of real wealth.

This program would be colossal enough if only the United States were involved in it. But in addition to our 100 billions for war, other warring nations are expected, during that same year beginning next July 1st, to spend for war as follows: Germany, 35 billions; Great Britain, 21; Russia, 15; Italy, 8; Japan, 7; Canada, 3. Total: 189 billions.

We shan't pay all of our 100 billions in cash. Much of it will be borrowed. If the President gets from Congress all the additional taxes he wants (which is doubtful), this budget nevertheless anticipates a national debt of 210 billions by July 1, 1944. Should the national debt eventually reach 300 billions, as it may, then the United States will be comparable to a house mortgaged for 100 per cent of its value, if you can imagine such a thing. A banker can't.

That all this will mean staggering taxes, we are all aware. And if we don't tax ourselves heavily, we shall run into an inflation that will prove more ruinous than the prospective taxation.

When it is all over, and we have won the war—as now seems assured, though it will probably take quite a while—what shall we have to show for our money that will have vanished?

We'll have casualty totals probably exceeding those on both sides in the Civil War, our bloodiest war prior to this one. We'll have a ruined, wrecked, starving and bankrupt Europe calling on us for help of all kinds. Large parts of the rest of the world will be in like straits. Americans themselves can expect to be eating more sparingly than now, to be wearing clothes of lower quality, to be colder in winter.

We shall still, however, have our independence as a nation; and that is worth any price. Our enemies will take that away from us if they win, and will turn us all into slaves. It is worth any effort, any price, to prevent that.

How Much is the Future Worth?

Congress should scrutinize every item of the Administration's proposed war expenditures, and should mercilessly cut out every threat of waste. But Congress also should vote every dime that will be needed to carry us successfully through the budget year.

This question, though, keeps clanging in our minds: How many more of these holocausts can the world stand? This one is vastly worse than the first World War. What will the third one be, if there is a third one? What will it cost in blood, heartbreak and money?

It looks to us as if the civilized world's main job, for the rest of this war and the years just after it, is to strive to work out some way of insuring mankind against future world wars.

We are not trying to talk like idealists or dreamers. It makes more sense, we believe, and it certainly appeals to American common sense, to put the discussion on a cold-fact basis. The essential cold fact in this case is that modern war costs too much; too ruinously much.

If another world war can be averted, we can't see that it matters how the result is accomplished. If an improved and implemented League of Nations will do it, let's have the improved and implemented league. If a United States armed to the teeth will do it, let's stay armed to the teeth for an indefinite period after this war. Let's have anything that holds out a fair hope of sidetracking another of these horrors 20 or 30 years hence.

We don't agree with those who see no hope; do not think, with some super-pessimists, that the race of man is fated to wreck itself and resign the running of the world to the rats, the foxes, the tigers or the insects.

There is at least this ground for hope: The present world debacle, by its very magnitude and the immensity of the ruin it will leave behind it, may make the postwar world climate more favorable to some workable plan for insuring peace.

That adjustment of the world's mental and spiritual climate was not accomplished by World War I. The first World War's devastation was not great enough to bring about such a result even in Europe. To many people, especially in the Allied countries, that war was more a grand and intoxicating adventure than it was a tragedy.

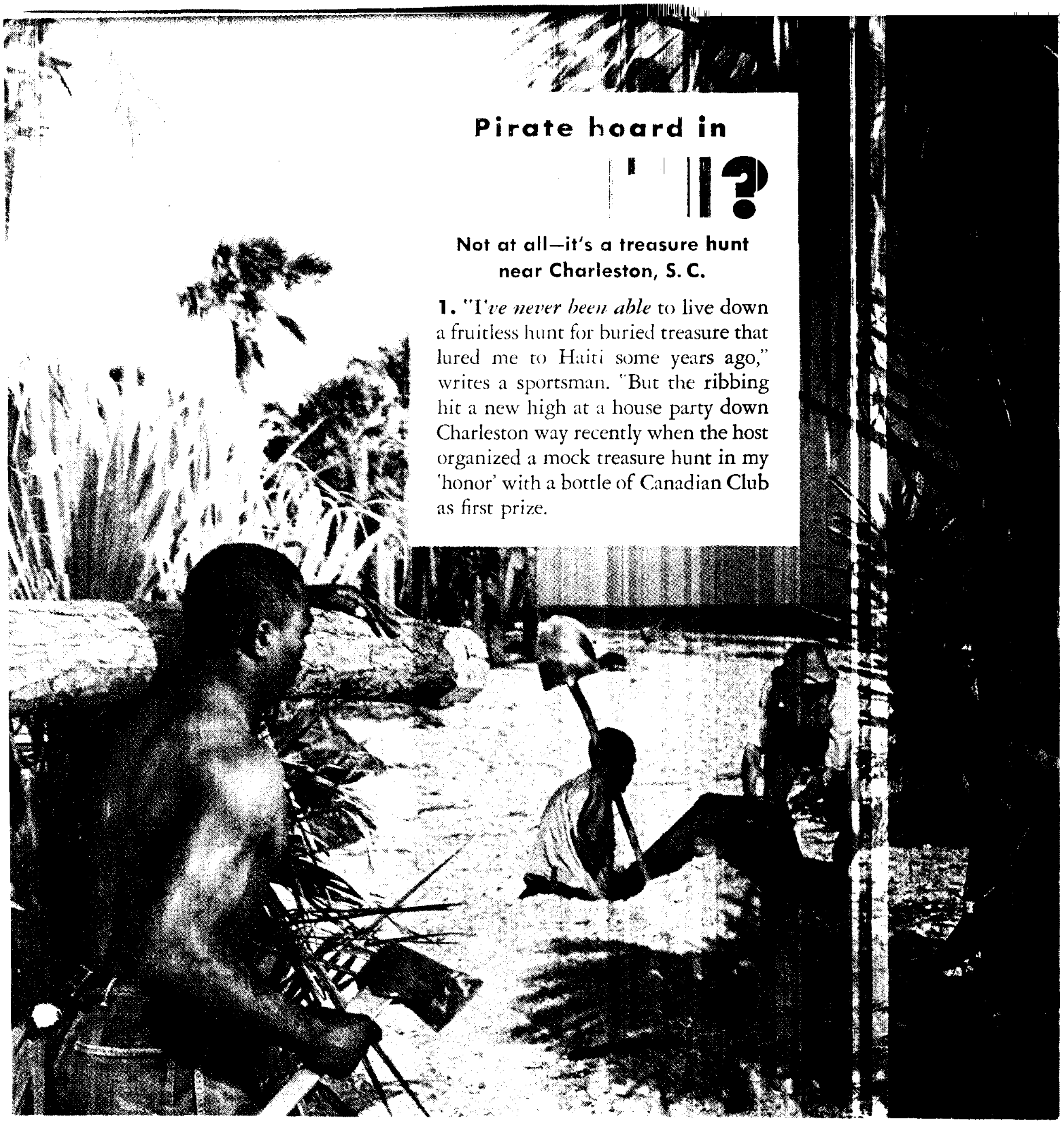
The present war may blow such delusions out of most minds on blasts of sulphur smoke blended with minute drops of blood. If most of us are not ripe after this war for any proposal that seems to carry a fair promise of lasting peace, then the human race would seem to deserve to be killed off by its own folly.

Let us, then, keep our minds and ears open to all the plans for organizing the peace that are now in circulation and that will be offered in future. One of these, or a combination of several of them, may contain the answer.

If we don't find the answer—well, paint your own picture of the ultimate consequences. You can hardly paint the picture too dark.

Pirate hoard in HAITI?

Not at all—it's a treasure hunt near Charleston, S. C.



1. "I'*ve never been able* to live down a fruitless hunt for buried treasure that lured me to Haiti some years ago," writes a sportsman. "But the ribbing hit a new high at a house party down Charleston way recently when the host organized a mock treasure hunt in my 'honor' with a bottle of Canadian Club as first prize.

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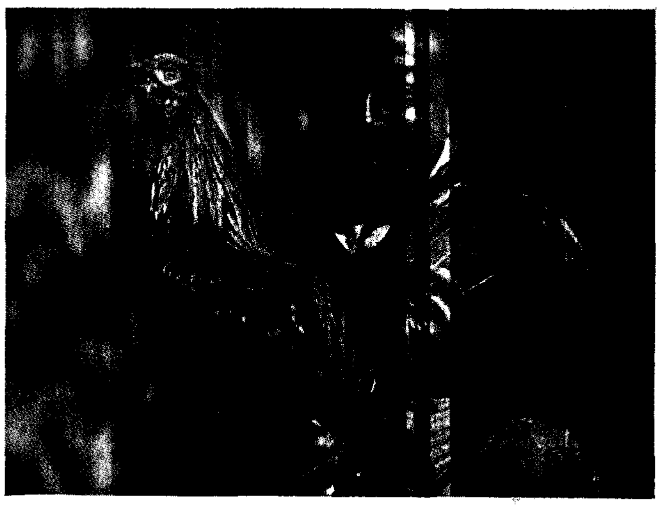
3. "F*rom the eerie, other-world labyrinth* of the famed Cypress Gardens, another guest and I had to bring back a particular branch of flame azaleas. An unforgettable experience, believe me! . . .

4. "G*liding through* those shadowy, moss-draped jungle halls, you turn suddenly into a blaze of color . . . massed azaleas, as breath-taking as anything you'll see in Haiti—or *any* tropic land.



5. "M*y last quest*—and zaniest—was for a fighting cock. A genial colored farmer ended my search with unexpected swiftness by lending me his old Warhorse (feathered lightning, that bird!). I won by hours.

6. "T*hen a tour* of nearby Harrietta Plantation—its mansion an Eighteenth Century gem . . . and of unmistakable West Indian inspiration!

7. " 'D*on't tell me* THIS reminds you of Haiti, too!' my host grinned as we sat down to a Canadian Club and soda at Harrietta. 'Certainly!' I said, 'I've found this distinctive-tasting whisky not only in Haiti, but all over this not-so-civilized world!' "

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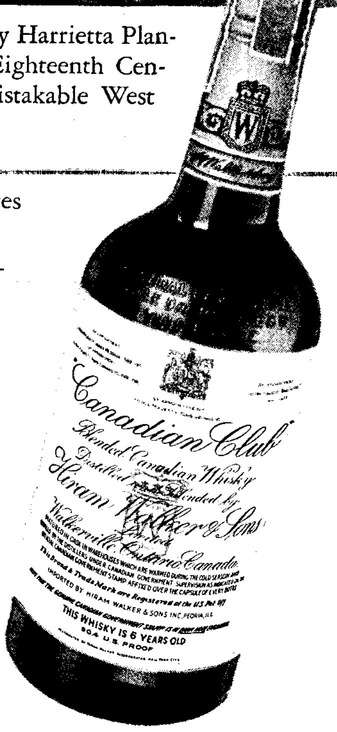

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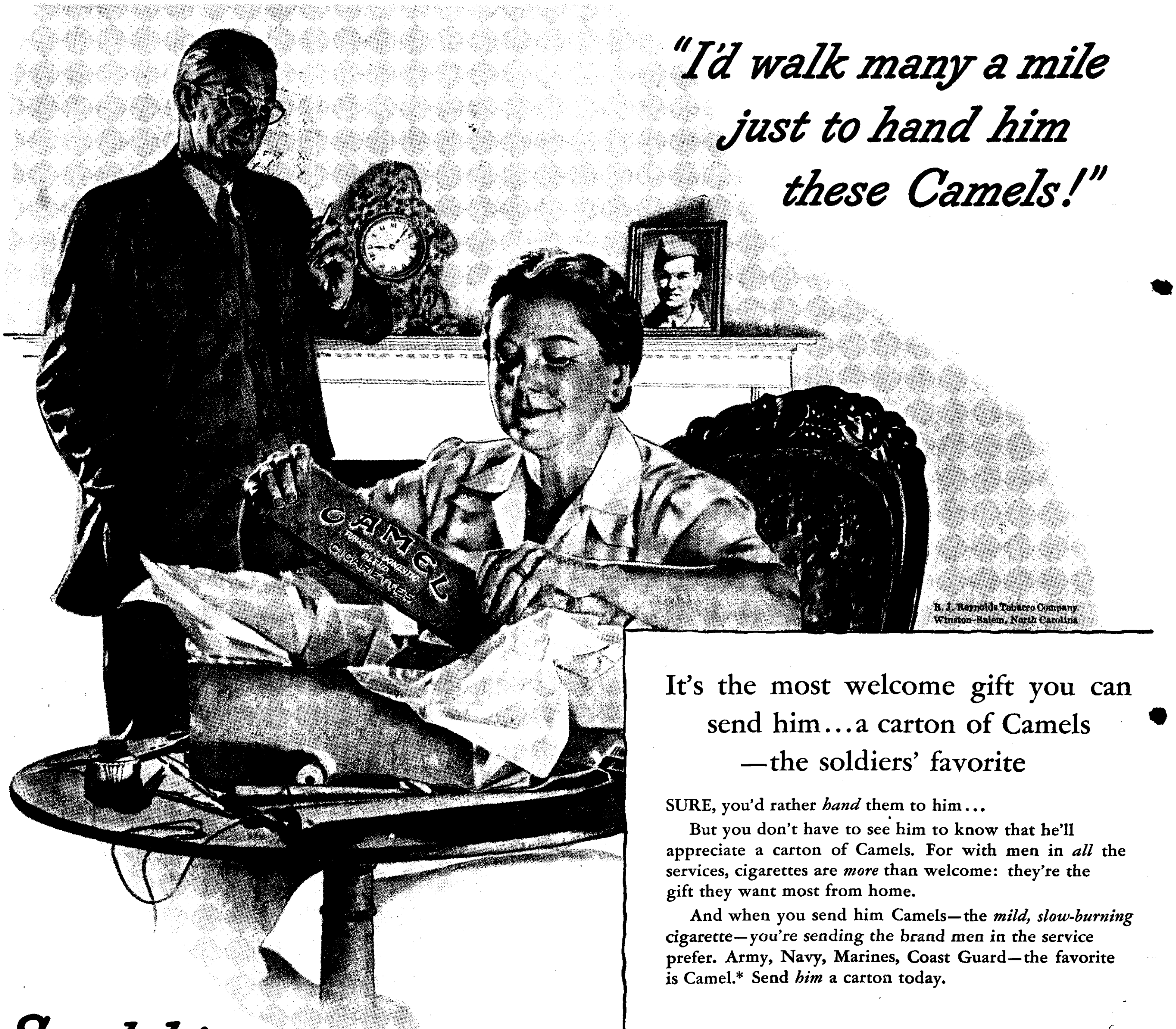
"I'd walk many a mile just to hand him these Camels!"



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

It's the most welcome gift you can send him...a carton of Camels —the soldiers' favorite

SURE, you'd rather *hand* them to him...

But you don't have to see him to know that he'll appreciate a carton of Camels. For with men in *all* the services, cigarettes are *more* than welcome: they're the gift they want most from home.

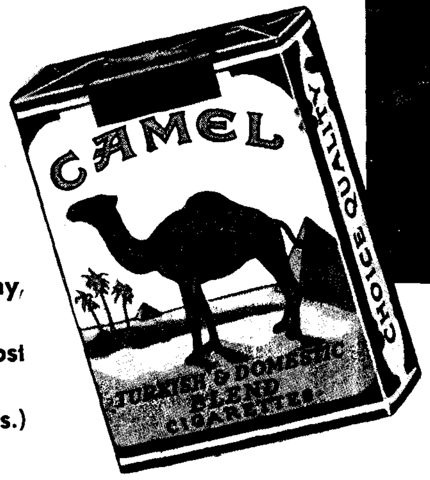
And when you send him Camels—the *mild, slow-burning* cigarette—you're sending the brand men in the service prefer. Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard—the favorite is Camel.* Send *him* a carton today.

MAYBE HE WEARS the O.D. of the Army—maybe the blue of the Navy and Coast Guard—or the forest green of the Marines—it's all the same: Camels, with that matchless "I'd walk a mile for—" flavor, will be welcome as often as you can send them. So—send him a carton of Camels today.

Send him Camels

First in the Service

BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS



***The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)**